

Memento Mori

By: Nilahxapiel

Light is brutally assaulted and decides to end it all -and what better way then to admit he's Kira and let his nemesis do it for him? Of course, things with L can never be so simple. L/Light. Completed.

Status: complete

Published: 2007-07-16

Updated: 2007-12-14

Words: 76557

Chapters: 18

Rated: Fiction M - Language: English - Genre: Angst/Romance -
Characters: Light Y., L - Reviews: 1,535 - Favs: 3,137 - Follows: 998

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3659914/1/Memento-Mori>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Memento Mori

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

Chapter One

Memento Mori

Chapter One

"As long as there is rape, there is not going to be any peace or justice or equality or freedom. You are not going to become what you want to become or who you want to become. You are not going to live in the world you want to live in." ' - Andrea Dworkin

Pain .

Light could only feel an excruciating, agonizing amount of pain. His entire body, split down the middle, torn, ripped and used. It happened so fast he could barely comprehend it after the fact. During it, he felt like it would never end. He was sure he was doomed to exist in an eternity of anguish; even as his hands grasped at the dirty cement, he wasn't even sure what he was trying to hold onto anymore.

At first, he thought maybe he'd died.

Maybe he'd been shot or hit by a car, hadn't realized it, and now he was in Hell. But he remembered Ryuk saying that Death Note users couldn't go to Heaven or Hell, so that was out of the question.

He was in an alley, wasn't he?

He'd been walking home for the first time in... well, ages, since he'd gotten off those stupid cuffs with Ryuzaki. He had just gone out for a walk, to clear his mind before L's inevitable death in a few days. Then, while he was passing an alleyway, he'd been grabbed, thrown to the ground and -

pain .

He gritted his teeth, the piercing sensation not only cleaving his body but also his soul as he was penetrated, breached. He felt like his insides were on fire, fiercely wished he could do something. However, his attacker was physically larger and stronger than he was, and no Death Note was in his possession. Even as it was, he couldn't use it. He would have no way to write his attacker's name in it, even if he somehow knew the man's name.

Ryuk wasn't there to see his shame. He was happy for that. The Shinigami probably wouldn't even understand the seriousness of the situation, and would just laugh at Light in that stupid, annoyingly humdrum way of his. Hyuk, Hyuk. In and out, in and out -Light found that he hated that rhythm. And to his complete and total horror, he found tears leaking out of his tightly shut eyes.

The man didn't say a word the entire time.

Then, it was over. The man was gone and Light just lay on the ground for an incalculable amount of time before picking himself up, slowly prying himself off the cement. He felt completely... numb. The tear of pain was long gone and no more drops could fall from his eyes; he forced himself to get up. It wouldn't due for anyone to find him like -like that.

He pulled up his pants, zipped them, and wrapped his trench coat tightly around his body. It would hide the rips that were in his shirt until he was able to change into something else back at L's building.

He took a step and nearly collapsed from the pain, grabbing onto a dumpster to steady himself. He scowled fiercely and started walking again, ignoring the soreness. He was only a few blocks from the building and so he attempted to walk the limp off; and perhaps walk so quickly that no one would notice it. He entered the building, rode up the elevator, and entered the conference area just long enough to inform them of where he was headed.

"I'm tired," Light said to the team, hiding his eyes beneath his fringe so no one could see the look in his eyes. "I'm going to bed."

Without another word, Light left to sleep, noticing but ignoring the look on L's face that clearly showed annoyance at his lack of participation in the workday.

Before anything else, Light showered and scrubbed hard, making sure no evidence remained of that night. Only once he had stepped out, skin raw and tinged pink, was he satisfied. Now, he could forget all about this. Now, he could go on with his life, get on with L's death and just...

He vomited into the toilet bowl until he'd regurgitated all the sustenance he'd ingested earlier that day. He wiped his mouth with a piece of toilet paper, flushed it and then washed his hands thoroughly before brushing his teeth. He looked in the mirror as he scrubbed his teeth, remembering -

He had screamed. He remembered screaming. How fucking pathetic was that?

As he walked to the bed, he knew that he could never tell anyone what happened. It was -it wasn't important. His father would think it was disgusting -hell, Light thought it was disgusting. And he'd let it happen. He was Kira, dammit! Kira -God -didn't get jumped in an alley and *raped* .

Rape.

No. Light shook his head and pulled the covers over him as he settled his body into the mattress. That wasn't it. He couldn't have been... but he was. He sneered into the pillow as he thought this. He was supposed to be God. God's didn't bleed, Gods didn't hurt. He was supposed to save the world.

How could he do that if he couldn't even save himself?

In the morning, Light woke up to the sound of his alarm clock and nearly jumped at the shrill noise. He sat up and flinched at the pain that sitting on his bottom caused. He'd nearly thought the entire episode was a dream. He shook himself free of all self pity and set his jaw. I've just got to get back to normal. If I don't let this take me over, I have the control.

Light dressed, applied a bit of Neosporin to his injured anal passage, and walked out into the room where Ryuzaki was already sitting.

"I hope you slept well, Light-kun," L said, his eyes glued to his computer screen faithfully. Light wanted to sneer -the comment was a subtle jab at him from the detective.

"I did. Thank you, Ryuzaki," Light replied, sitting carefully in the chair and logging into his account name to access today's files, "Is there anything new I should know about?"

"Mm," L grunted, picking up a doughnut from his plate and placing part of it into his mouth, which was open wide in welcoming for the inserted food. L shook his head, "No new data has been accumulated, Light-kun."

Light nodded and started reading about the new criminals that had been killed that day, but he wasn't paying too much attention to it. Ryuzaki was watching him out of the corners of his abnormally large eyes. He just knew it. L knew something was wrong with him. He could see how weak Light suddenly was. How fucking filthy.

He was supposed to be Kira. How could he let such a thing to happen to him?

Reading over a man Misa had killed that day, which had been sleeping with women promiscuously, knowing that he had AIDS. His eyes widened -he hadn't even thought of that. What if he had some sort of sexually transmitted disease now? He gulped hard, but kept his face calm. He had to relax... he took a deep breath.

"Is Yagami-kun feeling okay?" Ryuzaki inquired, his left cheek puffed out slightly due to another piece of doughnut. "You look flushed."

"No..." Light cleared his throat and looked back at the task he was set to do. "I'm fine."

"Good, because Kira has killed a dozen criminals today already, including a man that was apprehended for a robbery in which two clerks were killed," L told Light in that irritatingly apathetic voice.

Light felt he was mocking him. Pretending like everything was normal, the bastard, when it was as plain as day just how repulsive he was. Kira? Ha! He didn't deserve such a title anymore. Stopping criminals? Right, it had already been proven how apt he was at doing that.

No. He wasn't Kira anymore. Not really.

And he found that his heart felt anesthetized, as though paralyzed by some unknown drug that ripped out the soul and tore out the purity. Nothing really mattered anymore. Why should it, though? He doubted he would get through the day, let alone the next few days until Rem came to the headquarters to kill L.

He also realized that he didn't find pleasure in the thought of L's death. He didn't particularly care for the man's survival either, but there was no sadistic fulfillment in having the man killed; he was no longer fit to be Kira. He was so used and revolting and... spoiled... that now he knew he was not a God. He wasn't even sure he was all-human anymore.

Humans had souls, right? He felt like he possessed none. His backside hurt and his head hurt -a horrible migraine -but there was nothing inside. He found himself... unable to care what happened to himself, let alone the entire world. He sipped on his coffee and listened to Ryuzaki's inferences -all of which were correct. He made no comment, except for nods and small murmurs of agreement.

Because how could he go on in this world, with these people? These people who knew nothing of true evil. They thought Kira was evil, ha! Kira was anything but. He was stopping people who were doing horrible things. Things like what happened to him! He was Kira! Avenger of all the good people in the world!

He used to be. Before last night. Before everything was stripped from him; his dignity and his pride. Because he was forced to saturate in his humiliation before the eyes of another being, who had contravened God. By someone who was more powerful than Light. But no. No one was more potent than God. And yet, someone was stronger than Light... which only meant one thing...

That Light was not God.

"Light," His father came up to him during dinner break, though Light was working straight through it. He was merely masking his lack of appetite with his intense desire to capture Kira. "Are you sure you don't want to come with me?"

A coil of something cool and tight twisted into the bottom of his stomach, an emotion he vaguely recognized as fear. Fear to go outside and to leave. For what if he was out there -just waiting for the chance to attack Light again? The genius in him knew that was ridiculous, however. All the evidence on his assailant pointed to a serial rapist, an opportunist, not a person who stalked one person in order to assault them over and over again. In fact, Light doubted he'd ever see the man again. And if he did, he wouldn't know it.

He hadn't seen the bastard's face.

"No, dad, I'm okay," Light forced a radiant smile up at his father, "I... really want to catch Kira. I'm dedicated to it."

"All right, Light, if you say so," his father nodded and started out the door, straightening his glasses and sliding them up the bridge of his slick nose.

But Light wasn't dedicated to seizing Kira.

He wasn't even dedicated to being Kira anymore.

Hands. Rough. Cold. "No!" A grunt. A zipper. Light's pants being yanked down to his knees. Hands. Pain. "Aaaahh!"

Jerking slightly, Light gasped, causing Ryuzaki to look at him oddly. Light closed his eyes, regaining himself before he just gave L a small smile and turned back to his computer like there was nothing wrong. He frowned though, when facing the computer, and he realized that this did not really appeal to him. Why should he really work when he is Kira anyway? No, was Kira. He wasn't a god now.

In fact, he found he didn't really care whether he lived or died anymore.

This was unimaginably strange for Light. He had never gone through the teenage depression that so many other kids had. In which they thought about suicide or cut themselves. In fact, he couldn't remember any time when he'd thought of ever choosing to not live. Every time he'd heard of someone killing themselves on the news, he thought they were immature and unable to see past what their life was at the moment.

But... no.

He wouldn't kill himself. That was... not Light. He would never take a knife to his own wrist or a noose to his own throat, nor jump off a building or take a surplus amount of pills. For one thing, the state that his body would be found in would be embarrassing. And the funeral would be about a normal boy, who 'no one had known would do such a thing'. They'd fill their minds with thoughts that they should have seen the sadness, when there was none.

Light didn't care to die, but his normally strong will to live was suddenly absent.

At the end of the day, when Soichiro had insisted, Light finally went to his room to go to sleep. First, though, he went to the shower. He scrubbed and scrubbed and was almost angry at his hands for being unable to make him feel clean. He scowled and got out and avoided the mirror. He dried himself off, remembering who he was supposed to be.

Kira.

Kira, damn it! He was supposed to bring Justice to the World! And now... now he'd been victimized and... he found, while that made him hate criminals even more, that...

He just didn't care anymore.

He just wanted it to be over.

But he couldn't commit suicide, as stated before. That was a foolish death, and besides, he hated that people would miss him. His father, mother and sister... so, he didn't want to leave them behind with their last memory being his body with slit wrists. No. And he certainly didn't want anyone to think he was a coward. Because he *wasn't*.

No. Direct suicide was out of the question. In fact, there was a way he could make sure his death was almost certain, and his father, mother and sister wouldn't miss him.

He could admit he was Kira.

Ryuzaki would be ecstatic. Light hated that. He disliked Ryuzaki, but he no longer felt the need to kill him. For if he did, the task force-comprised of his father and other men who thought highly of him-might merely commit him to prison for life instead of the death penalty. That wouldn't do. Then he'd be stuck in a cell with some man who could also commit such an infringement on Light. No. Only Ryuzaki would make sure that he died -and possibly his father if he still felt the way he had during his confinement.

He'd almost forgotten about that. He knew he didn't want his father to kill him, but if that was the only way -yes. If he admitted to being Kira in front of the entire task force, then his father would almost definitely kill him and then kill himself, like he'd said before. If that were so -Light would take the peace of death where he could.

However -he was also scared. He scowled as he realized it. He'd become scared of far too much recently. He was scared to go outside, afraid to let that happen again, and now scared of death and where he would go if not Heaven or Hell. Perhaps Purgatory? That was the last conclusion he could think of, the only destination his soul had left.

He sat on the bed and shook his head, sighing. Was this normal for... people like him? To want to give up? He had never been in this position before and his brain was trying to evaluate the situation. There was the victim, the criminal, and the people who tried to help the victim, either emotionally or by getting the criminal put in jail. Light thought of himself as the latter, but in truth, he knew he may now be all of the above.

He didn't believe he was a criminal though. He had been helping the world by being Kira, and he would never regret that. Ever. He was merely... not quitting, but retiring. Yes. He was retiring, that was the perfect way to say it. Retire. Withdraw. Retreat. 'Give up' sounded like he was surrendering -but he wasn't! He was Yagami Light and he simply didn't feel like it anymore.

Now that he'd faced such a trauma, trying to make a utopia felt... inane.

Because even in this Kira-scared world today, a man had ignored the alleged law he'd put in place.

Light slipped under the covers and formulated a plan. He thought about what he would do, and what people's reactions would be to what he would do. Misa was coming over tomorrow, so he designed what he would tell her to do. He imagined the men on the task

force's responses. What they would say, what their faces looked like. He calculated so far ahead he even predicted what his death would most likely be. He even knew he'd be terrified until the very end.

Maybe even after the end, depending on where his soul went.

The best thing for him would be... to disappear completely.

To just stop existing.

Then he'd stop having to remember.

With that hopeful thought in mind, Light slipped into sleep.

The next morning, Light took another shower. He'd woken up nearly an hour before his alarm clock rang due to a nightmare. He'd been in a dark room with no windows or doors, but there was someone else in side the room -he could hear them breathing. But the bad dream wasn't important, so he disarmed his alarm clock and walked into the main room, where Ryuzaki -unsurprisingly -was awake and staring intently at the many screens. Sitting down in his normal seat, Ryuzaki looked up at his with wide eyes. For some reason, Light didn't want to keep eye contact for too long.

He decided it was illogical to think that the detective could see and know what happened to him. Thinking such a thing was arbitrary. And yet...

"Good morning, Light-kun," L greeted in his usual bland voice.

"Good morning, Ryuzaki," Light responded, nodding and getting a cup of coffee for himself. He noted L was sipping on his own cup of tea and a piece of cake was sitting half-eaten on a plate in front of him.

"Cake this early, Ryuzaki?" Light attempted to smile, walking back over to his seat and compelling the corner of his mouth to lift.

"It is not early for me, Light-kun, and instead very late," Ryuzaki responded, placing a defiant fork full into his mouth. "Besides... it is never too early for cake."

Light nodded, as though he understood but didn't concur.

"You are up early," Ryuzaki stated, his eyes focused on the computer monitor in front of him, "Usually you do not wake for at least another half hour. Did you sleep badly?"

"No, it was fine. I just happened to wake up early and get my day started," Light lied, purposely refusing to answer the question. If L noticed -and of course he did -then he did not comment and merely began reading the document in front of him.

It took three hours for Aizawa to arrive and then soon after it was Soichiro. Matsuda was fifteen minutes behind him. After that, Light quit paying attention. He merely focused on the people that Misa had killed so far that day. Hm. They would be her last. It felt strange. He wondered how Ryuzaki would feel once he pled guilty.

Even as he thought it through thoroughly the night before, he knew he couldn't truly see L's reaction to it. Would he be happy, knowing he was correct the entire time, about everything, or would he be liberated now that he'd finally caught Kira? Somehow, while Light knew L would feel relieved that such a killer-in Ryuzaki's opinion, not Light's-would be off the streets, he also knew that it wouldn't be a win for the man.

Because Light was admitting it, and ultimately losing the battle, he was winning the war -because Ryuzaki hadn't found him out. In the end, it was Light who had retreated, for his *own* reasons. L would have to live for the rest of his life knowing that he hadn't really solved this case. It gave Light a sick pleasure and he gazed at L, imagining how those eyes would look once he told him that he'd been correct in all his assumptions. It would be... entertaining.

Light put his chin in his hand and his elbow on the table, fighting the urge to rub his eyes as they strained against the glare of the computer screen. It was just heart attack after heart attack and -heh -wouldn't it be interesting if they killed him using the Death Note so that he died of a Heat Attack? Hm. It would certainly be better than the electric chair, even though he preferred lethal injection. Simple. Painless.

But wait. Now that he thought about it, wasn't Ryuk supposed to kill him? Or would it matter anymore to the Shinigami? Since he was no longer interesting to him, would he want or have to kill Light anymore? Either way, he supposed. As long as it was over. Because he wasn't good enough to be God. Not anymore.

Soon, Watari's came and informed Light of Misa's arrival. He nodded and walked into the hallway to greet his 'girlfriend' and give Misa her orders. He knew they couldn't hear them because this part of the building wasn't bugged, and that Misa would do whatever he asked. He just hoped she wouldn't ask too many questions.

"Misa," He greeted with a smile. And she turned with a bright, childish smile on her face and ran up to him.

"Light!" She called, throwing her arms around his neck.

Light nearly yanked himself away from the touch.

"No." "Aaaahh!"

His breath hitched but nothing more. He schooled his features to stay calm and he slowly wrapped his arms around Misa's thin waist.

"Misa Misa missed Light sooo much!" She squealed, "Did Light miss Misa Misa too!?"

"Yes, Misa, I did," Light whispered into her ear, and saw Ryuk floating behind Misa a few feet away, that never-ending smile staring at Light

menacingly. "Now, I need you to listen to me and do whatever I say, okay?"

Pulling away and settling on holding both Light's hands in hers, she nodded vigorously and beamed, "Yes! Misa Misa will do whatever you want!"

"Bring your Death Note here tomorrow," Light told her, "Hide it in your shirt or something and then when you hug me, help me slip it under mine."

"But then they'll find it -" Misa started, eyes going wide.

"Just do it. Okay, Misa?" Light said, making his face soften so that he looked like he was pleading. Misa perked up right away.

"Of course Misa will!" Misa smiled radiantly, "And what about L? You said that -"

"That's canceled," Light said. "L can no longer die."

"Wha -?" Misa frowned, her bottom lip sticking out in a pout, "But I thought that that was what Light wanted!"

"He suspects me again," Light lied, "He said if he dies any time soon, to assume that I am Kira -again. I don't know why, but he's deduced that I'm Kira once more."

"B-But," Misa started confusedly, "Isn't that even more reason to -?"

Reluctantly, Light bent down and kissed her deeply. He cringed inwardly as he tasted her lips. He felt her fingers dig gently into his hands in surprise and then finally he backed away. She looked dazed, as she had the last time he'd kissed her, a faint blush on her cheeks and a lost look in her large eyes. She giggled softly.

"Right, okay, bring it here, yes," Misa agreed. Light smiled and then looked to Ryuk, who was laughing in his frustrating way. Hyuk, Hyuk.

"Long time no see, Ryuk," He murmured. I'm afraid we'll be parting soon, "Do not come with her next time."

"Fine, fine, Light," Ryuk shrugged, tilting his head so that his dangly heart earring clanked against the side of his face.

"Okay, I'll see you tomorrow, Misa," Light said, heading back to the conference room.

"Misa Misa will do as her knight says!" She called after him, forcing Light to wave shortly before turning the corner.

Once in the room with Ryuzaki and the others, Light took his seat a couple meters from L and started on the files he had yet to finish. Now, all he had to do was wait until tomorrow; if he was lucky he might even avoid any conversations. Unfortunately, luck was not on his side and he was prompted to speak with Ryuzaki, who asked him if he'd noticed anything unusual.

Figuring that it wouldn't hurt anything, Light told Ryuzaki something he knew he didn't already know. "I was just thinking about how we could possibly kill a Shinigami.."

L looked at him, interested, "And what did you determine, Light-kun?"

"Well, obviously they don't die naturally after a certain amount of time, and so they are somewhat 'immortal' unless they fail to write names down, " Light continued as though he was still piecing it together himself. "So how else could you kill them? They can't be physically harmed and they can't die by the Death Note -so I thought it was only logical if they 'broke the rules' they would die."

"Continue," L said monotonously. By now his father, Matsuda and the rest of the task force were also listening intently to his conclusion.

"Well, since their job is to kill people -make their life shorter -then it would make sense that they'd be breaking the rules to make someone's life longer," Light relayed, pausing at the right moment to project the image of thoughtfulness, when he was actually certain this was the case. "So, if the Shinigami extended someone's lifespan, then perhaps they... would die."

"But that doesn't make sense," Matsuda said, blinking. "Um -Death Note's don't make life longer, then kill people."

"I don't think Light-kun was referring to the object itself making a life longer," Ryuzaki stated calmly, staring at Ratio, calculating this explanation. Light could almost hear the thoughts; what does this mean? If he were Kira, then he wouldn't have told me something like this. Unless - "I think he was saying that they extended someone's life by ending someone else."

"Yes," Light agreed, nodding, "Like if they killed a person that was about to kill another person, so that the person who was nearly killed lived longer. Does this make any sense?"

"It's... plausible. If it proves to be true, it may even be useful," Ryuzaki responded.

"But -But -Why would Shinigami do that!?" Matsuda asked frantically, looking at Soichiro for confirmation. Light's father stood there, perplexed. "I mean -Shinigami wouldn't do that, right? Why would they save a human?"

"Maybe..." Light trailed off and looked away, willing himself to look slightly embarrassed. "If they were in love with a human?"

Ryuzaki blinked, took sip of his tea and once the glass left his lips, he was smiling a tiny smile. He opened his mouth wide and spoke.

"Interesting," L stated. "If what Light-kun is suggesting is true, then the only way to kill a Shinigami is ultimately to make them fall in love with a human."

Light pretended to pause contemplatively, then nodded.

"It's interesting, but altogether irrelevant," L continued nonchalantly. Matsuda and Soichiro's shoulders sagged at the tone. Light felt annoyed by L's impudence.

"Fine, I'll keep future revelations to myself," Light said, looking back at his screen.

"That is not what I meant, Light-kun," Ryuzaki replied, looking at Light blankly. "I merely meant that that information isn't useable to us. It is, however, an interesting discovery that you put time into and therefore it is not worthless. Just not right now. Do you think that Ryuk or Rem are going to fall in love with any of us?"

Light looked back at Ryuzaki, eyes narrowed. "No."

L nodded and looked back at his computer screen. Light went back to his, as well; although, he was slightly more annoyed than usual at L's comment. He fucking hated Ryuzaki and his condescending words. Damn him. Light couldn't wait to see the helplessness on the detective's face when he revealed just who he was. He couldn't wait to die, so that not only would he be free of reliving the worst moment of his life, but also from L.

The absolute *bastard* .

That same night, Light punched a wall. It was harder than Ryuzaki's face, but he made due. He'd taken yet another shower and yet he wasn't clean. It wasn't fair. He was supposed to be the guy that killed criminals -not got victimized by them! It was that man's fault. How he wished he knew his name. He'd use the Death Note to kill him in the worst way possible.

Starting with castration.

He went to sleep and had another nightmare. The same one. He woke up sweating, panting, and gasping for what little air his constricted lungs could catch. His heart was pounding against his ribs and he was looking around the room in a panic. Damn. Watari and Ryuzaki would be looking over the tapes, wouldn't they? Shit. He'd have to lie, if questioned.

He looked at the clock. Two in the morning. That was an hour earlier than yesterday. He might as well get up and go to Ryuzaki. If he didn't, Ryuzaki would see him sitting in his room idly for two hours. That would no doubt cause an argument that Light really didn't care to participate in Battles of wit were always fun, but he felt any rough physical contact might trigger another flashback, and he wanted to prevent those.

Light took another shower.

Upon dressing and slipping his shoes on, Light departed from his room and walked to the conference room; where once again, L was sitting quietly, reading. He poured himself coffee before taking his seat on the left of Ryuzaki, who greeted him with another calm 'good morning'. Light replied in turn and began to read the file of people that had been killed once again. Ryuzaki was infuriating.

But he reveled in knowing what would happen later on today. Soon, it would be over. He would no longer have to relive... that terror any longer -and he would get to see Ryuzaki's face. Oh yes, he'd love that. Maybe he'd be shocked -not that Light was Kira, but that he confessed to it. Maybe he'd -well, there wasn't much use trying to predict it.

Ryuzaki was unpredictable.

All Light knew was that he was going to be free soon. He knew the world would be changed, even if he was no longer passing judgment. Everyone would think twice before doing something wrong, he knew. There would be amazingly less crime now that people always had the fleeting thought of suddenly dying. Even

when police told them that Kira had been caught and killed, they'd always doubt it. Always fear it.

Once everyone had arrived, the day passed more slowly. As much as Light dreaded to admit it -and he wouldn't, not even to himself - but he enjoyed time with L. He was the only person who he could identify with and whose mind was tantamount to his own. He would miss their little spats and conversations- but not L himself. Never L.

Finally, Watari informed him that Misa had arrived and his heart rose to his throat but his face remained passive. He nodded and walked from the room, making the trek to where Misa was waiting. He felt something crawling in the pit of his stomach but that was the only sign of uneasiness. He approached Misa, allowed her to hug him and felt the cool exterior of the Death Note brush his flat stomach as it was slipped under his shirt.

Pulling away, Misa smiled up at him brightly, "Misa Misa did what Light asked!"

"And you did a very good job, Misa," Light humored her, "Now, Misa, I want you to give up your ownership. No questions, okay?"

"But -" She covered her mouth with her hands and blushed, "Right. Light says no questions, so Misa Misa doesn't ask questions!"

"Thank you, Misa," Light nodded and began to walk away.

"Wait, Light, you aren't going to give Misa Misa a goodbye kiss!?" Misa shouted and Light internally sighed. He turned, pecked her on the lips and walked back to the conference room slowly.

As he reached the door, he took a deep breath. This was it. If he wanted to back out, this was the time to do it. Well, it was a time to do it. The best time would be before Misa slid the note under his shirt. But now was the last minute. He might be able to catch Misa and give it back if he so chose. He nearly turned back when -

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahh!"

Clenching his eyes shut, Light calmed himself. No. He couldn't live any longer with memories like those. He'd go insane. Soon, he'd probably have nightmares recounting the entire event, detail by detail. Every place those fingers touched. Every scream he cried, every path the tears of agony had fled from his ducts. Light hadn't cried since he was an infant -and he never did so for emotional pain. But physical pain was something else entirely. He still hid a limp when he walked.

He grasped the doorknob and it was cold and hard under his digits. He was glad his hands weren't sweating, and kept his breathing calm even when it threatened to break free of his restraints and become erratic. No. Light was calm. Light was always calm. When he opened the door, he was calm. When he stepped inside, he was calm. When he closed the door behind him, he was still calm.

He sat down in his chair and went over what he had planned out the night before last, knowing what L would inevitably say and what Light would therein say in return. He supposed he would be questioned. He supposed Matsuda would gasp stupidly and Aizawa would scowl and his dad -his dad would look heartbroken. Light wasn't looking forward to seeing Soichiro's face.

And so he stared at Ryuzaki. He set his dark amber eyes on the detective and kept him and his hunching form set in his hard gaze. Of course, it didn't take long for the man to look up from his reading to look at the person who was eyeing him so shamelessly. For a moment, L didn't speak, merely calculating what that intense look could signify.

Finding no explanation in his cosmic mind, L deadpanned, "Light-kun should be working on the case."

Light felt his heart tremble in his rib cage, as though it were a prisoner on Death Row, only an hour away from execution, "That will not be necessary, Ryuzaki."

Blinking, Ryuzaki replied, "Why is that, Light-kun?"

Light nearly paused, but knew that L would take that for a sign of weakness. Instead, he set his gaze firm on those twin onyx orbs and set his shoulders, lest he slump in defeat.

"Because Kira is coming clean."

"Is that a confession, Light-kun?" L said in a way that could have been taken as an insult, if Light were not Kira. But because he was, and he'd been counting on this response, he replied quite simply.

"Yes."

Ryuzaki was unsure of how to respond. He didn't open his mouth, because he was afraid if he did, gibberish would come forth. Light heard the tapping of keys and the clicking of mice go silent, the squealing of turning chairs ceased and instead piercing stares replaced them. His father and the entirety of the task force were gawking at him. He merely stared back, unaffected.

"Light." Damn. It was his father, "You -this can't be right. This is some kind of very silly joke. We proved you weren't Kira in the confinement _."

"The thirteen day rule is fake," Light said tersely, unable to meet his father's eyes, and instead fixed them on Ryuzaki; who was staring at him indifferently, his face hinting at no emotion, sad or happy.

"Ryuzaki was correct. As is the rule that says that when the Death Note is destroyed everyone who touched it will die."

Soichiro gaped, his eyes frantic and wide. Matsuda gasped, as expected, and the rest of the task force seemed either shocked or overcome with rage.

"I made them up so that I would be cleared, and so that you would not destroy my Death Note," Light relayed to them.

"But -no -you -" Matsuda stuttered. "But this whole time -?"

"At one point I lost my memory," Light explained, looking at the young cop. "If you give up your ownership of the Death Note, you forget everything that has to do with it."

"So when you were in con -"

"How can you be acting so calm!?" Soichiro's explosion was also something that Light had counted on. It was unavoidable. There was a 24 percent chance that he would die by his father shooting him after the revelation. "Kira -Light is Kira - my son!"

"... Yes, I am," Light agreed, averting his eyes. Ryuzaki was still quietly staring. Light found that was more disturbing than any other outlandish reaction the man might have had.

"You -you -" And he was reaching for his gun. Suddenly, Ryuzaki held up his hand and his voice sliced through the commotion Soichiro had caused.

"Please, Yagami-san, do not do anything rash," L stated calmly, still staring at Light. It was extremely unnerving; Light felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

"But -he's my son -"

"Yes, he is your son, Yagami-san," L agreed, "But let's hear the entire story before we decide what to do with him."

"I -" Soichiro was sweating and panting, stressed and strained, and he looked as though he was about to cry. The circles under his eyes seemed larger and darker than they had this morning and he looked about ten years older. "Yes. Of course. You're... You're right, Ryuzaki. I let my emotions overpower with me."

"I'm sorry," Light said suddenly and Soichiro looked up, almost hopeful. "Not for killing criminals. I still think that's right. I think that I

should be praised, not punished, for making the world a better place. But the laws of society don't allow that, and I'm sorry that one of the people that enforce those laws had to be someone that cares about me."

Soichiro didn't say anything. His stare was haunted and tired, and Light found that the look reminded him of his own, when he wasn't schooling his face to look composed.

"Light-kun," Ryuzaki said, and Light raised an eyebrow at the name. Interesting that it hadn't changed to a less friendly title. "Tell us the story, from the moment you found the Death Note, to now."

"I was at school, looking out the window and I saw it fall from the sky..."

He told them about how he'd found it; how he'd read it and thought it was an elaborate joke. He told them how it compelled him to try it, so he found someone that he could tell died right away. Then how he tried it again, knowing that a pattern could only be shown after two attempts. He told them how Ryuk had shown up and then how mad he was at Lind L. Taylor for so blatantly speaking against his goal. He told them that it was a stupid mistake that he never made again.

He told them about meeting 'Ryuuga' and playing tennis with him and meeting Misa, who had the eyes and wanted to be his girlfriend. He informed them about his genius plan to go into confinement, lose his memories, and by the time that he got out, Rem would have no choice but to kill L if she wanted Misa alive. How he had stopped the death god from killing him, however. Then, he produced the second Death Note from his shirt and threw it onto the desk in front of Ryuzaki, so that it nearly landed on a new piece of cake.

After a long moment, devoid of noise, Ryuzaki spoke.

"I do not believe it."

"I know!" Matsuda shouted, grasping at his own hair. "It-it's Light, y'know? I -"

"You misunderstand," L stated, rolling his large eyes over to the officer, "I mean, that I do not believe it."

Light narrowed his eyes, "You mean to tell me, that when I deny that I'm Kira, you suspect me, but when I actually admit to being him, your suspicion is cleared?"

"No, Light-kun," L said, his eyes zooming back to Light, "I mean to say that if you were really Kira, you would not be telling me that you are. There was no reason to. The suspicion I had of you was unfounded and circumstantial at best."

"So... you think I'm covering for someone," Light said with distaste.

"No, I do not believe that Light-kun would die for anyone if he had a choice," L responded evenly.

"So you believe I don't have a choice?" Light inquired, crossing his legs and folding his hands in his lap. "Blackmail or something?"

"I don't think there is anything the Light-kun cares enough about that he would be susceptible to blackmail or bribery," L answered emphatically.

"So what are you saying?" Light asked, resisting the incredible urge to sigh in annoyance. He kept his eyes away from the other occupants of the room, and mostly his father, who was probably still staring at him with old, tired, sad eyes.

"The Death Note tells us that you can control a person's actions for up to twenty three days until their death," L elucidated, taking a bite of his chocolate cake. Only L would be able to stomach food in such a situation. "So I'm saying that someone may be controlling Light-kun before he dies."

He took a sip of tea.

"Perhaps they wrote 'Yagami Light, believes he's Kira and admits to being him to the police. Dies on X date' or something of the like," L said, looking at his reflection in the spoon that he held between his thumb and forefinger. "That is the only explanation that I can see making this sudden confession clear."

Light felt as though he'd swallowed something foul and acidic. Was Ryuzaki... was he an idiot? No, he was incredibly intelligent. Annoyingly so. But damn it -this was a little too much overanalyzing, more than Light had expected or wanted,. He was Kira! He should be arresting him, killing him, not -not this.

"I am Kira. Do I need to show you how easy it would be for me to kill a criminal at this very second?" Light quipped lightly.

"If you believed you were Kira, then of course it would be easy for you," Ryuzaki stated, shrugging. "So, Light-kun, unless you have a reason for your confession...?"

"I'm done. I'm... retiring. That's it," Light snapped, lying like all the people he killed were in the ground. Like he was going to tell them that he didn't want to live anymore because he'd been raped and he didn't want to have to remember. He was so damn weak -even now. Self-loathing mixed in with hot rising bile.

"No." Pain. "Aaaahh!"

"So... Ryuzaki," Soichiro said, his voice soft and wheezy. "I... Are you saying that my son is not Kira, and that he's being forced into admitting he is via another Death Note?"

"There is an 85 percent chance that is the case," Ryuzaki nodded. Soichiro slumped into his seat, relief and hope running through his entire body.

No, Light thought. No. This certainly wasn't happening. Damn Ryuzaki and his unpredictability. He'd come into this expecting that his father might kill him, or that he'd be formally arrested and executed, or even something less formal that L concocted but this - No. No way. What the hell was this?

"Light-kun, I must ask you to let me conduct another confinement," Ryuzaki said, the prongs of the silver fork sliding off his lips. "Twenty three days, that's all, living on the 18th floor with me. If you die within that time, you are not Kira, and if you don't, then I will believe that you are."

This was absurd.

Light frowned deeply. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I want the truth, Light-kun," L said simply, before calling in Watari on the phone. Soon, they'd be taken to the 18th floor. Light wasn't allowed to bring anything with him, all the supplies he needed would be provided in the room, he was told.

L knew that something was wrong, and whether it was Kira or not, he was going to find out what it was. He was confident, that in twenty-three days he could solve this riddle. It wasn't an entire case he had to unravel, but a single person. He would find out why Light was doing this at all costs. It was a puzzle, and he craved puzzles more gluttonously than sugar.

Light glared at L, wishing he knew the scheming behind those vast seas of black, inky irises. L wanted to figure him out, but that wouldn't happen, no matter what. He glowered at L, and L glowered back, their eyes trapped in a silent, dark duel.

I'll find out the truth...

You won't find out the truth...

I'll make sure of it

Chapter Two

Chapter Two

Day: 1

Inside floor eighteen was one bedroom, a living room, a bathroom and a small dining room. In the den, there was only a couch, a television and a coffee table and in the bedroom there were only two closets and a bed. There was only one laptop, which belonged to Ryuzaki, and in his closet were generic, black clothing that Light would have to where for the next three weeks and two days. There was a bookcase packed with books in the bedroom as well. There were no locks on any of the doors or windows, except for the one that led to the hallway.

Upon entering the apartment-like floor, Light sighed. This would be the longest twenty-three days of his life. Longer then the fifty days he'd lasted in confinement trying to prove that he *wasn't* Kira. Running a hand through his hair, Light walked further into the living room, Ryuzaki right behind him. The detective turned to Watari and shoved his hands in his pockets.

"Please set the door so that it cannot be opened from the inside for 23 days," Ryuzaki stated and Watari nodded, casting a glance at Light, who nodded in acknowledgement.

"Yes, L," Watari nodded and soon the large, thick door was swung closed. Light looked over at L, who went directly over to the refrigerator and opened it up.

"What are you doing?" Light asked indignantly. *Surely* he wasn't... *eating sweets* already?

"Getting cake," L responded, and then straightened up to look at Light over the door, "Does Light-kun want some as well?"

"No... thanks..." Light said, wondering if this was another test. Act as though nothing was wrong, and see how the suspect reacts? By saying 'no thanks', would that give him points for politeness, or take some away for attempting to sound polite and having something to hide? Did it even matter now, because he was Kira, and anything that might criminalize him was a good thing?

And what actions would cause Ryuzaki to deduce that he really *was* Kira? Since he thought it was Light from the beginning, it was obvious that he had to act as he always had when he'd been hiding the fact he was Kira. Yet at the same time, different. He sighed and plopped down on the couch, attempting to get comfortable and then turning on the television.

He settled on the news, and Ryuzaki sat on the other end of the couch, in his usual cramped position, nibbling on cake as he watch alongside Light. Watching the detective out of the corner of his eye, he saw that L was also watching him, although very discreetly. After only a half hour of listening to the anchorwoman talk about murder in a high-pitched, happy voice, Light decided he was bored and stood up.

"Are there books anywhere?" He asked Ryuzaki, putting a hand on his hip.

"In the bedroom, Light-kun," Ryuzaki responded, eyes falsely fixated on the television screen. How Light wished he knew what was going through the man's mind.

On the way to the bedroom, Light passed the bathroom and felt the incessant urge to wash himself again, although he'd only done it that morning. Giving into the desire, Light grabbed the black, bland garbs from the closet and brought them into the bathroom, where fresh towels were hanging on plastic bars. Light put his clothes on the sink

and turned to lock the door and found there was no lock. Sneering, he undressed himself.

Naked now, a shivering more than the cold induced, Light turned on the shower all the way hot and watched as steam slowly rose off the tile. Behind him, the mirror fogged, which was just as well, since he didn't want to see his weak reflection anyway. After a minute, Light stepped inside the shower and bit his lip as the droplets stung and burned his skin, licking his skin like needles repeatedly poking him.

He endured it. Hot water cleansed more deeply than cool water, any idiot knew that, and that was what Light needed. To be *clean*. So he scrubbed at his skin until it was tinged pink, with shade of red, but after a while, his body grew used to the heat. Once he step out of the shower, it was almost an entire hour later and his toes and fingers were wrinkled sufficiently. He dried himself off and dressed in his black clothes. They were remarkably similar to the clothes he'd worn in the last confinement, only the sleeves were slightly longer.

Light finally dared to look in the mirror, hoping any exposed skin didn't look like he'd tried to burn himself to death. Luckily, the color in his face was fading to a dull pink. He looked away, not bearing to look at himself. It was a reminder of how pathetic he was for not being able to stop *it* from happening. He finally hung the towel back up on the bar and twisted the doorknob. The metal was so cold under his fingers.

Light nearly jumped out of his skin when he opened the door and an apathetic detective was standing there, hands shoved in the deep pockets of his faded jeans. Light barely showed his surprised -a brief widening of the eyes - before he glared at Ryuzaki.

"I did not mean to frighten you, Light-kun," L said, removing a hand from his pocket to chew on the tip of his thumb.

"You didn't," Light lied smoothly, "I just didn't expect to see you there. You startled me."

"Of course, Yagami-kun, and I apologize," Ryuzaki stated, "But I hope you do not make in a habit of hogging the bathroom for long periods of time."

"I'm sorry," Light acquiesced, stepping out of the bathroom and to the side so that L could walk passed him. The door shut and Light suppressed a sigh of relief.

He walked to the bedroom and took a random book from the shelf. He just wanted something to *do*, and he didn't care what book it was he read. Knowing Ryuzaki, it was a carefully selected bunch of books that he himself had read numerous times and decided they were adequate enough for sharing. Light hated to admit it, but food tastes aside, he and L had most things in common. He doubted book genre was any different.

He was proven correct.

He'd picked up a realistic fiction book, about a murderer. He'd previously attempted to read Mystery novels, since he was interested in related studies, but found that he could always tell who the killer was at most a chapter after the person was mentioned. It was predictable and ultimately boring. This book's author, however, was a genius. Light found out who the killer was only two chapters before it was revealed. And so two hours later, when Ryuzaki finally entered the room, he was just setting down the book, actually satisfied about the plotline for once.

Ryuzaki sat on the bed, and immediately Light stiffened. No -He took control of his muscles, and willed them to relax. Nothing was going to happen. This was Ryuzaki, for God's sake. Ryuzaki wouldn't -he was a detective! He wasn't going to -there where cameras everything, and L wasn't stupid and -

"Light-kun, are you all right?" Ryuzaki inquired, and Light thought he might be raising an eyebrow, but couldn't tell because of the barrier of dark bangs. "You are tense."

"I'm fine, Ryuzaki," Light replied, lying down and putting his hands behind his head, a pose he instinctively took when loosening up, and stared up at the ceiling. He felt the need to curl up, feeling that not only his stomach, but his entire body was exposed in his current position, even under the thick blanket. Damn it, how stupid was he? Of *course* L wouldn't do anything to him. It was *L* for God's sake.

"You have not eaten today," L pointed out, mouth wide and eyes pointed up to the ceiling, "Do you require sustenance?"

"No, thank you, Ryuzaki," Light answered him.

Nodding, Ryuzaki's wide eyes did a scan of the room, noting nothing out of place except for the book on the bedside table. There was a darkened spot on the pillow below Light's head where his damp hair had dripped. L put the tip of his thumb to his lips and tilted his head.

"Did Light-kun enjoy 'Quintessence'?" L asked.

Looking over at the book for a second, and then back to the detective, Light nodded and smirked slightly, "I had nearly given up on fiction. Where ever did you find such an interesting book?"

"I know the author," L responded shortly, and Light didn't ask more. The tone implied that any more questions would go into L's 'Information that could reveal my name' file.

"I see," Light said and then returned his eyes to the ceiling. After a long moment, he yawned, and soon after saw Ryuzaki also so it as well. Yawns were contagious, "I would like to sleep now, Ryuzaki."

A pause. "All right, Light-kun."

L leaned over and turned the lamp off, the only source of light in the room, and then shifted so that he was under the covers. Ratio was turned to face one away from L, and Ryuzaki in turn was facing the wall opposite. The covers were large enough that they didn't stretch

between them. Light flipped his pillow over so his ear wouldn't get uncomfortable sitting in the moist cloth.

It took a long time for Light to get to sleep. The soft noise of shallow breathing woke him up every time he started to drift, as his half-unconscious mind distorted the soft sounds into rough, deep grunts in his ear. Until every small shift in the covers were those cold hands on him again. He clenched his eyelids together tightly, willing his mind to relax and for his lungs to breath. Finally, after over an hour of struggling, Light fell asleep.

Day: 2

Hands. Pain. "No." Stop it. "No." Cold. Hurts. Ground. Slam. Yank. Hands. Pain. "No." Thrust. Painpainpainpain. Tears. "Aaaahh!"

Sitting up frantically, Light bit his lip to suppress a scream. His hair fell in front of his face, blocking any vision he might have been able to attain in the pitch darkness of the room. For a moment, he forgot where he was, but the confusion was quickly erased when he felt movement on the other side of the bed. Taking a gulp of air, Light composed himself and turned his head to look at where the movement had generated.

"Did Light-kun have a bad dream?" the voice came through the dark, breaking through the obscurity.

"Aaaahh!"

"No," Light lied, casting a glance at the clock. Large teal numbers could be seen from the top of the dresser. Only two in the morning... four hours after he'd gone to sleep.

Ryuzaki didn't call him on the lie and instead looked at the clock as well, opened his mouth in a wide-mouthed yawn and rolled so that he was on the edge of the bed. He stood, stretched and then looked

back over at Light, who'd merely been watching him passively for the past few seconds.

"Would Light-kun like some breakfast?"

Light frowned, taking a second to see if he was hungry in the slightest. He deduced that he was and he looked back up to Ryuzaki, "Is there anything in that fridge besides sweets, Ryuzaki?"

"Of course, Light-kun," L said pointedly, opening the door and stepping out.

Light soon followed him out the door and walked into the kitchen where L was already fixing coffee and tea and putting a doughnut on a plate. Light found bread and butter and toasted the bread in the shiny, metal toaster on the counter. After he'd spread the butter evenly on the crusty surfaces, put everything away and poured himself a cup of coffee, he then sat at the table in the chair across from the detective.

L stared directly at Light through the entire meal, and it made Light uncomfortable, although he would never show nor admit such a thing. Stupid Ryuzaki and his stupid intense eyes. Light loathed the man.

"Aren't you going to ask me questions?" Light inquired finally.

"What do you mean, Light-kun?" Ryuzaki blinked and looked at him.

"You're doing this twenty-three day confinement to see if I am truly Kira, like I say," Light said, crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair, eyeing L contemplatively, "I thought it'd be twenty questions every five minutes, but the only inquiry you've made so far is if I'm hungry and if I liked a book."

"There is no reason to ask any questions, Light-kun," Ryuzaki replied, shrugging and stuffing another piece of glazed bread into his mouth, "If you are indeed Kira, then in twenty two days, you will still

be alive. If you die before that time, I will assume that Kira was controlling you and therefore I will continue the investigation."

"But I *am* Kira," Light persisted. L stared back at him evenly.

"I do not think so, Light-kun," L told him firmly. He took a sip of tea, "Please be patient while I conduct my research."

"Why won't you believe me when I finally admit I'm the person you've thought I was all along?" Light inquired, dark eyes narrow. This man was exasperating.

"Because Kira would never admit to being Kira without provocation," L answered easily, his hands settling on his knees, which were pulled up to his chest in his usual stance, "I cannot conceive why you would suddenly confess to being Kira, especially after we had just caught Higuchi and -according to your statement -I was going to die in a matter of days."

Light scowled.

"Unless there is some advantage that you are gaining by this that I have yet to consider, then I will not believe that you are Kira and just decided to 'retire', Light-kun," L explained, and his toes twitched under the table, "And there is indeed an benefit that you achieving by this, then that is another dilemma entirely."

L had to admit though, that when Light had confessed that he was Light, for a split second, he'd been ecstatic. At first, all he'd been able to think was '*I was right!*' over and over, before the more logical part of his brain began to set it. Inevitably, by Light admitting he was Kira, he was saying he wasn't, because Kira as Yagami Light would never *just*... give up.

"Hm," Light sighed and stood up without another word. He brought his dishes to the sink, rinsed them and placed them in the washer before deciding that he was going to take another shower. Not wanting to be surprised by an impatient detective in the doorway

again, he called to L, "I'm taking a shower soon, so if you need to use the restroom, then I suggest you do so now."

Walking into the hallway, licking the crumbs off his fingers, Ryuzaki strolled toward him, his neck bent forward due to his horrible posture and his hand buried deep in the pockets of his jeans. "Thank you, Light-kun."

"Hey, if you can get an entire building built, why couldn't you have put *two* bathrooms in this floor?" Light inquire as L stepped into the small tiled room. He was met with a stare that seemed to be somewhat amused, and at the same time conveyed confusion.

"That defeats the purpose of our confinement together, Light-kun," L informed him in his usually expressionless voice, "There are no locks on any of the doors, because I am supposed to have access to you at all times. If there were two separate bathrooms, and we were to take a shower at the same time, I would be unable to track you. Having only one bathroom forces us to take turns, so therefore when I am in the restroom I know you positively out here and when you are in the bathroom I am able to tell when you go in an out of it."

"Is that really necessary?" Light asked, annoyed.

"If it were not, I would not resort to it, Light-kun," Ryuzaki responded and then shut the door. Light grimaced and went to collect a new outfit, identical to the one he was bearing at the moment.

After his shower, Light set out to read another book, this time a non-fiction book about the serial murderer Ted Bundy. It was large and detailed and paused every few pages to sneer and think of ways he would have killed such a criminal. He hated people like this guy. That's why he'd killed them all in the prisons first place.

By the time he set down the book, it was lunch time, but he found that he really wasn't hungry in the least. He almost took another shower, but settled on just washing his hands thoroughly. It would look suspicious if he started taking showers several times a day. He

then went into the living room, where L was sitting on the couch, his laptop on the middle cushion and his neck hunched over his knees to stare at the screen.

"What are you doing?" Light inquired, sitting on the far end of the couch.

"Reading a file," Ryuzaki responded, keeping his eyes on the computer. Light raised an eyebrow, looking interested.

"A case file?"

"Yes," L nodded, pausing for a second and then looking up. "It's rather easy, actually. I'll indulge you, Light-kun."

Light just nodded, wanting something to do besides read or watch television or *eat*. He shifted so that he was turned toward the detective slightly and placed his arm on the fluffy armrest of the couch, readying his mind. Not that it needed it. He was always alert enough to calculate these things.

"A woman in her late twenties, beaten over the head with a baseball cap in her home in Kyoto at 11:15," L read to him, "Her ex-boyfriend, Shoma Ikatu, admitted to visiting her at ten, but his new girlfriend - Kabaru Ino - said he was home with her at the time the murder was committed. He lives near your home, Light-kun. His neighbor is a witness to him being home at that time, and her name is Taki Momichi, age twenty."

Light calculated this information, and thought the conclusion was rather obvious, "Well, if the man lives near me, then it's impossible for him to have been home by eleven fifteen even if there was no traffic and he broke the speed limit. Kyoto is at least a three hour drive from my home. So his girlfriend is lying -obviously to protect him -and maybe he'd cheating on her with the neighbor, and he asked her to cover for him. Or perhaps blackmailing her."

"Very good, Yagami-kun," L nodded, "That was my conclusion as well."

"Ryuzaki, if you don't mind me saying, you usually work on harder cases than this one, why such an easy one?" Light inquired, attempting to make conversation.

"I was merely looking through a batch that Watari sent to me, I read over it to see if it would interest me, and the answer came to me without any thought," Ryuzaki shrugged nonchalantly.

"I see," Light said, frowning, "Since there is little to do besides television and reading, would it be acceptable for me to look into some cases as well?"

"I doubt any DA's will approve having a man who is supposedly Kira solve their cases for them," L replied, but he looked up at Light, who was about to protest, and the side of his mouth twitched up into a half smile as he raised a thumb to his lips, "But I would not object to Light-kun assisting me in the ones that I work on, even though he cannot have his own."

Light stared at Ryuzaki hard, trying to see through any falseness in the man's words, but he could find none.

"Yeah, okay," Light agreed, and Ryuzaki went onto the next case file.

The next time they looked at the clock, it was midnight. Ryuzaki was appalled that he hadn't eat any sweets in such a large amount of time and Light felt tiredness pushing at his brain. He took a shower, bid Ryuzaki good night and then went to sleep. He drifted rather quickly compared to the night before, without that irritating man next to him.

Chapter Three

Chapter Three

Day: 3

Light was pleased to note that he woke up around eight in the morning, nightmare free for the first time since *that* night. It was reassuring, because now he knew that he would not have to relive it every night, and that he would sleep peacefully occasionally. The thought put him in good spirits.

He was also happy to see that L was not beside him, probably already awakened hours ago, or perhaps he hadn't even gone to sleep at all. It wasn't an uncommon occurrence for the man. Light was in good spirits for a total of one minute and twenty-three seconds, the time it took him to sit up, gain rationality by shaking off the sleep and make his way down the hall to the bathroom. Then he caught a glance of himself in the mirror.

You're weak, it said. You're disgusting .

Light shut the door and took a shower. When he was finished and dressed, he walked into the living room, Where Ryuzaki was eating a piece of cheesecake and sipping on a glass of tea while staring at his computer. Light decided it would look strange if he didn't eat at least as much as he normally did, so he grabbed some toast and coffee and brought it over to the couch to sit with Ryuzaki.

"Anything interesting?" Light inquire, taking a bite of his toast.

"It seems that the Kira murders have ceased," Ryuzaki replied, his thumb pressed firmly against his teeth. Looking up, he added, "That is not proof enough, though, Light-kun."

"Hm. I figured as much," Light responded, putting his plate with a half eaten piece of toast on it onto the table, "I meant the cases we were working on yesterday."

"Nothing as of yet," Ryuzaki shrugged, "Not many crimes. I doubt they think Kira has truly stopped."

"Do you?" Light inquired, swallowing some of his black coffee and setting his eyes on L, who chewed on his thumb more adamantly.

"I do not know," L admitted, and if Light strained, he could here a bit of annoyance in the tone. L didn't like not knowing anything, especially when it came down to his own emotions, "I am attempting to see the truth, Light-kun."

"I don't understand you," Light set his coffee cup down and crossed his legs, "Why don't you believe I'm Kira?"

"Because you are telling me that you are," L responded, "If you are truly Kira, then why are you giving up? There is no reason."

"Just because you can't see something doesn't mean it isn't there," Light told him, feeling a tug at his stomach. An emotion resembling irritation. "I'm not being controlled!"

"If you are being controlled, of course that it what you will say," L informed him pointedly as he shifted on the sofa cushion. Light frowned.

"Okay, fine," Light exclaimed, taking the comment as the end of topic. "Is there anything we can do then, besides read, eat and watching television?"

"Of course, Light-kun," Ryuzaki said in return, slipping the laptop off the couch and onto the coffee table before elegantly standing. He walked toward that hallway, opened a door to what Light supposed was a closet, and pulled out a box. Only when L neared again, box in hand did Light see what it was.

"Chess?" the young man blinked, brightening.

"Yes, Light-kun, would you care to play?" Ryuzaki inquired, taking out the board, which was in the worst condition Light had ever seen. The paint was chipped off in places, the corners were worn and bent and -now that Light took a closer look -some of the pieces were damaged as well. He counted quickly, identifying that there *were* all the pieces.

"Sure, Ryuzaki," Light said finally, pointing to the colorless pieces. "I want white."

"No, white is mine," L shook his head. Light frowned, so the detective explained, "He who moves first always wins, Yagami-kun."

Glaring, Light reluctantly gathered the black pieces. He'd save his energy for fighting over something important. Besides, the physical contact could put him in a bad position that he didn't want to be in just yet. That he *couldn't* be in. Not again. He would put any bodily harm would have to wait until he'd forgotten the rape. Because he would. Soon, it would be like it had never happened.

He'd make sure of it.

He'd die, he knew. But he'd still win. And it was all about who won.

Soon it was his turn, so he calculated Ryuzaki's move, his own possible moves, and then five steps ahead. The pieces were cool and hard against his fingers and Ryuzaki was as good a strategist as Light had predicted. They did not speak for more than three hours as the game went on. The only sound was the barely audible *tick, tick, tick* of a far away clock and the soft taps on the cardboard as a piece was moved.

After one hundred and ninety-two minutes and thirty-six seconds of hardcore chess laying, Ryuzaki finally uttered a sound.

"Hm."

It was just after Light had taken his queen after twenty-three moves that led up to such a feat. Light was surprised that the thumb L had been chewing at so constantly hadn't been twiddled down to only a knuckle. Light knew he would win now. He'd taken one of L's knights, both his castles, a bishop, all but three pawns and his *queen*. His most powerful piece on the board. The man didn't have a chance.

Nonetheless, Light pondered the meaning of that 'hm'. He'd won the silence contest, that much he knew. But what that soft sound signified was something else entirely. Was it just Ryuzaki acknowledging his soon-to-be loss? Yes, that must be it. Because Light knew how much L hated to lose. That 'hm' must have been a grunt of distress at his taken queen. Light would win soon, he was positive.

That was, until he lost.

In three simple moves, L had trapped Light with a pawn, a knight and bishop in the bottom left corner of the board while he'd gone after L's king with his knight and queen. Light had twelve pieces on the board, while Ryuzaki had only six. Blinking slowly, Light stared at the board before the two words slipped out in that flat voice like bricks falling onto his head from far above.

"Checkmate," Ryuzaki said, and the corner of his mouth quirked.

Light gawked at the board, trying to find a way out of this bind, but it was futile. There was no escape. He's been trapped. But *no*. He'd taken L's *queen*! His Queen! The fucking bastard must have *cheated*. But no -Light hadn't taken his eyes off the board for a second. Besides, a cheated victory was not a true one and L would never be satisfied knowing he'd beaten Light falsely.

It was much more gratifying to know simply that he was *better*.

Light scowled; he really *was* pathetic.

"You thought, Yagami-kun, that you would win just because you had taken away the most versatile component?" Ryuzaki inquired, apparently innocent, but Light knew better. He was being laughed at. "It isn't always so, Light-kun. Even if you overpower your opponent in the largest aspect, all that matters is where *you* are at the end of it all."

Light stood up forced a friendly smile at Ryuzaki, holding out his hand, "Good game, Ryuzaki."

"Light-kun, I have to inquire," Ryuzaki spoke after quickly taking Light's hand and then releasing as though he'd been burned, "If you are Kira, then why do you not attempt to kill me? That has been his goal all along, has it not?"

"You misunderstand my goal, then, Ryuzaki," Light responded, avoiding the actual question. He couldn't admit he wanted to die. His reasons for admitting he was Kira would remain a mystery, forever. "My goal was to rid the world of criminals, create a Utopia. A world without crime or bad people in it. I don't believe the horrible people should exist. I still don't."

"Then why would Kira give up his goal when he was so close to triumph?" L inquire, an eyebrow raised under his mountain of black hair.

"That is not for you to know," Light replied before turning on his heel and deciding to go read in the bedroom for a while before lunch.

Picking up a book, Light deduced it was going to be a *long* day.

Day: 4

Light woke up with a shout in the middle of the night. His breath was ragged as he twisted his body and turned his head from side to side, trying to see through the darkness. A second before, he'd been back

in the alley. Those hands had been all over him, touching and clawing at his skin. Collapsing back down on the bed, he took a shuddering breath that made his lips tremble as he released it.

He'd surely go crazy after too many of those memories.

"Another nightmare, Light-kun?"

That *voice*. How he *loathed* that voice. Damn him for always being there at the worst moments. He should have done the eye-trade first, gotten the bastard's name and killed him. But then he'd probably get a fair trial, in which his father would get him an excellent lawyer who would press only to get him life in jail, not the death penalty. And Light would not opening admit he wanted to die. That would show them that letting him live would be an even worse punishment.

"Another? What makes you think this isn't the first?" Light inquired, looking blindly at the spot next to him.

"Everyone has nightmares, Light-kun, and since you are eighteen and I presume you have had nightmares previous to this one, every nightmare after the first bad dream you ever had after birth is 'another'," Ryuzaki's voice told him blandly in the darkness. His eyes began to adjust to the dimness and he could vaguely see L's stooped silhouette. "I also conclude that from the tapes I have of you sleeping for the past few days, in which evidence of not only nightmares, but also night *terrors* and insomnia has occurred."

"Hm. Yes, I've been having a few of them lately," Light affirmed. Rebuking it would only show him that he was a liar if L had solid proof. "Do you know the time?"

"Only a few minutes after one. Light-kun should go back to sleep," Ryuzaki informed him calmly and Light could finally make out those large eyes staring at him.

"No, I think I'm going to take a shower," Light said, standing.

"Light-kun, lack of sleep is bad for the mind -"

" *You're telling me this?*" Light inquired sardonically.

"I make up for it with sugar, you do not, therefore you need sleep," L notified him.

"Showers help me sleep," Light lied easily, "Besides, what does it matter that I will have lack of brain power? The Kira case is moot and I'll be dead little more than nineteen days anyway."

"I do not believe you are Kira, Yagami-kun, but if you do die soon then you will be correct," L admitted, "In the meantime, get rest."

Light scowled at the man, and even through the gloom his glare reached Ryuzaki, who did not flinch at the intense glower. Without another word, Light left the room swiftly and gracefully, mentally cursing L for having dared to attempt to boss him around. He entered the bathroom, shut the door and stripped himself of his clothes, letting the cool air trigger goose bumps all over his body before he turned the water on almost entirely to hot.

Once again, he scrubbed thoroughly and after around twenty minutes, he stepped out into the bathroom to dry himself off. After toweling himself down, he pulled on his old black clothes from the day before, figuring he'd change in the morning when he *really* woke up. As hard as it was to confess, Ryuzaki was right (again) and he truly *did* need sleep, lest his mind be clogged with drowsiness.

Upon reentering the room, Light promptly fell onto his side of the bed, barely registering the still wide-awake detective who was still crouched on the opposite region. Soon, he was sleeping peacefully and no nightmares plagued his dreams, unless one counted when he woke up to Ryuzaki's face mere inches from his own.

Light suppressed the undying urge to yelp in surprise, and also to sit up straight, so that he wouldn't bump heads with the socially challenged detective. Instead, he calmly waited for L to move himself

out of his line of vertical action and then sat up slowly, keeping his face calm and hard. Then he set his contempt-filled eyes on the older man.

"Ever heard of personal space, Ryuzaki?" Light asked snappishly.

"I have, but such gibberish has no meaning to me whatsoever," L quipped, looking toward his laptop, which had at some point been moved from the living room the bedroom and was now perched in front of Ryuzaki. Light sneered.

"Obviously."

"I woke you up, Light-kun, because there is a case that may be of interest to you, and it is ten O'clock in the morning." L said to him. Light's eyes widened remotely just before they flicker to the clock. Sure enough, the large teal numbers read 10:04 a.m. Light couldn't believe he'd slept so long -he hadn't done so since his sophomore year in high school. Rubbing a hand over his eyes and yawning, he nodded at L.

"Okay, what's the case?"

"Light-kun should eat something first," Ryuzaki told him and Light frowned.

"No. What's the case?" Light demanded. Giving into this was losing. Damned if he'd loose to Ryuzaki about this.

"Light-kun may not know the case until he has eaten," Ryuzaki had the gall to say, and was promptly punched in the nose by an angry fist.

Light lost sight of the reason he'd waited this long to hit the bastard.

Nearly falling off the bed, L managed to grab the collar of Light's shirt and pull Light off the bed with him. As Light fell on top of L, the older genius brought his knee up to catch Light in the stomach, knocking

the breath out of him -but not before Light backhanded him across the face as he landed beside him roughly. L twisted around so the he was on his knees, about to stand, before Light threw an uppercut and hit Ryuzaki square in the chin, making his face fly toward the ceiling.

Light stood and was almost immediately brought back to the ground by L's sweeping leg, which hit his calves and made him fly backwards and onto his bottom. Such a force disturbed Light's still-healing backside and caused him to release a shout of pain as he made impact. Surprised by such a reaction, Ryuzaki blinked and bent over.

"Is Light-kun okay?"

His answer was a hard punch to the face. While Light's fist was still connected to Ryuzaki's cheek, L's foot was suddenly planted in his face. This time, without the chain to hold them, they could maneuver easily and quickly with any physical limitations. Light's other hand grabbed L's ankle while his right was recovering and he yanked, bringing Ryuzaki to the ground as with him.

Blinded with anger, Light swung his fists towards Ryuzaki, but he was already getting used to the situation and the speed of Light's punches. He easily grabbed one of Light's wrists, twisted and brought the younger man onto his back. He skidded roughly against the carpet and he winced. Growling in fury, Light was about to lunge back at Ryuzaki when the said man quickly sat him on.

His arms were trapped by his sides, held captive there by L's knees. Light struggled and glared up at Ryuzaki, who put a thumb in his mouth and gazes down at the boy passively, wide black eyes annoying Light enormously.

"Light-kun's fighting skills have gotten dull," informed L flatly. Light's eyes widened and he desperately wanted to strike the man again. After a few moments, Light came down from his rage high and he took in the situation thoroughly -and froze.

Ryuzaki was on *top* of him. Straddling him. Shit. Shit, shit, *shit!*

Light made his face stay still as his heartbeat sped up due to the immense amount of fear filling him so completely it seemed to be part of him. In fact, he supposed it was. After that horrible event in his life, fear seemed to be a permanent part of his being, and he *hated* it.

Terror and anger combined in his belly, igniting in him the strength to somehow throw L off of him. Not taking any time to look at the reaction L would have -if any -Light dashed from the room, slamming the door and running into the bathroom, where he sat on the floor with his back against the door. If Ryuzaki had to urinate any time soon, he'd have to do so in a plant, because Light wasn't leaving until he was *good* and *ready*.

Somewhere in his mental rambling, Light fell asleep, and only when he was awoken by a knock on the door hours later -in the midst of a nightmare, too -did he realize just what position he was in. His legs were drawn up to his chest and his feet were planted firmly on the ground. He was in *L's* pose. He straightened out his legs automatically. He wanted no more to connect him to that man.

"Light-kun, are you done sulking?" L inquired, voice only slightly muffled by the door as he spoke, "If not, I can come back in an hour. Or do you need two?"

"I'm not sulking, Ryuzaki," Light snarled, standing up and cringing as he noticed his but was hurting after sitting on it for who knows long. "What time is it?"

"Did Light-kun fall asleep?" came the seemingly guiltless reply.

"Just tell me what time it is," Light snapped.

"Around 2:15, Light-kun."

Running a hand over his hair to make sure it didn't look atrocious, Light turned and open the bathroom door, where the detective was standing. Light scowled and slipped passed him, deciding to go get something to eat. He micro waved a cup of instant ramen, got a cup of coffee and sat at the table. He ate quickly, and by the time he was done, L was returning to the living room.

"I've eaten," Light stated, putting a hand on his hip, "So, that case?"

Sitting on the couch, next to his laptop, Ryuzaki looked up.

"In your absence to the restroom, I solved it."

Light sneered. Of *course*.

Chapter Four

Chapter Four

Day: 5

... *Light...*

"Where am I?" Light demanded, searching the room, but could see nothing. The room was completely dark, black. Light peered around the void; endless futility peered back.

... *Light...*

But someone else was there, Light could feel it. He could feel the presence of another being in their with him. Why weren't they answering him? Were they deaf? He'd go insane if something didn't happen! Light walked around blindly, feeling around the room for a door. The room was a perfect square, around twenty feet in each direction, and he'd circled it twice, and still no door.

That left the ceiling. But he couldn't reach the top.

... *Light...*

"Who's there!?" Light shouted frantically, ordering the other person to answer. He could hear them! Where were they? In the center of the room?

He ventured away from the safety of the wall. He waved his arms around himself, trying to find the person that was with him. Would they help him? Would they hurt him? Who were they in the first place, and why had they been doomed to the black room as well?

... *Light...*

A voice! A voice was coming from behind him.

... Light...

He turned.

... Look out!

Gasping, Light shot up from his lying position. Luckily this time, L was not present in the room. Light put a hand on his head, feeling rather hot under all the covers. Light scowled at the dream. It wasn't even that *scary*. And what was he looking out for anyway? Nothing was in the room except for the person warning him! Why would he warn him if *he* was the attacker?

See? He was already thinking too much about the stupid dream. It wasn't important.

Throwing his legs over the edge of the bed, Light put his face in his hand, trying to snap himself out of his post-nightmare antics. He rubbed his eyes, pulled off all of his clothes and then changed into another outfit, one exactly the same as before. Light folded his dirty clothes and put them on the top of a dresser before walking out into the hallway.

As expected, Ryuzaki was already sitting on the couch, drinking a cup of sugar-infested tea and reading something on his laptop. Light looked at him, putting his hand on his hip.

"What are you doing?" Light inquired, hoping it was another case.

"Watching you," L replied, turning the screen towards Light slightly so that he could see that there was a camera in the bedroom. Light's eyebrow creased.

"Wha...? Are you *serious*?" Light snarled, dropping his hand from his waist to ball it into a fist, along with his other hand.

"Yes, Light-kun, why wouldn't I be?" L asked, looking up at Light and blinking, "I have to observe you."

Light, not seeing any reason to argue about this, just rolled his eyes and went to get a glass of orange juice. The fridge was restocked with sweets. Light scowled, grabbed the carton from the shelf and fetched himself a glass, before returning the juice to its spot on the fridge, closing the door and sitting next to Ryuzaki on the sofa.

Pervert, Light snapped at Ryuzaki in his mind, feeling strangely self-conscious. He sipped the orange-yellow liquid for a few minutes before Ryuzaki spoke again.

"Interesting, Light-kun," L said, staring at him, "Have you spent so much time in my presence that you have picked up some of my mannerisms?"

"What are you talking about?" Light spat, before realizing that he was in that strange position again. His knees in front of his chest and his feet on the same cushion that his bottom was on. Light grimaced and lowered his feet to the floor, "No, Ryuzaki. I'm just cold."

In fact, it was the opposite. Light was actually rather warm.

"I see," L replied, "There are spare blankets in the closet."

"I'll be fine," Light responded, setting the orange juice on the coffee table and then turning back to Ryuzaki, "Is there another case, Ryuzaki?"

"Mm....There are a few assault charges by Kira-supporters on Non-Kira supporters and police officers, because of the halt in the deaths," Ryuzaki shrugged, "But nothing to figure out there. Kira seems to have an outstanding effect on the crime rate."

Light smiled, "That was the plan."

"Light-kun, do you really believe that lines such as that will convince me?" L inquired, raising his thumb to his mouth.

"No," Light admitted, "I'm just commenting."

"Light-kun, what is your view on Kira's ideals?" L asked interestedly, nibbling on the tip of his thumb in a way that infuriated Light to know end. He wanted to rip it off.

"Why does it matter?" Light answered lightly with a question, leaning back and crossing his leg over the other, "If I'm being controlled, as you've convinced yourself I am, then my view on Kira's standards would be twisted."

"Just the same, Light-kun, I would like to hear," Ryuzaki stated, large eyes watching Light intensely. "I want to know, even if I am incorrect, and you *are* Kira -as I suspected for so long -what you wanted. What you thought you could accomplish."

He paused.

"And if I am correct, and you are *not* Kira," L continued, "I think that your thought process at this moment will be almost parallel to the real Kira. So, when you die, I will have a profile for the murderer."

"Fine," Light snarled, thinking about where to start. What did he want? No. What *had* he wanted? "The second time I killed someone with the notebook, I nearly threw up."

Light shifted to get himself more comfortable before he went on, "I thought, briefly, about getting rid of it but... then I realized..."

This world is a rotten mess! It really needs to be cleaned up!

"... that some people didn't *deserve* to live," Light sneered, "And I knew that killing was wrong but it was *worth* it, because I was killing bad people. People who would *ruin* other people's lives. Because why should they exist if they only want to hurt the *good* people?"

"No." Cold. Pain. "Aaaahh!"

"Those people, the ones who interfere with others right to the pursuit of happiness... they needed to be done away with," Light's eyes flashed, "They didn't *deserve* to live. They were causing the world to rot, and *someone* had to get rid of them. And I....I had to do it. I was the only one who *could* do it. What did *I* want, L? I wanted to be the God of the new world..."

"And?" L pressed, after a silence.

"And what?" Light snapped.

"And... what happened then, to make that a past-tense dream?" L inquired picking up his cup of tea, " 'need *ed* to be done away with', 'want *ed* to be the God'... what changed?"

Light scowled deeply, "The world is already mine. People fear doing bad, and do good, mostly. I -"

"You are avoiding the question, Light-kun," L informed him, looking down at his computer screen. "You have yet to tell my *why*. "

"Perhaps because I feel you are unworthy to know," Light said contemptuously, "My reasons are my own."

"And as long as they stay that way, you will be forced to stay on this floor, with only me as company," L responded lightly.

Light stayed silent, contemplating his actions. He could lunge at the man that instant and throttle him. That would certainly get him arrested. But no, that wouldn't do. L could, as shown yesterday, overpower him in a fight. Besides, he didn't want to end up in the same position as he had the day before.

"Light-kun," L started, wiggling his toes into the cushion. "Do you truly believe that the world will be changed forever because of Kira's actions? If so, then I highly overestimated your intellect. No. The

criminals will slowly start to do things again, starting small, with petty theft and things of the like, and then working their way up to felonies."

Light's scowled; of course he'd thought about that. It was yet another thing that made him uneasy.

"Kira's world doesn't exist, Light-kun," L put a finger to his lip thoughtfully, and after a moment of silence, completely changed the subject, "You've been having nightmares almost constantly for the past week, Light-kun. Is there a particular reason why?"

"No," Light shrugged, acting uncaring quite naturally, "Why do you ask?"

"Because it is an anomaly to your apparent flawlessness," L replied slowly, scratching one ankle with the toes on the other foot, "Also, I do not find it a coincidence that you began having nightmares only two days before your confession."

Light chose to merely roll his eyes before excusing himself to go get a book. He swore, he needed something more to do. Reading was good, but it was only a matter of time -and very *short* period of time - until he grew bored of that too. He'd probably go through all the books before the half-way mark was complete, or at least, all the books that were worth reading.

He definitely needed some mental stimuli, and while crime was so scarce (Light was extremely proud of that fact) he had little or no cases to solve. As ill as it made him feel to admit, the chess game with Ryuzaki had been the most interesting thing to do besides the cases. But he felt like he'd be losing something to ask the detective to play with him again. Instead, he brought a book back to the couch and took a seat, ignoring Ryuzaki and beginning to read.

Although, his mind kept drifting from the words on the page back to L's words, and what they meant. L was smart, but Light felt he was smarter. Just because Ryuzaki had figured out a connection

between his bad dreams and his confession, didn't mean he would jump to the conclusion of rape. He couldn't know. He couldn't. Light could make it for these twenty-three days of confinement.

Even if there *was* nothing to do.

And so, for the rest of the day, he read silently.

He wouldn't sink so low as to ask L to help him pass the time.

Not yet, anyway.

Day: 6

At the age of four, L Lawliet had taught himself to read with only a little help from the 'big kids' around him. At the age of six, he'd read all of the books in the Law section of the public library, and then started on Whammy House's supply. By the time he was eight years old, he'd also taught himself French and Spanish and then at ten he'd learned Japanese, Chinese and Russian.

It only took him to age twelve to complete his senior year of high school, and then two more years to complete his first Bachelors Degree. He had already solved his first case at eleven years of age, so by the time he was eighteen and legally old enough to become a private detective, he'd already solved 129 cases for the police and government agencies worldwide. Also, German, Portuguese, Italian and Arabic had been added to his language lexicon.

Through his career as a detective he cracked 247 more cases that no one else could figure out, caught countless criminals, and made sure they were done away with.

Frankly, L knew he was better than average. He'd never met a crime scene he hadn't been able to decode, he never been introduced to a convict he couldn't profile and had never - *never* - lost to the criminal.

He *always* won. He always found out the secret, deciphered the puzzle, answered the question.

So *why* was this one young man, Yagami Light, so damn difficult to fathom?

It was four in the morning, and Light had fallen asleep halfway through the third book he'd started only a short while ago. He was now lying on a fully made bed, one leg hanging over the edge and the large book on his chest, opened with the pages pressed against the black cloth of his shirt. His shirt was riding up slightly, revealing a tiny strip of ivory skin, paler than normal for a person of Asian descent.

His hair was mussed, falling back out of his face thanks to gravity, showing his closed eyes as they twitched to and fro in a dream that was most likely unpleasant. One of Light's hands rested on top of the cover of the book and the other laid gently by his side, not yet gripping at the blankets in terror.

L knew all this, not because he was in the room with the boy, but because he was watching him closely on his laptop thanks to a security camera that was on top of the door frame. Just one, yes. That was all he needed. He'd gotten the naked view of Light quite a few times from the front, never from the back. Had he seen the backside of the young Yagami he would have noticed a fading bruise with a striking resemblance to a hand in the center of his back, where Ratio had been forcefully held down.

L nibbled on a piece of cake, sipped his tea and watched. He knew the nightmare would be coming soon -it almost always came after the subtle trembling. Like in Light's conscious actions, he was a creature of routine. First was the slight shuddering, and then the hands grabbing onto the nearest surface, and then the head tossing back and forth and the brow furrowing and then -a cry. Light woke up after that.

He watched as Light's dexterous fingers began tightening on the covers, the other hand grabbing the spine of the book. L chewed on his thumb with even more fervor as he watched intensely, looking for some *sign* of what the dreams could be about. And then -ah yes, the head. Those auburn locks tossing with every throw of the head as Light's lips moved slightly murmuring something that even the bugs couldn't catch. Perspiration on his forehead and neck, Ryuzaki also noted as he stared, and the brow then furrowed as though attempting to figure something out.

"Aaaahh!" Light suddenly yelped, once again abruptly waking with labored breathing and looking around just to be sure that whatever in was in the dream was gone. Light sighed, sitting up and putting the book on the bedside table before straightening out his features.

This time it was L's brow that creased, mad at himself for once again failing to see the source of Light's nightmare. If he was indeed Kira, then was he dreaming because he was guilty? That could also be the origin of the confession, but Light's comments on Kira's ideals the day before didn't point to that. No. If he was Kira -which L still seriously doubted -then he still believed 'cleansing' the world was right.

L watched as Light undressed, once again with his front to the door. Light had lost weight, in only the past week. Although, that was predictable, seeing as he'd barely eaten anything besides toast and some ramen over the past five days. L didn't understand *that*. Food was... well... *food*. And not eating delicious food was just stupid.

Lack of appetite. Nightmares. Varying sleep habits; from insomnia to excessive tiredness.

L would soon chew a hole in his thumb if he didn't figure this out soon. It should have been easy. This wasn't an entire case, with criminals, victims, police, times, places, motives, red herrings and clues. *No*. This was one *person*. An extremely intelligent person, but a person nonetheless. This should have been easy.

Light was... incredible, to say the least. A remarkable specimen of a human being. L supposed that was the reason figuring him out was so hard. He hid himself for the sake of pride, a pride that was so vast it would go on forever if it was allowed.

Why wouldn't it just *end*?

Light, at approximately the same moment, was thinking the exact same thing. Damn it -that *same* nightmare. The dark room, with another infuriating person inside it with him. It was simply *maddening*. He did suppose, however, it was better than the dreams recounting the rape scene in his head.

Hands. Rough. Cold. "No!" A grunt. A zipper. Hands. Pain. "Aaaahh!"

Light's face was calm -as it always was when awake -but inside he felt like punching a wall. He could not do it now though. L was watching, he could feel it.

After dressing, Light collapsed back onto the bed, tremendously tired but frightened at the thought of going back to sleep. L joined him the room only about twenty minutes after he started lying there, doing nothing but staring avidly at the wall. Ryuzaki crawled under the covers and then looked at Light, who still rested on top of them.

"Is Light-kun hot?" L inquired innocently, knowing full well he wasn't. Light shook his head and then reluctantly moved, slipping under the covers as well. He turned the lamp off this time (before he'd slept with it on due to reading) and curled up instinctively before straightening himself out.

What the hell was wrong with him lately? He'd never before scrunched his body into the fetal position, so why was he doing so now? It was completely unjustified and just plain weird. And, it was yet another thing that he would have in common with L.

Which, of course, just wouldn't do.

Strangely enough, Light went to sleep quite quickly and without a second nightmare.

Light slept well into the afternoon, before he woke up to the smell of eggs. For a moment, Light was convinced he was back at home and his mom was cooking something and the last week and that night had been a horrible, terrifying bad dream. And then, he opened his eyes and the room he was in came into focus. He groaned before sitting up and looking at the clock.

1: 12 p.m.

He'd overslept once more. Well, it wasn't like he had anything else to do. Light made his way into the hallway and then to the kitchen where he saw... L cooking. Eggs, of course, that much was obvious.

"What.... You're eating eggs?" Light blinked, raising an eyebrow in question.

L turned to Light slightly, and then shook his head, "No. Light-kun is eating eggs."

"Am I?" Light inquired, almost amused. He approached L, who was turning the burner on the oven off and sliding the eggs onto a plate.

"Light-kun needs to eat," L shrugged, shoving the plate at Light. He'd been bored of watching the boy sleep, and the cases were dry that day, that was the only reason he cooked anything. "If he were to die from a protein deficiency, then I would have no choice but to believe he is not Kira. And since you don't enjoy sweets, I thought this would be appropriate."

"Yeah... thanks," Light said, taking the plate, grabbing a fork and bringing himself over to the table. L sat down too, with a large piece of some kind of chocolate pie.

Light ate slowly, chewing tenderly, as though he thought perhaps there was an explosive in the food and if he chewed too hard it might

ignite. He wouldn't put it past the detective, especially since he wasn't eating his own concoction. However, Light's goal was to get L to kill him, so what did he care if it was by food poisoning?

It took almost thirty minutes for Light to get done with his meal, and afterwards he washed the dishes that had been piling up in the sink over the past six days. L never did chores, at least he hadn't for as long as Light had known him, and he doubt he would start just because Watari wasn't around to play maid. After drying off his hands, Light checked the clock again, and so at it was nearly on two.

He saw Ryuzaki, sitting on the couch, his knees drawn up to his chest -in a way Light swore he would never sit in again -and his thumb in his mouth as he scanned something on his laptop. He looked interested.

Light sat down next to him and set both feet in the carpet carefully, "A new case?"

"I don't think so," L admitted, taking his thumb away from his mouth, "At this point, a delusional, slightly psychotic junkie is claiming she was raped."

Light swallowed the lump in his throat and kept his face as hard and cold as stone. He couldn't stop the word from echoing repeatedly in his head, over and over. Raped. Rape. Rape. Raped. She'd been raped. Normally he would have nodded and asked interestedly about the details, but this time was....different.

Although for the last couple of days, he'd been begging for a case to solve, he felt one like this would bring up memories. That would... no. He couldn't let that happen. L had luckily chosen against perusing it anyway.

"Although, her story keeps changing, and she says she can't remember anything about him," L frowned, "There is a 78 percent chance that she's lying to get attention."

"Oh well," Light said, shrugging. Ryuzaki closed his laptop and looked at Light.

"Would Light-kun like to play chess with me again?" Ryuzaki inquired, standing and walking toward the closet and pulling out the old chessboard.

Light felt suddenly happy, finally having something to do.

"Sure," He replied unceremoniously, moving L's laptop to the coffee table so that they could set up the chessboard on the center cushion.

"I choose white," L stated, pulling the colorless pieces from the box and beginning to set them up. Light rolled his eyes and nodded.

Six hours later, L finally was able to checkmate Light, and Light nearly growled in frustration, but held it inside. Damn, L! How did he keep winning at this? Light was the best at strategy, and he knew that, he was a tactical genius -so why did L beat him at this every time? Light almost forced a smile before remembering that he didn't have to be nice to Ryuzaki anymore.

"You are getting better, Light-kun," L supplied, putting his pieces back.

"I always get your queen," Light snarled nastily, "You most powerful piece. I should win after that."

"You are good, Light-kun," L told him, shrugging nonchalantly and then smirking at the boy, "But I am better."

"Like hell," Light spat.

"I believe what I see, Light-kun, and what I saw what my pieces trap your king, without the help of my queen," L said back simply. His eyes slowly met Light's and he added, almost warily, "... You aren't going to run to the bathroom and sulk again, are you, Light-kun?"

Because after all the cake and tea I've consumed, there's a eighty percent chance th -"

"I get it," Light cut him off, which proved to annoy the detective enough to Light smirk smugly, "And no. I'm not going to sulk. I don't sulk, Ryuzaki."

"I think I just said that I believe was I see, Light-kun, and the other day you displayed -"

"Yes, yes," Light interrupted once more, just to irritate the man. It worked. Light could almost see the vein popping in L's forehead behind the long black bangs.

"Light-kun..." L's voice didn't waver, but it threatened to, and Light could of sworn he saw an eyebrow twitch. But it could have just been wishful thinking. "I would greatly appreciate it if you did not disrupt me."

Light merely smiled cruelly and stood up, walking into he bedroom to read until he fell asleep. Although he'd lost the chess game, he still could help but feel like he'd won something else.

And even if he really hadn't, it was sort of fun riling Ryuzaki up.

Chapter Five

Chapter Five

Day: 7

That night, Light didn't go to sleep at all. He'd pulled all-nighters before, but it was usually with the intent of staying up all night, not the stressful tossing and turning when his mind refused to shut down. Giving up, he walked out of the room, leaving the sleeping L behind. For the first time, he would be alone.

Sort of.

He walked around the floor, hands down by his sides lazily as he did so, looking around like he hadn't really gotten to do the days before. There was nothing special about the floor, however. It seemed lifeless with out the detective and his many quirks to liven it up a bit. Not that Light missed that, but it was just the truth. Light turned on the lights, he didn't think there was anything lurking in the shadows, but he was not willing to test it.

Light sat down on the couch, tapping his fingers insistently on the arm of it for a few minutes before picking up the remote and turning the television on. Did many teenagers watch sitcoms and television series? He'd never been one for them -he hadn't even watched cartoons as a child -he'd always been much more interested in learning things and studying and always being the overall best.

He brought up the guide, leaning back and laying his legs across the couch, hoping to perhaps get comfortable. He found a show about unsolved murder cases. It was... actually pretty interesting, although Light easily found out who the killer was when they listed the

suspects. It was interesting to see the police struggle to find the information when he'd seen it as plain as day.

Light searched for more shows on the same subject and found many. Each show was an hour long, and so therefore the time passed by rather quickly, until L woke up at five in the morning, blinking at the sight. Light staring intently at a television screen that wasn't the news. L made sure to store the discovery in his long-term memory bank, just in case it was as useful as it was amusing.

"I did not take Light-kun for a person who took interest in things like this," L stated, hovering in the entrance to the living room. L watched as Light tensed, and if he hadn't been looking for it, he would have never noticed such a thing.

Light covered his surprise and turned to look at the intruder, although he was already positive who it was.

"Ryuzaki," greeted Light calmly, "I couldn't get to sleep, my eyes are burned out from constant reading and you were sleeping. I had nothing better to do."

"I see," L said, approaching the couch as Light moved his feet to the floor so the detective could sit down. "Anything worth while?"

"Some of these shows are... almost interesting," Light confessed, shrugging and tossing the remote to L, "You can watch was you want."

"Nothing then," L nimble pressed the 'power' button the remote and carelessly threw it aside, used to a team of investigators, or at least Watari being there to retrieve any items he discarded. He pulled his laptop onto the middle cushion, opened it and checked to see if Watari had sent him another case. His mailbox was empty.

"Ryuzaki, is there a case?" Light queried, running a hand through his hair and deciding to take a shower very, very soon.

"No," Ryuzaki stated coolly, pulling up a few old files on the computer and starting to read them.

"Ryuzaki," Light said suddenly, thinking about something as he stood up. L's eyes rolled over to him and he continued, "You have camera's in the bedroom right?"

"And various other places, Light-kun," L nodded, "However, they are not in the bathroom this time, if that is your concern. It was not necessary to watch to that closely."

"That wasn't what I was going to ask, but that's good to know too," Light tilted his head to look down at Ryuzaki, "I wanted to know... is anyone else looking at those videos?"

"No, that isn't necessary," L responded, looking back at the computer as he saw that the question wasn't eye-contact worthy, "No one else besides me is needed to determine if you are Kira or not. As of a week ago, the task force has been given a twenty-three day vacation, and while Watari slips in to refill our food supply, he is also not a pertinent part to this step of the investigation."

"But..." Light started again, his brow furrowing in thought, "My father..."

"Your father asked to be confined to a floor as well, until it is determined whether you are Kira or not," L responded. Light started to rebuke this, dead set on saying that he should force his father to go home, but Ryuzaki continued before he could, "I refused. He is spending time with your mother and sister."

Light blinked slowly, surprised. He nodded curtly in understanding, "I'm taking a shower now."

"Very well," L said in return, concentrating on the file he'd pulled up. It irked Light when the detective did that to him. He was the only person who'd ever been able to simply... dismiss him.

Light felt his lips twist into a sickened scowl and then he marched to the bedroom, gathered a new pair of clothes and then walked into the bathroom and shutting the door firmly behind him. He stripped and turned the hot water on before washing himself roughly, but not as harshly as he had for the past few days. Maybe he should just be like L, and not sleep for days at a time.

That would certainly fix the nightmare dilemma.

Light seriously doubted that would work. His mind wasn't built like L's, and he wasn't used to prolonged sleep deprivation. No, he'd have to sleep again soon, unfortunately.

Light exited the shower and dressed, before brushing his teeth and avoiding the mirror like the plague. It was annoying to see his face. Every time, he'd wonder what it looked like screaming and drenched in fear. With tears running down his face.

It appalled him.

Upon walking back into the den, he saw the Ryuzaki still reading and the man seemed to have no intention of stopping anytime soon. Light got a bag of chips from the cabinet and a soda from the fridge before heading to the bedroom to finish reading the large book on Freud and his philosophies.

It took Light three hours to finish, and by the time he was done, it was only a little after eight, and his eyes were itching to do something besides read or watch television. Actually, he wanted to play another round of chess with L, knowing that not only would it pass the time, but also he could attempt to defeat L again. He was positive he could win this time.

He'd just been off his game the last two times. Chess was a game of strategy, and Light was a tactical genius, always thinking further ahead than anyone else. He'd beaten L in this game of detective and suspect, hadn't he? Surely that proved that he was of a superior intellect.

Yes. That was it. Besides, he'd been sleep deprived, not to mention the fact that -no. He would not acknowledge the rape as changing something in him. That would be giving in to it, and he had control over it at the moment. Or at least, that's what he convinced himself of.

Light just laid on the bed for a while, staring at the ceiling, doing what he did best; thinking. He thought of how he could convince L of his sincerity. The way his nights were going, nightmares as insomnia, it wouldn't take long for him to lose his marbles. Because this confinement was not part of plan. He'd thought they'd take him to a secluded place and kill him right away.

That's what he'd been betting on and what he'd wanted. The confession had all been for the sake of not having to go through these nightmares, but of course, L had to go and screw that up. L messed up everything, Light decided. It was then that the said detective decided to enter the bedroom.

"I have grown tired of watching you do nothing, Light-kun," L informed him, his hands shoved deep into his pockets. He scratched one ankle with the other tiredly, "Are you up for a chess game?"

Light sat up and nodded.

This time, L brought the game to the bedroom, and they both sat on the floor, Light in seiza and L in his normal position with his back against the wall. L apprehended the white pieces once more, and once they set them up in their rightful places, he moved first. Light thought about what L had said. He who moves first always wins. Hm. Was that really why L had beaten him the last two times?

Light would like to believe so, seeing as that would give him an excuse for losing, but Light didn't like that. He didn't do that. No, if he thought about it logically, there was no way that could always be true. He'd seen plenty of people who'd started second who came up in the end and won.

"So why has Light-kun been doing nothing for the past hour?" L inquired, slowly moving his piece, his eyes scanning the board before he let go.

"I was bored," Light sighed. He gently placed his pawn two spaces ahead, "I didn't feel like reading the textbooks anymore, and watching television was fine for a short time."

"And you felt like coming to me to play another game of chess would be a defeat," L continued for him and Light pretended to be surprised.

"No, not at all."

"There is no need to lie, Light-kun," L said, nibbling on his thumb. Light chose not to answer, knowing that any answer would be incriminating. He'd have to say 'I'm not lying' which was a paradox. And besides, he was lying.

Three hours, fourteen minutes and thirty-nine seconds after the game had began, Light got L in a check, in which was only way to get out was to give up his queen. Although he'd already established that L had no problem doing that, by giving up his queen, he'd be forced into another check, where he would have to give up his last knight, and then by doing that end up into yet another check. A check that would get rid of his last bishop and then with a simple movement from one of Light's horses, he'd have L in checkmate.

This time, Light won.

L nodded and stood up agilely, "Good game, Light-kun."

And then he left the room, leaving Light annoyed and jaded for the rest of the day.

Day: 8

Light had been having the longest day of his life, besides the day before. He'd slept last night, had a horrible nightmare, and once again avoided L's inquiries about his sleeping habits. He'd woken at ten in the morning and eaten some toast with a large cup of black coffee. For a while, he just watched the news, but nothing of note had happened except for many people gathering to protest Kira's capture.

At six, L and Light started a game of chess, and at a quarter to nine, L had checkmated him. Light didn't take comfort in the fact that he'd beaten L once before. Instead, he cursed himself for failing again. Light repeated the custom 'Good game' before putting the box up and getting some frozen pizza from the freezer and heating it up.

A few minutes later he was sitting at the table eating a piece of pepperoni pizza and staring at the wall ahead. The wall was boring and plain, with not even a painting to decorate it, however, so he ate quickly. By the time he was sitting on the couch by L again, it was nearly ten, but he wasn't sleeping in the least.

"Light-kun," L said suddenly, and Light couldn't help but feel a bit pleased that he had something to do now. Even if was talking to Ryuzaki, "I asked Watari to bring in more books by the author of 'Quintessence'. You seemed to enjoy the last one."

"Thank you, Ryuzaki," Light replied, surprised by the gesture. And here he'd thought the man was put in this world to cause him misery. "I really did enjoy it. Are they here now?"

"Yes, on the top of the bookshelf," L responded, and then looked up at Light, "What did you like about the book, Light-kun?"

"Well," Light responded thoughtfully, "Many things. For one, it took me a while to realize that the François was the murderer, because the entire time the clues pointed to Marie. Personally, I thought it was Thomas, until François lied about being at the opera the Saturday night."

L chewed on his thumb, "Good."

"Also, it's written very well," Light added, "You know, it's not the best in the 'flow' department, but it's well-paced, if not a little choppy. That just shows the authors a scientist."

"Yes," L nodded, "I read it a while ago, and I was... impressed. I read all the other books by this author as well."

"And who is the author?" Light inquired, "It doesn't say on the book."

"How about the Christian religious symbolism in the book, Light-kun?" L inquired, pointedly ignoring the question. Ah. Light had nearly forgotten that the answer could possibly lead to L's name.

"You mean François's relation to Judas as pointed out by the David?" Light asked, and when Ryuzaki nodded he continued, "Well, according to the Bible, Judas betrayed Jesus by turning him in, and François was betraying his sister by letting her take the wrap for killing George."

"Do you think that it's true?"

"That François's character is parallel to Judas?" Light shook his head, "That would make Marie Jesus, wouldn't it? And seeing as she'd not particularly innocent, nor is her father a God, then I find that to be an impossible comparison. Although, David wasn't ever very logical in the first place."

L agreed and tilted his head in concurrence.

"Although, I may be a bit biased, because I'm not sure there is a God," Light kept on, moving his hand slightly with his words.

"And yet, if it's true you are Kira, then you were trying to be one," L threw in, putting his index finger to his lips. Light rolled his eyes.

"Yes, exactly," Light nodded, "I only believe in myself. Can you blame me?"

"For only believing in yourself? No, Light-kun, I cannot," L answered, "For I am guilty of that as well."

"Are you an atheist?" Light inquired, and L thought about it before answering. It wasn't because he was confused as whether he was an atheist or not, it was deciding he wanted to tell Light either way.

"Yes," L replied finally.

"And why is that?" Light pressed on, finding himself interested. Not that he hadn't expected anything less from the man.

"Because there is not evidence of a divine being," L retorted slowly, "Everything can be explained by science, and has been. I think religion was merely created to comfort people."

"And what of Shinigami?" Light countered, "They are Gods of Death. Certainly their existence is illogical too."

"It is, Light-kun," L confirmed, "I still haven't come up with a plausible explanation for their life. I am still working on it."

"Of course," Light snorted with a touch of amusement glazing his tone, "And their Death Notes -writing a name in it, and any scenario... that's a bit specious too, isn't it?"

"Did you not just say you weren't a believer, Light-kun?"

They spent the next hour contradicting each other and Light played devils advocate, or in this case, God's. Light of course, didn't believe in such a person. If he had, he would have had more qualms about trying to take such an omnipotent being's place. But no, God wasn't real. He couldn't be. What sort of God would allow people to be hurt, and tortured and -and raped?

"... Therefore, if Gods of Death exist, why can't a normal God?" Light shrugged, smirking lightly as L racked his incredible mind.

"There is a difference, Yagami-kun," L notified him coolly. Light noticed, that when debating with him, he liked to use his last name.

"Which is?"

"Destruction."

Light paused, "Destruction?"

"Yes, Yagami-kun."

"....Okay, help me out here," Light said, sitting up straighter, "I'm not sure I understand."

"Shinigami kill humans, and nothing more," Ryuzaki explained, pressing his thumb against moving teeth, "Gods in general give life. They are believed by the religious to have started the entire world, the entire universe."

Light shifted in his sleep.

"Gods create, while Shinigami destroy," L continued, "It is no question which is less difficult to do. No, in fact, I believe the closest thing we have to God in this world, are mothers."

"Mothers," Light repeated lowly, shaking his head. "Aizawa is right. You're corny."

L didn't seem perturbed by such an insult, "Nonetheless."

The sat in silence for a while, as quietness that wasn't altogether uncomfortable, which made Light rather....weary. Weren't awkward silences supposed to be awkward? For one not to be would be....well, awkward. Light felt like fidgeting, as though he were being watched, but even if he were being watched, he wouldn't have twitched in the slightest. It was a sign of uneasiness that Light's pride, while damaged, refused to show.

Light decided to get something to eat, although his stomach was too busy turning to generate hunger. Ryuzaki saw this and resumed eating his cake, which he'd abandoned during their intense conversation. Strange. He'd never forgotten about a piece of cake before.

Light ate, drank a glass of water, washed what little dished had accumulated in the sink and then headed off to shower. He scrubbed hard and quick this time, wanted to get to bed and away as soon as possible. Suddenly, he was extremely tired. Perhaps the discussion with Ryuzaki had worn him down.

He dressed and then went straight to bed. It took several long minutes of staring at the inside of his eyelids before he began drifting to sleep.

*"No." Cold. Pain. "Aaaahh!" Hands. Oh God -hands!
Handshandshandshandshands -*

"Light-kun," Hands. Hands. Ryuzaki's hands. Just Ryuzaki. Light let out a slow, slightly shaking exhale.

"Is there a reason you're shaking me awake, Ryuzaki, at..." Light's eyes flickered to the clock, "Four in the morning?" Of course, to Light it seemed much shorter than five hours.

"A case," Ryuzaki replied taking his hands off Light's shoulder and pointing to his laptop, which was settled on the bed directly in front of his feet. Light sat up, the sleepiness clearing from his mind, replaced with enthusiasm at having something to do for the rest of his confinement with L.

"Interesting?" Light asked, running a hand through his hair to straighten it out a bit before rubbing the sleep out of his eyes in time to see Ryuzaki nod.

"There have been two more reports that match, almost exactly, the junkie's statement about what happened to her," Ryuzaki stated,

pulling up a three different pictures.

"I thought you said that there was a high chance she was lying,"
Light moved to lean of to get a good look at the photos.

"There was a twenty-two percent chance she was telling the truth, however," L replied and then brought up another screen, the statements that the women had all given. "Their descriptions of each of their attacks is nearly identical to the other."

"A pattern," Light supplied, a cold sensation filling up his stomach. Ryuzaki tilted his head in concurrence. *A serial rapist.*

Chapter Six

Chapter Six

Day: 9

He'd always had a fondness for being the best, and not just quietly. No, when he knew something, he wanted people to *know* he knew it. And his reputation at Todai and his old high school enabled him to not even answer questions teachers asked aloud, because just by sitting at his desk and *not* raising his hand, everyone knew Light wasn't doing it because he didn't withhold the knowledge.

This, however, was not school. These were not flimsy girls throwing themselves at him at every chance, nor snooty teachers with high expectations and neither were they jealous of him in any way. No, Light felt no need to prove himself to these three women, who had suffered the same fate as him.

Light scanned the printouts of the first woman, who had been the last to report her rape to the authorities. He memorized her information.

Name: Yasutomi Lenako

Age: 32

D.O.B.: May 5, 1972

Sex: Female

Occupation: Stock Broker

Height: 5'8

Weight: 134 lbs

Hair Color: Black

Eye Color: Brown

Distinguishing features: Glasses

Crimes: DUI at age 21.

Glasses, black hair, short, petite, shy. A picture of her was already starting to form in his mind before he even looked at the picture. It was more or less the way he imagined, only her nose was smaller and her eyes were wider and she looked much younger than she was. Light also stored her face into his memory and then went onto the next woman's profile.

Name: Utagawa Miyu

Age: 22

D.O.B.: January 21, 1982

Sex: Female

Occupation: Student, Part-time McDonalds

Height: 5'4

Weight: 118

Hair Color: Brown

Eye Color: Hazel

Distinguishing features: None.

Crimes: None.

She was a very pretty girl with bright, wide eyes and a photogenic face. She was grinning at Light from the picture, perfectly happy.

Obviously it was taken from before the rape occurred.

Light switched his legs and sat up straight in his seat on the couch. It was so soft, his he didn't move for too long he'd sink into the cushion and into a slouch. He flipped to the next page and his dark eyes immediately began dancing across the page to the first woman who had

Name: Motoharu Iori

Age: 24

D.O.B.: October 1, 1980

Sex: Female

Occupation: None.

Height: 5'2

Weight: 104

Hair Color: Brown

Eye Color: Brown

Distinguishing features: Wing tattoo on back.

Crimes: Drug use, drug selling and transporting drugs.

Light hummed lightly as he read this, understanding why her statement wouldn't be taken seriously. But, according to the second woman's records, she'd reported the rape the day after this woman, so why had nothing been done about it until the third woman had shown up?

Because she was a student, maybe, who had a history of trying to get out of tests? Perhaps the teacher had heard one too many lies? Or, maybe, she simply hadn't been believed. Like the Junkie. That

was yet another reason Light had to make sure that no one knew about what happened to *him*. It was possible they would shrug him aside, unbelieving or thinking it was unimportant. But - Light imprinted their names in his memory bank firmly.

He *would* remember them.

They were *important*.

Because they were like *him*.

He'd spent the entire day, reading and rereading everything about the victims' histories and pasts, everything they'd done right and everything they'd done wrong. What referrals they'd gotten and what awards they'd earned. What grades they got in school, who they dated, what their parents were like.

Ryuzaki had printed everything out for him separately, apparently not trusting him with a computer. Light understood that; he'd easily be able to hack into any system and find out things he shouldn't know but, really, how would that help him now? It was way too far past the whole 'Haha, I was joking! Got ya!' stage. He'd spent over a week in this apartment with L, but now he finally had something to *do*.

And it was catching a rapist -a rapist like the one who'd hurt *him*.

He decided he didn't want to die until this once man was behind bars. He knew there were more rapists, and that there would probably always be rapists, but this one... it was almost personal. These women... they'd been raped within days of the time he'd been.

"Light-kun," L called him from the other side of the couch, "Have you found a connection between any of them?"

"No," Light shook his head, "Different looks, different social and financial status, different ages jobs... the only thing they have in

common is that they're all very petite and that they were all assaulted by this man."

"Hm," L commented, and then went back to reading up on his laptop, clicking the mouse rapidly, his fingers dancing over the keys every couple of minutes.

Light reread each of the statements, in awe of just how close they were.

Yasutomi Lenako

I was just walking to my apartment, down the hall, when someone grabbed me from behind and shoved me into the nearest closet. They he pulled down my pants and raped me. He held my face down to the ground. He didn't say anything and then when he was done he just left. I picked myself up and got to the main desk, and the clerk called the police.

Light noticed her Kanji was neat and perfectly written, although a bit shaky at the parts where he was describing the rape.

Motoharu Iori

I was in an alley, you know just talkin to sum frends and then this guy comes up and he tells everybody to leave but me. I asked him if he wanted somethin but he just grab me and threw me on the ground. He raped me and I asked him why but he just left. I passed out on the ground and when I woke up I started walkin and the police got me. I told them what happened. But they sent me home but now I'm back.

Clearly, Light mused, this was a woman who'd dropped out of school rather early on in life and wasn't the most intelligent being to start out with. She had horrible handwriting, her crosses on some symbols were too low or too high, and sometimes it was the wrong word completely. Light did his best to make it out, and in the end, he was

pretty sure he understood what she was saying. Almost exactly what Yasutomi had, only in a different setting.

Utagawa Miyu

I was on campus at my university. I was the last one in the library, except for the librarian and I was on my way to my dorm room. It was really late, and most people were either sleeping or studying in their dorms. Finals are next week. Suddenly, I'm shoved to the ground behind some bushes and some guy flips up my skirt and pulls down my panties and rapes me from behind. His hand was holding himself up on my back, pushing my face into the ground. After he'd finished, he ran away. He was really silent, and for a while I was so shocked by what happened I didn't even move. But eventually I straightened myself out and told my roommate what happened and she called the police.

The woman was a Writing Major, Light knew. Some places were slightly smudged where tears had dropped onto the page. Light didn't sneer at her weakness, as he would have two weeks previously. No. Not anymore. He knew *that* pain.

Her description was detailed and dramatic, although most likely accurate, and almost matching the other women's rape as well. The same style. The same M.O. The same person. In fact, Light had been battling with the thought that these rapes seemed much like his own.

The perpetrator hadn't talked. He pushed Light in a seclude place. He'd raped him and immediately left. He'd held him so that his face was pushed against the ground.

However, this rapist appeared only to prey on women. Besides, he'd already decided that he'd never know who his rapist was, anyway. That was the whole reason he'd admitted he was Kira anyhow, besides the memories. Because he would never get revenge. And he'd excepted that. For now, he'd concentrate on these girls' rapists.

They needed justice, and that was everything Light stood for.

Day: 10

Light had fallen asleep with his nose in mountains of papers, searching for every place the woman had been in the last week, trying to map out in his mind just what the place they'd been attacked had looked like... He was now still on the couch, his head resting on the back of the couch and his long, slender neck exposed and several pieces of computer paper discarded all over him as though he'd designated himself as his own desk.

L watched more easily then before, because this time he didn't have to stare at the screen, although this was... slightly more thrilling. There was a chance that Light would wake up and catch him watching, but of course, the boy already knew he probably was, and that he didn't know the meaning of personal space.

L had noted that over the course of the past nine days, Light had taken thirteen showers, which was unusual, but not call for concern. Today he seemed to have forgotten about his frequent bathing habit in his enthusiasm to help with the case. Light didn't smell, or look as though he'd done anything less then his usual perfect grooming, and the vanilla shampoo Light always preferred to use still scented him, making his scent sweet.

L stored all this information into his mind, just in case he might have to call upon it for any reason. One never knew why they would need to know the way the enemy smelled.

And yet... *was* Light-kun his enemy? He'd surely convinced himself that he was not. It just wasn't plausible to L. Why would Light, such a proud individual, admit to doing something he believed was right? Didn't he know he'd get the death penalty? That L would *make sure* he'd get the death penalty?

But of course he did. L had told Light such on many occasions, and yet... Light *still* told, and for no apparent reason? No. No, that just did not fit.

It saddened L to think that now, he would be losing Light no matter which way this went. If he died in the confinement, then he was not Kira, but he was still dead nonetheless. His first and only friend would be *dead*. Of course, that would drive him to capture the *real* Kira even more -for killing Light.

And then, if Light didn't die... then he was Kira, and L had been correct all along, about everything and... L found, that although it was pleasing, that such a discovery would not cause him real happiness. Light -suspect or not, Kira or not -was his friend. There was nothing that would change that, L knew.

And he dreaded the knowing. Loathed it even.

For how could a person who had killed so many be his friend? How could a person like Light, who had the perfect life, be anything but something that L would never be? It irked him to the extent that Lawliet felt like punching Light in his sleep, just so that he would feel a bit of *his* anguish, for once.

Yet... L had noticed it; something had humbled Light.

Yes, there were looks of malice and contempt and arrogance but... they were... they didn't seem real. L had always had an eye for the real, which was why he'd so stubbornly convinced himself that Light's act of innocence and perfection wasn't real. But this was different. If Light was truly intent on proving he was Kira, why did he not sneer and jeer at L at every moment, telling him he'll die cruelly? Why did he just... talk?

It didn't make sense. Nothing *fit*. It was like he'd been given a hundred single pieces from a hundred different puzzles and been asked to make a picture. *It just wasn't...*

It was *killing* him.

It was hours before Light woke up, repeating his usual nightmare antics before crying out, waking up and realizing where he was and just who was with him. Light sighed deeply, rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and then reached over to turn on the lamp before he began reading exactly where he'd left off.

"You should eat, Light-kun," L told him; he'd already fetched him his own large piece of cheesecake half an hour ago.

"No appetite," Light commented curtly, his eyes blasting from one end of the page to the other, inhaling the words.

"Light-kun, you didn't eat anything yesterday."

"Yes, I did."

"You did, Light-kun. I remember."

"I think I'd remember if I *ate* or not, Ryuzaki."

"If you insist, Light-kun, then what exactly did you eat?"

"Pizza."

"That was the day before yesterday."

Light paused, "... Look I'm reading. Are we really going to fight over this again?"

"If you refuse to eat, then yes," L replied simply and scooped up a bit of his cheesecake onto the fork and pushed it at Light's mouth, offering it to him.

"I don't like sweets," Light replied, his eyes still darting from the right to left across the page, "I'm fine, Ryuzaki. I'll eat later."

"Now, Light-kun," L demanded obstinately, "Or I'll pull you off this case. I don't want to, but I will, if I must. I believe you will be an asset to this case, but if you do not -"

"Fine!" Light snarled, malice glazing his words. He pulled the papers off his lap, put them in a neat pile on the coffee table and then went to the kitchen, cursing himself for not killing Ryuzaki for the hundredth time. How *dare* he order him around?

He grabbed a bag of chips and a soda from the fridge before sitting down directly where he had before, throwing a chip in his mouth and reading once again. L seemed satisfied by this, and continued his own work too. Many mouse clicks, tapped keys and paragraphs later, it was nearly six o'clock and outside the sun was setting, although neither genius could see it through the windowless walls.

Light continued on, reading about the profiles of any boyfriends the girls had had in the last year. No boyfriends were the same, or lived near any of the other women or worked with someone who knew the other women. This was merely the last resort, because he knew almost for a fact that these crimes weren't personal.

He didn't beat up the women out of anger and his steps weren't frenzied. No, he was planned and concise, always doing the same thing every time. It was a control thing for him. Light thought, perhaps, a pretty person had controlled him once in his life, perhaps his mother, and now he was taking it out on other cute females to prove his strength and dominance to himself.

But that was just an inference. Light kept reading and reading, and L kept typing and pulling up new files and scanning a few things. Gone were the days of complete and utter boredom, Light knew. Oh yes. Now he had something to *do*. But as his eyes tired out and he began to fall asleep in the same spot he'd awoken at, he couldn't help but feel a slight want to...

... play chess.

Chapter Seven

Chapter Seven

Day: 11

Girls had never held much interest for Light. They had high-pitched voices, annoying obsessions with him and they, quite frankly, bored the hell out of him. The only girl he'd ever dated more than once was Takada, and she was slightly more attention-grabbing than average. Still, eventually, he'd gotten tired of her. But for some reason, girls never got tired of him.

He nodded at the right time, pretended to add to the conversation about meaningless trivialities and was rather good at feigning concern and giving comfort. He knew how to smile in a way that would woo even the strongest willed of people, knew where and how to touch to console. He was an incredible actor, and his image was flawless, which was probably why girls clung to him so.

Girls like Amane Misa.

Even on virtual death row, he could not escape her. L, in a stroke of generosity, had agreed to put a call through to him. Light stared at the computer screen, and then looked back at L, creating an expression on his face that he hoped conveyed 'Are you fucking kidding me?'.

L just chewed on the tip of his thumb and said in response, "Misa-san is waiting, Light-kun."

Light frowned, pressed the button that connected the call reluctantly, not wanting to know what Ryuzaki had already told her. He just hoped she'd erased her memories like he'd asked.

"Misa?" Light inquired.

"Light!" came the shrill squealing of Light's "girlfriend", "Misa has missed you soooo much! Why hasn't Misa Misa been able to visit you!?"

"Sorry, Misa," Light replied, deciding to lie halfway, "L found a huge lead, and the task force has apprehended a person that may be Kira. I have to stay here for a while to observe."

"Oh. Misa Misa understands," she sounded heartbroken from across the monitor, "So what have you been up to, Light? Misa Misa really wants to know!"

"I just told you, Misa," Light said impatiently, "L and I are observing a Kira suspect."

"Right! But I mean, anything else!"

"Nothing else, Misa."

"Oh! How boring! I hope Ryuzaki isn't being rude again!" her voice suddenly switched from freakishly happy to slightly annoyed, "He hasn't got you handcuffed to him again, right!?"

"No," Light replied, resting his chin on his palm and his elbow on his knee. Handcuffs....oh yes, he was glad he wasn't being forced into those again.

"Light, how long is this observing thingy gonna taaaaake?" Misa whined, her shrieking dragging out and grating terribly on Light's ears and nerves.

"As long as necessary," Light responded curtly.

"But -But -Misa Misa wants to see Light!" She screamed and Light sighed deeply.

"Look, Misa, I've got to go," Light said, and then immediately pressed the button which disconnected their line with her. Light then set his eyes on L and glared heatedly. "And why did you feel it necessary to let her talk to me?"

"It was a test," L replied evenly, thumb connected to the surface of his white teeth, "I wanted to see how you reacted with her. I still believe she may be the second Kira, even if you are not the first."

"But I am the first."

"I do not think so."

Light stood up and began to walk away before he turned back, eyes flashing in anger and resentment as he stalked back over to the detective and looked down at his scrunched form. The boy's lip curled, his brow furrowed in frustration and he bared his teeth in a rough, mean scowl. L looked back at him blankly, as though oblivious to the look of pure malice being pointed in his direction.

"I hate you," Light spat icily.

There was a pause, and then -

"If you are being controlled, of course that's how you think you feel."

Light found himself lunging at the detective, fury blinding him swung a fist into that condescending face. Light reveled in the feeling of relief he felt as his knuckles connected to L's cheek, causing him to flip backward and over the armrest with the force of the impact. Light hurried over to where Ryuzaki had landed, only to be brought to his stomach as L took a hold of his ankle.

L twisted his leg around, flipping Light onto his back, L prepared to pin Light down again, but Light didn't agree with that plan. Instead he brought his knee up, kicking L between the legs and standing up as the man gasped. Light stood his ground, fingers clenched into tight

balls and legs parted to give him balance, while L remained on the floor, wheezing.

Humiliated would be an understatement for how L was feeling at the moment, but of course he showed no trace of it on his face. He merely concentrated on taking the pain away and planning his revenge. A minute later, L stood up, arms dragging by his sides as though he was holding something heavy in each hand.

"You resort to violence much too easily, these days, Light-kun," L said monotonously, his black eyes set on dark brown, "Is there a particular reason why?"

"Because," Light snarled, "Now that I'm openly admitting I'm Kira, there's no reason to put on a smile and act like I'm your friend!"

And again he was throwing himself at L, his fists flying in perfectly preformed punches to his opponent's face, while, L blocked them or dodged them quickly and kicked Light in the stomach. There was a loud crash as Light was thrown into the coffee table via L's foot causing the glass of water that had been sitting there to fall to the carpet and the clear liquid to splay out all over the beige fibers.

As he was on his back, Light kicked both his legs forward and into L's stomach in turn, his feet connecting with the solid, gaunt chest beneath. L flew backwards into the wall, his back hitting the plane with a loud thud. Light jumped up quickly and ran over to L, grabbing the front of his collar and setting his arm back, ready to punch. L grabbed Light's wrist and twisted, forcing Light to release his grip lest something break.

L then took his hold on Light's arm and twisted his behind his back.

"That is unfortunate, Light-kun," L said softly, directly next to Light's ear. He could feel the hot breath on his lobe, "I may not be Light-kun's friend, but he is mine."

He suddenly let go as well as gave a grunt of pain as Light's heel slammed down on his toe. The younger man turned, but L was already recovering, and this time he took Light's collar in his rigid fingers and cocked his arm back to send the boy a hard blow.

Beep beep.

L paused and Light blinked. They looked at each other for an entire ten seconded before discharging themselves from the other's hold. Light didn't move, even as L walked over to his laptop to check on the beeping sound, a promise that they'd continue where they'd left off it wasn't anything urgent.

"It's from Watari," L informed him, looking at Light slowly.

"Well? What does it say?" Light queried, eyes narrowing. Had something important shown up on the serial rapist case that they needed to know? Another victim?

" 'Stop fighting'."

Light blinked.

"What? How did he -? You said no one was watching the tapes but you."

"No one is, Light-kun," L answered him, "He was monitoring the phone call you had with Misa, and you must have only disconnected her when you hung up, and not him."

Light frowned, shook his head and sighed, rubbing his stomach where it was sure to bruise. L also had a bruise on his left cheek, his stomach was sore and his lip was trickling blood. For some reason, Light felt the urge to tell L to put something on his lip to stop the bleeding but stopped himself, remembering that it wasn't important.

He instead went back to reading on the case, picking up some papers and reading it thoroughly for any information that could lead

to the perpetrator.

Somewhere in the midst of it, he recalled Watari's words.

Stop fighting.

Ha.

Them?

Never.

Day: 12

Light's stomach hurt.

A large bruise had formed there since yesterday, and Light sighed as he flipped through the papers a third time, to make sure nothing of importance was missed. Nothing new had developed, and the confinement was over half over. Light was running out of time, and he doubted L would give him the chance to catch this rapist when he deduced he was Kira. He had to find him -he had to.

At around five in the evening, Light decided he needed to take a shower. He hadn't the day before, and he felt unmistakably dirty. Without a word he stacked the papers into a pile and went to take a shower -no, a bath. It would be nice to relax, if only for a little while. And besides, there was nothing on the case.

Light gathered clean clothes, entered the bathroom and stripped. He then turned on the water entirely to hot, plugged the drain and let it run. Light brushed his teeth, having eaten a salad earlier that day. No, he hadn't taken the time to actually prepare a salad -it had appeared in the fridge over night (as most food did there) in a sealed container. He scrubbed his teeth, grimacing at the strong mint flavored taste of it.

He spat and washed his mouth out before looking over at the tub, which was full half way, and tiny bits of steam were rising up from it. Light stepped in, flinching at the hotness that stung his foot, but ignored it and submerged his body in the water and let it fill almost to the top before he stopped the flow that came from the faucet.

He took a washcloth and scrubbed furiously, everywhere, until he had a clear picture of his entire body, tinged pink from the smoldering water and the washing. Light washed his hair, and then after all the necessities were taken care of, he leaned against the back of the tub and tried to relax. After ten long minutes, Light finally felt the tenseness in his muscles loosen and he sigh, content for the moment.

The washcloth was settled over Light's lap and the water's temperature had dulled to a medium warm, and slowly, very slowly in fact, he felt himself drift to sleep. It was a strange kind of sleep, the kind where he knew he was actually sleeping. No nightmares plagued him during his sleep, and it was only then that he realized exactly how exhausted he was.

He'd been working almost non-stop in this case, and he'd gotten only perhaps five hours of sleep since the moment L told him of the serial rapist. But he knew he couldn't stop, not when he had so little time. He wanted to die, but this case... for some reason it made him want to stay alive until it's conclusion. In his dreamless sleep, he heard a voice.

"Light-kun."

Twitching, Light felt himself softly escape from unconsciousness. His eyes fluttered open and he turned his head, which felt slightly heavy, towards the source of the sound.

"Light-kun," the voice repeated, and Light saw the voice was attached to a body. L's body. Light blinked slowly, realized his situation and then suddenly he was fully awake.

"Ryuzaki, get out!" Light snarled, twisting onto his side and pulling the curtain to block the view of himself from L's view, nearly whipping the detective's nose in the process. "What do you think you're doing? Go!"

"It has been two hours and two minutes since you first entered the bathroom," L said calmly as Light stood up. He heard the door close L's voice continued behind it, "I had to make sure you had not drowned. That could have been Kira's plan."

Light felt the urge to scream but controlled himself. How dare L invade his privacy! He unplugged the drain and reached out and grabbed his towel off the sink. He dried up his upper body, and by the time the water had drain out fully his was done and then when to dry off his legs. When completely finished, he wrapped the towel around his waste and stepped out of the tub. He dressed, hung the towel on the rack to dry and then walked out.

"Was that really necessary, Ryuzaki?" Light snapped, crossing his arms.

He felt strange, almost self-conscious at the fact that L had seen him. No one should have seen him like he was now. Sure, when they'd been handcuffed together, they'd seen each other partially undressed, and he knew with L and his camera fetish, he'd probably seen him naked before. But this was different. His body was different. Not longer a regular body, but a used one, one he himself didn't want to see, let alone have another person see.

"Yes, Light-kun," L responded simply. He started walking back to the living room, Light be his side, "Light-kun where did you get the bruise on your back?"

"Probably from the fights," Light snorted.

"No, it's old, nearly gone. Probably over a week an a half," Ryuzaki said, hopping onto the couch and into his normal position, "I did not give it to you, Light-kun."

"Then I have no idea," Light lied evenly, sitting down on the couch too and picking up a new small stack of papers L had apparently printed out for him. "Anything important happen?"

"Yes, Light-kun."

Light looked over at L and frowned.

"Well, are you going to tell me what it is," Light sighed, touching his sore stomach comfortingly, "or do I have to read all this to find out?"

"Another victim has come forward," L stated, his eyes still zooming across the screen of his laptop. Light's eyes widened.

"What? Why wouldn't you tell me that?" Light hissed, grabbing the papers almost violently and beginning to read.

Name: Tsunesaburo Ki-su (a.k.a. Ryu)

Age: 19

D.O.B.: December 25, 1985

Sex: Male

Light froze. Ice seemed to fill his veins and seep out his very pores. He didn't blink, he didn't breath, and for a longer time than was necessary, he stared at the word male. He looked at Ryuzaki, who already was looking at him, probably interested in the reaction.

"It's... a man," Light said, forcibly holding his jaw still so that he would not choke out the words and show such a despicable weakness.

"Yes, Light-kun," L agreed, nodding, his thumb in his mouth and pressed against his white teeth.

"But..." Light took a breath and steadied himself. "But that goes against any pattern we have. The other one's were all women. Why

would he suddenly switch to men? That make no sense."

"It does to this man," L responded, "His victims follow a logic, I'm sure of it, we just have yet to discover what that is."

"There's no chance that his victims could purely be random?" Light retorted, attempting to clear his mind of any thoughts that would distract him from the case. And certain one was beginning to tug at his mind.

"He is too exact for that," L answered, "Please read what we have of him, and then we will discuss this further. But we cannot do so properly without you reading about him, Light-kun."

The younger man nodded, swallowed and shoved everything from his mind that could sidetrack him. Including the one that threatened to burst inside his mind...

Occupation: Male Stripper

Height: 5'11

Weight: 127

Hair Color: Naturally brown, dyed blond.

Eye Color: Naturally brown, color contacts make them blue.

Distinguishing features: Lip ring, eyebrow ring, navel ring, and tattoo of dragon on shoulder, ankle, thigh, stomach, chest and back of the neck.

Crimes: None.

Light flipped to the next page, to the statement.

Tsunesaburo Ryu Ki-su

Light noted that the Ryu had been crossed out. He'd signed it out of habit.

So I was at work, and I'd just gotten off my shift. I was walking out when all the sudden some guy tackles me and tugs me behind the building. I thought I was getting mugged, so I said 'Fine, take my goddamn wallet'. Because fuck, I only had a bunch ones. The guy laughs at me, then shoves me to the ground on my stomach and starts to rip off my pants. I get the deal then. I kicked him between the legs, and he let go for a second. I flipped myself over and punched him a few times, and yeah, I got a pretty good look at his face. I'd know it if I saw it again. But anyway, the guy's fucking huge. He pinned me down and raped me. I couldn't exactly walk, so he just stood up and left me there. The asshole. My friend Izumi found me and gave me a ride to the hospital.

Light controlled his breathing. He would not think it. No. He would not! There was no way -but now there was a man... no. Even if - somehow -it was the same person, it... it didn't matter. Light would never admit it. Never.

He concentrated on Ryu. He went straight to the hospital. That meant they had fluids from the Rape Kit... that was good. And they had a description. Sure enough the next page had a copy of the drawing that an artist had drawn from Ryu's description.

He had a long face, a thick neck and small dark eyes. His hair was definitely black, and his nose was large and crooked. Underneath his nose was a short, neat mustache. He looked to be in his mid thirties and he had frown lines. Light studied the face for a long while, imprinting it into his memory. Had he ever seen the face before? No, he hadn't, and it was quite distinguishable.

Could it be possible...?

No, Light snarled to himself shaking his head firmly. *It doesn't matter. Shut up.*

L noted Light's behavior. It was shocked and perturbed. Why was he so surprised? It was true that it didn't fit the rapist's M.O. but that was no reason to be acting like he was. L decided to evaluate the actions later, at the moment though, he had another victim to add to the lexicon, and an entire history to read. L tore his eyes away from the young man.

No, he decided not to think about Light at the moment.

It was slightly more difficult than he'd expected.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Eight

Day: 13

There are three types of rape in serial rapist cases. Con, blitz, and surprise. Con, of course, is when the rapist tricks their victim into a place where they can easily subdue them. Blitz is using physical force, no matter what the amount, to attack the victim and hurt them, and then the rape occurs. Surprise rarely has any physical harm involved, and usually involves the perpetrator stalking the victim before sneaking up on them and telling them to go along with the assault.

This rapist was obviously the in the blitz section. He tackled his victims to the ground, creating bruises and then brutally raped them. Of course, control was a huge part of the reason why he raped, L was 95 percent sure, but none of the victims were... the same. It could not have been sexual attraction, could it? Nothing was similar about any of these people. There was a man, which broke the pattern completely. A tall man, thin, and strong looking, and nothing like the other preys.

Difference hair colors. Different gender. Different height and body types. Different ages and personalities. Different occupations. There was nothing the same about any of them, and it was messing with L's mind. It screwed with Light's head as well, because they were both trying to figure out what the hell the victim's had in common.

Light shifted, flipping through the papers on Ki-su for the third time. It was now around noon or so, and Light hadn't slept a wink. Too engrossed in his new task to think of anything. Anything. Even that. Especially that.

At the moment, he new everything about Ryu, from his birthday, his favorite color too how many times he cussed in a day. But there were no clues to who, exactly, the mystery rapist might be. It was simply frustrating. Light growled lowly and reread Ryu's school records. He was an average student, with average grades, went to a public school, teachers said he was lazy, was caught several times in sexual situations in Janitor's closets and bathroom....

Humph, Light snorted in his mind, and stood up, deciding it was futile. If there was something in those papers L had given him, he would have found it by now. He went to the kitchen and decided to eat some sushi that was in the fridge, as well as some water. It had been a while since he'd eaten something healthy.

He sat down at the table, picked up his chopsticks and began eating, and halfway through his meal he heard L call him from the other room. Light dropped his utensils and rushed to the room quickly.

"What happened? Did another victim show up?" Light inquired somewhat hastily, and he deflated when L shook his head 'no'.

"Watari sent me the headline of the Newspaper from this morning," L said, slowly, his eyes still scanning the screen, "It isn't important enough to print out, but it's interesting enough to alleviate our mutual boredom for a few minutes, Light-kun."

Light nodded and moved over to where Ryuzaki was sitting and came up behind him, putting his hand on the arm of the couch to steady himself as he leaned over and read the small print of the article that had probably been scanned onto the computer. Light's eyes widened at the title as he read it over Ryuzaki's shoulder.

Kanto Serial Rapist!

*It seems the police have been keeping
vital information on a serial rapist in*

our area under wraps. What could possibly possess them to keep data like this from the citizens that it threatens?

"We have detectives working on it as we speak," Chief Zaki says, "We had to keep it from people, or they'd panic."

Isn't rape something the people should panic about? Especially such a vicious, random and merciless criminal, who seems to be on a rape spree?

This man has raped at least three or four victims, in less than a month, one of which was male. It seems no one is safe from this ruthless rapist....

It was interesting. In a terribly annoying way that made Light want to puke. He continued reading and decided it was badly written and besides, the public wasn't supposed to know about it. Something must have leaked out, perhaps one of the victims had wanted to warn everyone in the city, and for that Light didn't blame her... or him. Hm. Yes. It was probably the man. He seemed the type.

As Light's attention wavered from the words in front of him, he became extremely aware of his closeness to his enemy. Because he was bent over to be close to get a better look at the computer screen, his chin was hovering inches away from Ryuzaki's bony

shoulder and he noticed that some of the detective's unruly hair was brushing his face. Their cheeks were only centimeters apart, and Light could feel the warmth that radiated from the other's body.

No, he's not warm, Light spat in his mind, He's a cold hearted bastard. And he would probably think the same of me.

"Interesting."

"I thought you might think so."

And so Light jerked way, and walked back to the table to put away what was left of his sushi. Ryuzaki probably hadn't even noticed their situation anyway.

"Any idea who could have leaked it?"

"No, Light-kun, but I have my suspicions."

"Yes, I believe it's Ki-su as well."

Light decided to stop thinking about the propinquity they'd been in. Ryuzaki probably hadn't even noticed their situation anyway.

But on the contrary, L had noticed. He'd not only noticed, he'd observed Light's reaction to the situation. Once again, it had been a test. If he'd wanted, he could have printed it out and had Light read it on his own side of the couch. But he'd wanted to see how he'd react to being in such proximity. Although Light hid it well, L could recognize the subtle signs of uneasiness.

And so as Light came back to the couch and L studied him, a favorite pass time of his. The case could wait a few minutes, especially now at the dead end they had hit. L backtracked and noticed Light had called the male rape victim by his name. Strange. L liked how Light could infer who he was suspicious of without him having to point it out. To the both of them, it was obvious.

Now... Light's reaction to a man being raped... that was something that wasn't obvious to L, another puzzle he wanted to solve. Could it be Light was homophobic, and that was why he was now even more driven than he had been before? Light didn't seem the type, really, to be bigoted for any reason. And even if he were, he wouldn't show it.

"Do you think that he is going to cause us problems, Light-kun?" L inquired, placing his thumb in his mouth after taking a small sip of tea.

"What? No," Light said, barely think it over. It was earnest, L detected, "He's a rape victim, and he seems like he's a strong person. Although it isn't exactly what we would have liked, to have the entirety of the city and quite possibly Japan, know about the rapist... It isn't against the law, and it may help."

L nodded, signaling Light to go on.

"If any other of his victim -" None of which are me, Light told himself, "-then maybe they'll see they're not alone and come forward. Or at the very least, they'll come forward because they want to help catch him. This may be an asset instead of just an annoyance."

Ryuzaki nodded again, "I agree, Light-kun. The case should start picking up very soon."

"I should hope so," Light said, picking up the papers he'd stacked on the coffee table before going to eat. Before he could resume reading, L spoke again.

"I think we should talk to them," the older man said suddenly, making Light look up and blink.

"Who?" Light asked hesitantly. But he knew. Of course he knew. He always knew. But he just hope, this once, he'd heard wrong.

"You and I both know that is an unnecessary question, Light-kun," L responded lightly and looked him in the eye, "I wish to speak with the

victims."

Light couldn't help it; he laughed.

"Ryuzaki... I hate to be the one to tell you this," Light said, then reconsidered, "No, actually I don't. I'm glad I get to be the one to tell you this. You aren't a people person, at all. You have zero social skills. You can't interact with normal people, let alone rape victims."

"I realize that, Light-kun," L said, feeling a faint tugging at the left corner of his lips.

"Then you agree that the idea is -"

"I am aware that my social skills are virtually nonexistent, Light-kun," L agreed with him easily, "But I wasn't planning on being the one doing the questioning."

Light glared.

"Me?" Light snarled, "You wont let me use the computer, but you'll let me talk to victims?"

"Basically," L slid his thumb from his lips, "Are you refusing, Light-kun?"

Light clenched his teeth together so hard his jaw began to throb and he narrowed his eyes until only a strip of his dark brown eyes were visible between his eyelashes. Damn Ryuzaki -of course he wasn't *refusing* . Refusing to do something that could potentially help the case? His case?

"No. I'll do it."

"I thought you might."

Day: 14

It was the first time since Light had admitted he was Kira that he had the chance to sit in front of a computer. He'd missed it, and yet, now that he was about to talk to the victims for this case... for some reason he felt slightly self conscious, of course he showed no sign of such an emotion, and hid it well. L didn't notice until just before it was time.

Light sat on the couch, the computer on the coffee table and the screen showed a clear view of the women sitting in a row on a rather long table, and in the third seat to the left was the man.

The first woman was significantly more built then her picture suggested. She was Lenako, the stockbroker, and she was wearing a long sleeved shirt, and it lined obvious muscles along her arms. She'd been raped on the 7th of May, Light remembered easily, and then he turned to L.

"He picture was old," Light told him, and Ryuzaki nodded in turn, "Why didn't they get a new one at the precinct."

"She was raised in India, do you remember?" L inquired, and Light nodded, "She is of a religion that believes that camera's remove the soul. She refused."

It was a rather stupid choice, Light thought, but he stayed silent.

He went back to look at the other women and the man, he looked at the woman to Lenako's left and he knew her as Miyu, the student. The creative writing major, who'd been raped on her campus. She looked exactly like her own picture. She was of average height, and slender, but sturdy. Athletic, perhaps a runner or a swimmer, Light inferred and she had on a sweater and her hair was loose and hanging in front of her face slightly.

Light recalled that she'd been raped on the 3rd of May.

One the other side of Ryu, there was a small, emaciated little thing that Light knew was named Iori. She was heavily addicted to drugs,

and was now serving in rehab, but she'd lost a lot of weight even in the couple weeks it had been since it had happen. Light supposed he'd lost weight as well, but he wasn't exactly keeping track. She had bags under her eyes and she was shivering, fidgeting and she appeared to have a rather awful headache, if the fingers on her temples were anything to go by. Withdrawal symptoms, of course. She'd been raped on the 30th of April.

Light finally looked at Ryu. The roots of his naturally dark hair were beginning to show beneath his dye platinum locks. They fell around his face nicely, although Light could detect a hint of a greasy sheen - he apparently hadn't bathed for a day or two. Light grimaced; how could he stand it? Know that that man's hands had left dirty, disgusting traces all over him. He looked taller than he actually was, because he was slim, but obvious muscles lined his lithe body. He wore a black, long sleeved mesh shirt that he wore like a second skin, tight leather pants and boots.

He'd been raped 26th of May.

He was the only one who was dressed as they normally did. Usually rape victims covered themselves up more. Sweaters, long sleeves, jackets....not Ryu. His arms were crossed and his was slouched in his chair, glaring at the camera, even though to him it had yet to be turned on. Finally, Light flicked on the switch and introduced himself with Ryuzaki's identity, as they'd discussed.

"Hello, I'm L," He said, and his voice wasn't masked. That scarcely mattered, because he wasn't L, and Ryuzaki had thought his congenial voice would soothe them. The way he'd said it had not been complimentary, but instructional, and so Light had not thanked him. "You know what I'm here to talk to you about. But first, I'd like to know -Tsunesaburo-san, were you the one to go to the newspapers?"

Ryu scowled, "Damn straight."

"That's fine, it may have even helped," Light said, and then looked at them all instead of just Ryu. It didn't matter, though, where he looked, because they couldn't see him. All they saw was the gothic looking black 'L' on a white screen. "Now, I want to know if anything has differed from your statement. Anything you may have remembered about him that you didn't think of at the time."

None of them had anything to say.

"Okay, Tsunesaburo-san, since you got the best look at the man, could you tell me exactly what he said to you?" Light inquired in his most persuasive voice.'

"Well, when I told him to go ahead and take my wallet he laughed," Ryu said, shrugging and then saying, "Somewhere in the middle of it he said something about me not being as good as the other guy. Guys. Something."

Light swallowed, once against forcing himself not to let his mind wander, "Right, do you remember exactly was he said?"

"No, I was sort of, you know, in excruciating pain," He snapped.

"I understand."

"No," Ryu spat, "You don't."

Yes, I do, Light argued in his mind, "I apologize."

"Please, Ki-su-san, he's just trying to help," Miyu defended 'L'. Light noted she was probably the most sensitive of the group. "He's trying to catch the man who did this to us."

"Yeah, I fucking know, okay?" Ryu snarled, and then sighed, slouching even further into his seat, "I'm pretty sure he said something pretty close to 'Not as good as the other ones'. Or something. The other guy's were probably virgins, that's why."

Light closed his eyes briefly, controlling himself again before continuing, "I see. And ladies, nothing else you remember either?"

"No." "Nope." "Uh-uh."

"Right then," Light nodded, but such a movement couldn't be seen by the victims, "I'm going to ask you a series of questions, and I'd like you all to answer them. Starting with Lenako-san, then Miyu-san, then Tsunesaburo-san and Iori-san."

They nodded and then Light started.

"What time do you go to work? What days?" Light inquired softly, trying to make his voice as trustworthy as possible.

"6 a.m. to 6 p.m., Monday through Friday," Lenako answered easily, shifting in her seat, relaxed by Light's calming voice.

"Well, I have classes from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and then my job on the weekends from noon to six," Miyu replied, also loosened up some.

"I start at six at night and work until about two or three in the morning," Ryu told Light evenly, "Depending on how the night's going, sometimes I do an encore."

"I don't," was Iori's short answer. Her voice was high pitched but small and her face was mousy, "Work, I mean."

"And for the rest of you, what time do you go to work?" Light continued asking the standard questions, but knew he was getting nowhere.

It was useless. Miyu had been raped at eight at night, Lenako at 6:30 p.m., Iori had been raped at around noon and Ryu had been raped at 3:15 in the morning. They were so different it was unnatural. Besides, none of the victims had anything in common in the least. Iori was bony and small, Miyu was lean and athletic, Lenako was tall

for an Asian woman and also thin and Ryu was a man. A tall, fit man. It made no sense.

"Do you have any hobbies, any where you go on a regular basis?"

"I go to the gym frequently and take Karate lessons on Saturdays."

"No... I'm studying too much."

"Not really. My friends and I go clubbing but, not usually the same club, we usually just randomly pick one."

"Nah, just my old dealer's place once a week."

Light only half-listened to the other's answers, picking up something interesting about Lenako's. Karate... that was why she was so well muscled and strong looking. That sparked something in Light's mind, but he'd have to pursue it in a few minutes, after he was done questioning them. Besides... something was missing...

"Right, and your friends and family? Do they live around here?"

Motoharu Iori... raped April 30th.... Utagawa Miyu... raped May 4th... Yasutomi Lenako... raped May 7th.... Tsunesaburo Kisu....raped May 26th....

30th, 4th, 7th, 26th....no there wasn't a pattern in the times, although the first three were only a few days apart. There was a huge gap between Lenako's and Ryu's rape....more victims? No, no, no, no, no! Light shouted at himself mentally. He couldn't allow himself to think of such things. It was stupid and completely unnecessary.

"Alright," Light said to them without thinking, "Describe your home for me, please."

House, apartment, flat, trashy apartment....nothing there either. But there was something about Lenako taking Karate. What was it? That meant she was significantly physically stronger than Miyu and Iori... but how did that mean anything to him? What sort of pattern did that

show? Light stretched his mind, hearing the distant voices of the victims only vaguely.

And then, quite suddenly, it clicked.

It was a horrible feeling in his stomach, but it was the only way in made sense... it had to be... it was only logical...

Motoharu Iori... raped April 30th.... Utagawa Miyu... raped May 4th... Yasutomi Lenako... raped May 7th.... Tsunesaburo Ki-su....raped May 26th....

That didn't make sense, but....

Motoharu Iori... raped April 30th.... Utagawa Miyu... raped May 4th... Yasutomi Lenako... raped May 7th.... **Yagami Light... raped May 12th...** Tsunesaburo Ki-su....raped May 26th....

That was...

"Thank you for your time," Light said abruptly, "I'll be in contact with you if I need anything else. I promise you all, I will find this man."

And then he clicked off, both the victim's button and Watari's. Then he turned to L who was nibbling on his thumb and staring at him intently. He knew he knew something now, he knew he'd figured it out. He'd watched the process run through his mind through his eyes, almost seeing through the young man's skull and right into his incredible mind.

"I know what it is. The pattern," Light said, and then shook his head and looked at L's eyes who was looking as eager as his apathetic mask would allow, "And... it's not even a pattern exactly. It's..."

Light paused, gathering his words, and trying not to think too much about his revelation.

"Iori was the first, and she's tiny. Skinny, frail, short... and then next was Miyu, who's athletic, but still just slim. And then, there's Lenako.

Taller than average and although she's still thin, and who's been taking karate for the past two years," Light said, "And there are probably more in the middle, more males, most likely, and then Ryu, an average man. Do you see...? He's escalating."

L blinked, connecting the dots quickly in his mind.

"He started with a freakishly small woman, and worked his way up to a woman who knew how to defend herself, we might not ever know how many women exactly he went through before he got to Lenako," Light elucidated, "And then, when he figured that there weren't many more woman stronger than that, he went onto men. He must be very insecure about his strength, trying to see just whom he can subdue. So he moved onto men."

L nodded and added to the discussion, "That makes a lot of sense, Light-kun. That means that there are other victims before Tsunesaburo, possibly one or two smaller men that have not come forward."

"Yes," Light agreed, cringing internally at the thought that he was one of those smaller men, "It also means that he's definitely not done. He'll keep going until he finds someone that can stop him. He'll keep picking bigger and bigger people until he gets caught."

"It shouldn't be too long then," L said, looking up at the ceiling vacantly, "He'll soon try someone who will be able to pacify him and take him to authorities, if you are correct, which I believe you are."

Light nodded. He sat there for a long couple minutes, staring at the ground, and L observed him. Light couldn't believe himself. It was so repulsive he could vomit right then and there. He couldn't believe he was one of the victims of the case he was working on. Somehow, he still didn't want to believe it. But he did, because it was true, it had to be. He was one of the men who'd been raped before Ryu, he was smaller and thinner than the stripper....it made so much sense it made Light want to die right that moment.

L looked at Light, trying to decipher just what Light was thinking about. The boy's skin was a smidge paler than usual, and L wondered if the revelation he'd come to was really so disconcerting to Light. It wasn't a common M.O., that was for sure, and it was disturbing for a man to rape people indiscriminately to test how strong he was. But that was the mind of someone like this rapist. And there was something else... something Light knew about the case that he wasn't telling...

The detective was about to ask if Light was okay after almost five minutes of silence before Light shook his head, snapping out of it, and stood up.

"I'm going to take a shower."

Chapter Nine

Chapter Nine

Day: 15

"Light-kun."

Mmn...what...? Who is... no, not the room again! Light struggled to find the opening in the small room he remembered being confined in his dreams. He flattened out his hands, trying to feel for the hard wall, but instead his fingers grasped handfuls of soft fabric.

"Light-kun, are you awake?"

The voice in the dark room had never said that before. And the room in his dreams had never had a blanket in it, and he was always standing... no, this wasn't a dream. Which meant, unfortunately, it was reality. Light opened his eyes and found L hovering over him, his wide eyes and calm face much too close to his for comfort.

"Do you mind, Ryuzaki? I'd like to sit up," Light said evenly, glaring with as much force as he could muster.

"Of course, Light-kun," L said, and scooted back, allowing Light to sit up without hitting their heads together.

Light felt exhausted. And come to think of it, he couldn't remember when he'd went to bed in the first place. After his shower he'd returned to the couch to do research, and once again he'd skipped out on sleep. It had been seven in the morning before he decided to get breakfast, so he'd gotten up and started walkin across the living room and....

And what?

"Ryuzaki, what happened?" Light inquired, looking at the said annoying man, "I don't remember going to bed."

"You fainted on your way to eat, Light-kun," L explained, "It isn't surprising, as you were nearly fifty two hours without sleep, and your body is not used to such a feat."

Light was inwardly horrified. He'd -he'd passed out!? That was utterly embarrassing and....wait. If he'd passed out on the way to the kitchen, how had he ended up in the bed, where he was at the present? Light looked at L again and was afraid to ask.

"Ryuzaki," Light said slowly, "How did I get to the bed?"

L blinked and tilted his head to the side slightly, "I carried you here, of course."

"What?"

"Would Light-kun care for me to demonstrate?"

"No," Light hissed, "Why did you carry me? That wasn't necessary."

"I didn't think Light-kun would appreciate being left on the floor, especially in the uncomfortable position in which you fell," L replied easily, "What I wrong?"

Light sighed and stayed silent. There was nothing he could say to that. No, L wasn't wrong. He wouldn't have wanted to be left on the floor. But at the same time, he wasn't comfortable with Ryuzaki carrying him, even if he couldn't remember it. Light instead yawned and then spoke again, deliberately changing the subject.

"Has anything new occurred on the case?"

"No, nothing has happened, Light-kun," L said, in a way that was just slightly less calm than usual. Light could tell he was frustrated.

"All right," Light nodded, "Is there anything you need me to do at the moment, L?"

"No, not at present, Light-kun," L finally learned to predict Light's next move, "Going to take a shower?"

Light didn't freeze, but he wanted to. Instead he cast a sharp glance at the other man and just nodded curtly. He went to the closet and gathered a black shirt and black pants, and then some underwear as well. Then he proceeded to walk across the room, over to the door, but L asked him a question before his fingers could grasp the handle.

"Light-kun seems to take a surplus amount of showers over the past couple weeks," L informed him, "Would he care to divulge why?"

"Maybe," Light spat sinisterly, "It's because I'm grossed out by being forced to spend time with you!"

L smirked, "No, that's not it."

Light slammed the door on his way out.

Thirty minutes later, Light immersed and ate something, although he barely paid much attention as to what it was. Then he sat in his usual seat on the couch, and L was there, apparently rereading something. Light picked up some of his papers and began rereading those too. The words on the paper had not changed.

L wasn't rereading though. He'd promised himself to evaluate Light when he had the time, and so that's what he was doing. Light-kun looked most tense just after showers, which was unusual. Usually showers and baths relaxed people, made them sleepy, but not Light, even though he'd claimed that they did. L peeked at Light, and his eyes were drawn to his wet hair, clinging to the boy's face elegantly. And then they followed a descending drop of water as it rolled down Light's slender neck.

Why had he paled at the idea that the rapist was escalating? Why had he looked distressed when he'd found out that the male had been raped? L was killing himself over it, more so than with the case itself. Because he knew he was missing something. What was it? What could it be? There was nothing dramatically different in the way Light was acting, but too many showers and nightmares... what could that be?

L hated himself for not being able to figure it out. In the beginning he thought it'd be easy, but he was only just remembering that this was Light. Light, who'd he'd always thought was Kira, who'd always suspect was duping him. Always one step ahead of him in everything. Light was, without a doubt, the most interesting puzzle L had ever come across. Even more; the most interesting person.

Light's eyes, though, looked different. Even before Light had admitted he was Kira, L had seen it, but thought nothing of it. Did that have anything to do with this? The stiff way Light had sat in his seat, the way he hadn't met his eyes? It hadn't happened for long, but L had noticed. He supposed it couldn't be a coincidence. L didn't believe in coincidences.

Light lifted his hand and drew a wet lock of hair behind his ear. L wondered why such small, meaningless actions attracted his attention. Light had not yet noticed L's eyes on his face, evaluating him. Studying him. L wanted to know everything about Light, and before he'd admitted he was Kira, he was sure he had. But such an admission, and the slightly strange behavior he'd been showing in the past weeks, had shown otherwise.

What am I not seeing?

Light finally looked up from his work and directed his eyes at L. His face was completely clear, stoic and hard. It reminded L of a manikin at times, and for the first time he was not impressed with such a cover. Instead, it annoyed him. He wanted to see Light and it seemed like the young man just refused to let him.

That meant, whatever Light was hiding, he was ashamed of it.

Or, L thought wryly, he's just trying to get on my nerves.

"Ryuzaki," Light said calmly, "If there's nothing else to do, I think I'll go read a book. I haven't read anything else by the author of Quintessence. If anything comes up, tell me."

L merely nodded and watched Light walk away. He had to find out what Light was hiding soon, too, because he had little more than a week before Light died. Or... Or was convicted of being Kira. L didn't want to dwell on either concept. Instead, he focused on Light's retreating form.

What you could be possibly hiding, Light?

Day: 16

As I sat there, on the train, the tracks bumping steadily beneath me in a rhythm that would soon surely put me to sleep, I wondered if I had done the right thing. He had killed the woman I loved, my best friend, and what was I doing? I was helping him, running away with him, and I have to speculate. Was that the right thing? Should he not go to jail for what he'd done? Shouldn't he suffer for hurting Jenny, and in turn hurting me?

What I'm doing is wrong, but I'm doing it for love for my best friend. The man, who, more than anyone, was always there for me. But then, I suppose what started this in the first place. Him doing something wrong, killing Jenny, for his concern for me. Is that okay then? To do something bad for the right reasons? Do the ends justify the means?

Even if his motives were right, were his actions enough to validate it?

It's an age-old question. Something I shouldn't ponder too much.

For now, I think I'll just sleep.

Light closed the book, blinking and staring at its cover. This one was not a murder mystery. In the beginning, the main character, John, had been visiting his best friend Brendan in Jail. Brendan had killed John's fiancé, Jenny, in what seemed like cold blood, and through out the story, you had to figure out why.

Light hadn't figured it out, for once. This author, whoever he or she was, really was simply amazing. Light put the book away and yawned, looking at the clock.

It was only eight in the morning, and last night he'd fallen asleep in the middle of the 643 paged book, and this morning he'd started reading it again. Finally, he was done, and L had yet to return to the room for him, so Light assumed nothing important had happened with the case. L had, apparently, come in and slept a few hours during the night, however, according to the ruffled covers on the opposite side of the bed.

Light was still lying on his back as he stretched, stomach lifting up toward the ceiling just a bit before he relaxed and let his body sink into the mattress. Then, he sat up, gathered his clothes and went to the bathroom. He relieved himself and then took a shower, once again rubbing his skin raw in effort to maybe, somehow feel clean again.

Today he dried his hair with a blow drier and walked calmly, loosely, out into the room, where he saw L sleeping on the couch. Hm, he looked so much different when he was sleeping, Light mused, walking over to the detective's limp form. Light looked down at the man, taking in the almost unguarded look on his face. He supposed he looked the same when he slept... unless he was having a nightmare.

He was in his normal position, although his was more slack than usual, and his head was leaning against the back of the couch, his cheek squished against the cushion.

Light reached out, slowly, unaware of what he was actually doing, to brush stray hair out of Ryuzaki's eyes. His eyes caught sight of the computer screen and he yanked his hand back, seeing that it was a clear shot of the bedroom they shared. Wonderful. L had been watching him, again. Light sighed and went to get something to eat.

Little more than an hour later, while Light was yet again mulling over the victim's information, he heard a soft beep beep come from L's laptop. Light stood instinctively and stepped over to L, and shook the man's shoulder.

"L, wake up, you have an email," Light said in a voice he hoped was loud enough to wake Ryuzaki up. It was, thankfully.

L's large eyes blinked open, and Light realizes that this is the first time he'd ever seen L awaken. L seemed to snap out of sleep immediately, while most others, although awake seemed to be lost to the world for a minute or two. L looked up at Light, cocked his head to the side and frowned.

"Light-kun, usually our positions are reversed," L stated. Light rolled his head.

"You have an email," Light repeated, not amused, "See what it says. It could be important."

L nodded and leaned forward, clicking on the button to open it as Light went back to his side of the couch. Light then sat down easily, anticipation filling up his stomach... or was that bile? He could scarcely tell. Who would the new victim be? Who? Or... what if it was just another meaningless email? What if Watari was merely telling L that his cake was done, and would be delivered soon? What if Light was getting excited for nothing?

"Light-kun."

Light's head shot in L's direction.

"He tried to attack a police officer," L told him, something shining in his usually platonic black eyes, "He didn't know he was an officer at the time, but the police man easily subdued him. He noticed that he matched the picture of the serial rapist and brought him in."

Light's mind reeled at the implications.

"So, he's in custody?" Light asked, straight-faced and evenly. His insides jumped around, pulling at his stomach and squeezing his lungs.

"Yes," L nodded, "We are allowed to speak to him tomorrow, Light-kun, but for now, I will print out his profile."

Light nodded, and waited, his eyes dropping to stare at the silver back of L's computer as he thought. They'd caught him. Was it really so easy? Would he deny his actions? Of course he would. Why wouldn't he? Unless he was proud of it. Light wouldn't put it past the rapist. Bitterness rose in Light's throat, and it tasted sour in the back of his mouth as he waited for the paper to finish printing out.

L finally handed Light the paper and the younger man took it from him quickly, his eyes immediately jumping to the name.

Suspect:

Name: Akitoshi Kamajirou

Age: 36

D.O.B: August 12, 1968

Sex: Male

Occupation: Unemployed. Life Insurance from Father.

Height: 6'4

Weight: 265 lbs

Hair color: Black

Eye Color: Black/Dark Brown

Distinguishing features: Crooked nose, mustache.

Crimes: Suspected four counts rape. Assault of a Police Officer.

Light didn't falter. He reread the profile several times, imbedding everything into his mind, and the picture looked much like the drawing, only more real. More ominous. He went onto the cop's statement.

Shizu Koori

I was walking to the store to get some milk for my wife and he suddenly tackled me in an alley. I was in shock at first, but when he started pulling at my belt buckle, I elbowed him in the face. I punched and kicked and used a few self-defense moves before I finally was on top of the guy. I took out my cuffs and arrested him and called for back up.

Light took a shallow breath, and went to read Akitoshi's profile once more, imprinting it into his mind. This was him. That man who'd raped Lenako, Iori, Miyu, Ryu and Light. It was the bastard who'd done this to him. Who'd defiled his body in the worst way possible and made him so damn *weak* . And now he knew his *name* . Knew his *face* . If only he could get the Death Note back into his grasp.

Then he could go back to being God.

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

But, no.

No, that wasn't the way it worked. His death would be a reassurance, and nothing more. It would not erase his memories of the event. He would still recall that night, this man, what had

happened. He would still dream about it and scrub himself until he was raw during showers. He would still be used.

Light went back to reading everything he could about the horrible man. Maybe this wasn't even the same person. No, that was just Light deluding himself. But he needed to know. How could someone hurt others in such a cruel way? How could he rip away everything from so many different people, and not care? How could someone ruin others for themselves? Who was so selfish? Who could be so malicious, and why?

Maybe, if he looked long enough, read fast enough, and tried hard enough, Light would find the answers to those questions.

Chapter Ten

Chapter Ten

Feelings are not supposed to be logical. Dangerous is the man who has rationalized his emotions. -David Borenstein

Day: 17

Light wouldn't admit it to himself, but he was scared.

Which, of course, was completely irrational. He would be talking with Akitoshi through a computer screen, miles away from the precinct he was being held in. In fact, it wouldn't even be him talking. He was only needed for the rape victims, and so L would be doing the questioning for the rapist. Light would be there to observe and offer suggestions and ideas, nothing more. Light would be far, far away from him.

And yet, a small part of Light thought the man was going to reach through the screen and grab him. Which was so, so stupid.

That morning, Light took a long shower. He scrubbed and washed himself furiously, but thoughts kept pervading his mind, coating it in fear and apprehension. He scrubbed himself until his fingernails bit through the cloth, scratching himself in several places and drawing blood in quite a few. The stream of water washed away the traces of the red liquid before Light even noticed it. He just kept scrubbing, an almost compulsive thing for him now, and wishing it would just go away.

Even as the hot, biting water cascaded over and down his body, he shivered, the memory from that night repeating itself in his mind like

a broken record.

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

No, no, no, no, *no*. Light would not let this overcome him; he decided that the day it happened. He would not let this man ruin his spirit. He simply refused. He was stronger than that, wasn't he? He was supposed to have been God, not too long ago. Could he have really fallen so far? Was he now merely *human* ?

Or, had he always been human, and just failed to see it?

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!" Light whispered harshly, slamming his fist against the wet tile, his fist slipping down it slightly. Why, why, why, *why* ?

An hour later, Light was sitting on the couch, L beside him, watching the computer screen, and waiting for Akitoshi to be brought in. Light had calmed himself before he'd left the bathroom. It was completely and utterly irrational for him to be panicking about this. What could happen? Nothing, that's what. Nothing.

Because unlike Kira, Akitoshi had no power. Not anymore, anyway.

Light watched as Akitoshi was brought into the scene, an old man with love handles, a bald head and dressed in a tux sitting beside him. His attorney, Light wagered. The man was unshaven, his chin doused with stubble. His eyes were dark and piercing and, surprisingly, had no inner cruelty in them that Light could see. Instead, he looked amused with his situation.

He looked directly at the camera and laughed.

"I feel honored," He smirked happily, "The great L, interested in little old me? I wondered how long it'd take you to find me."

His voice was deep and rough. Light couldn't take his eyes off the man, trying to soak up everything about him. The way he walked was soft and smooth, making barely any sound even in his heavy shoes. Light supposed that was what made him so hard to hear coming at you. Light hid a grimace.

"I am L," L replied to the comment, "Are you admitting to your crimes?"

"What crimes?" Akitoshi asked playfully, a horrible smile twisting at his lips.

"Four counts of rape -probably more," L answered him easily, his thumb finger pressing on the button lightly, "You are confessing?"

"Ahahahaha!" Akitoshi through back his head, and then looked back at the computer screen, his eyes glistening, "Why would I do that?"

"Because you are guilty," L replied blandly.

"Really!?" He said with mock surprise, "Do you have any proof of that?"

"Yes, your DNA sample matches that of what we found in Tsunesaburo's Rape Kit, you attempted to rape a police officer and an eye witness account," L told him easily, his voice droning in a way that was almost bored, "That will be enough to convict you."

Akitoshi's face scrunched up, "I don't think so."

"You will be," L assured him, "The evidence against you is great. Your going to prison is a sure thing."

"I don't get why you're making a big deal out of this," Akitoshi snarled, suddenly very angry, "I was just having fun!"

Light bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from giving something away. Fun!?

"You have broken the law, and violated many innocents," Ryuzaki said to the man, who was unmistakably selfish. "I will press for the Death Penalty. Good luck in court."

L went to reach for the off button but Akitoshi cried out.

"No, no! Wait!" Akitoshi shouted, and his lawyer leaned over to whisper something in his ear, and Akitoshi nodded. L waited, "I - What you want me to do?"

"Plead Guilty," L responded, "And give a description of every victim we have not rounded up."

"What? Are you kidding me? Then I'll get seven counts rape!" Akitoshi barked angrily.

Light understood now. To Akitoshi, in that sick, twisted mind of his, he believed that what he did was a game. It wasn't him having a inferiority complex, or was abused by a family member -no, he was just terribly childish. Insane even. He hadn't taken into consideration what he was doing to the victims. He just did it, because he wanted to. The other people in the world, to him, were merely back up actors in the movie of his life.

To him, no one else mattered.

It was a like... he'd been playing a video game. A disgusting, life ruining, repulsive video game, in which he started at the lowest level (Iori) and worked to the top (Koori) and Light had been unlucky enough to have been one of those levels. He was a spoiled rich kid who'd always gotten his way, and it had perverted his mind into believe he was that only one that counted.

"Your going to jail for life anyway, Akitoshi-san," L said lethargically, not even chewing on his favorite body part at the moment, "If you do this, I'll take the death penalty off the table. If you don't, I'll make sure you get justice."

"Ah -hn...." Akitoshi looked slightly constipated for a moment before bursting out, "I don't want to die, bastard! It was just a fucking game, understand!?"

"You are delusional," L said back, his large eyes glaring at the screen ahead of him, as Light's mind kept going. "I will not allow you to get off on Mental Defect. You give descriptions of your victims, and I'll let you live for the rest of you life in Prison. You don't, and you'll get the electric chair within a week."

"You can't do that!"

"I can," L disagreed.

Akitoshi looked at his attorney for guidance, and the man leaned over again and whispered in his ear. Akitoshi's eyes widened, his nostrils flaring before he settled down, looking somewhat defeated. Light decided he liked that look on the man's face, the same look he'd had that night. He tried to decide which was worse; a criminal who knew he was hurting people and didn't care, or a criminal who didn't care about knowing.

"Fine," Akitoshi eventually said, his face stony and mad, sweat lacing his forehead in fury at loosing his argument.

"I'll get the artist," the attorney offered.

"Yes, that would be fine."

"We'll have the pictures ready for you by tomorrow," said the lawyer, and it wasn't longer before Akitoshi was led out of the room, and Light was left staring at an empty table in an empty room.

Suddenly, as though seeing the man there had stripped the life out of him, Light felt overcome with tiredness. And once L clicked the computer screen off, Light realized that he'd done nothing. He'd merely sat there as L had talked, doing absolutely nothing! He had just looked at Akitoshi, frozen in some numb, appalled state and now it was too late to do anything about it.

Light felt like smacking himself. He hated that he hadn't spoken up. Hadn't tried to ask why so all the questions he'd been asking the day before. Why him? Of course, he couldn't ask why him. Light's mind refused to think. It was still in shock from seeing the man virtually in person and seeing the said Rapist's personality.

And Ryuzaki was offering him a deal?

He'd thought he would be cruel. Someone that was just a genuinely bad person, who enjoyed defiling people. Who had thrown him down to the ground out of malice, who'd raped him for control. Not some freak who thought he was playing a game. Not someone who'd raped him because that was the rule of his sickening, vile game.

Hours later, when Light had returned to his room to sleep, he curled up under the covers, still strangely cold. His long fingers gripped the blanket, holding it to himself tightly, letting no heat escape. And still he shivered.

His nightmare was the one he had frequently, of being in the dark room and that bloody voice in there with him. Helping him? Taunting him? He still wasn't entirely sure, because he had yet to tell if the sharp "LOOK OUT!" the entity shouted was a warning or a threat. Light woke up panting, as usual, before collapsing back onto the bed.

Tomorrow, he would confront Akitoshi. He would not sit back and let L take charge.

Yes. Tomorrow, everything would happen.

Day: 18

The next morning Light took another shower, this one considerably shorter than the one from the day previously. Today, he was normal. Today, he was simply a detective, interviewing a criminal. He was not Yagami Light. He was not a rape victim. He was simply *him*. Nightmares or atrocious memories not included.

Light didn't eat or drink anything. He did not trust himself to not throw it up.

L did, however, eat a rather large slice of chocolate cake, with large amounts of goopy icing on top. Ryuzaki ate it slowly, savoring every bite as usual, and it made Light's stomach turn at the very thought of such a saccharine taste. Light turned his head away from L and started rereading Akitoshi's information. He set his jaw and hardened his eyes, making sure no emotions slipped through.

Light had slept quite dreamlessly after he'd went to sleep for the second time, to his great appreciation. That dream was more annoying, but less horrifying than the one that reenacted his attack. He hated them both, of course. He wished his dreams were as uneventful as they used to be, filled with him ruling the world in his perfect utopia. It was a goal he'd once had, but now, it seemed so far away.

Light flipped one page over, grabbing it in the wrong way and slicing his finger, making him release a hiss of pain. The sound resulted in L looking up from his delicious cake, which had captivated him for the last ten minutes, and looked at Light. His eyes traveled down to Light's hand and then to the tip of the boy's finger, where a drop of blood was forming.

Light's lips pursed and then he frowned. Then, he opened his mouth and placed the tip of his left index finger inside it, sucking until the blood was gone. He used his tongue to soothe the small cut, easing the stinging sensation until it receded to a dull throb. L had to wonder

-why was he paying attention to such an action when a scrumptious piece of cake was still sitting in front of him?

After the thought had crossed his mind, Light released his finger from his lips and flipped the page over more gently and began reading once more. L's eyes returned to his cake.

It was two hours, thirteen minutes and twenty two seconds later before they got the call from the precinct, and nearly three in the afternoon. L pressed the button as Light put the papers to the side, leaning forward in interest as a clear picture of Akitoshi and his lawyer sitting at the same table they'd been in the day before, in the interrogation room.

Akitoshi's arms were crossed and he wasn't looking at the camera, as though he were a petulant child who had not gotten his way. The lawyer waved his hand, indicating three papers to his left.

"These are them," He said, picking up one picture. Light was very close to paling. He hadn't thought... he hadn't thought the man would actually remember what his victims looked like. He'd barely looked at them, right? How accurate could they be? "This is the actual third woman he raped."

"She was hot," Akitoshi recalled, musing as though remembering a fond memory, "She put up quite a fight. But, in the end, I eventually won. Of course."

Funny, how one person's best memories were seven other's worst.

Ryuzaki pressed the button down, "That is fine. Please show the next picture."

"The next is the first male my client raped," the attorney said, holding up the picture to the camera and showing a young boy, perhaps sixteen, small and scrawny.

Akitoshi smiled slightly, remembering, "I remember him. He was easy to hold down. An easterner, if I'm correct. Blond hair, blue eyes, accent."

Light's stomach turned, but other for some reason his usually lucid mind refused to let him think of anything but the picture Akitoshi was showing him. Normally he could think of many things at once, ahead many steps, but at the moment all he could think of was the boy in the picture and his wide, sad eyes. About how he hadn't come forward, and most likely hadn't told his parents. Perhaps he'd even thought it was his fault. Ashamed.

Light forgot about participating. He was just trying to *think*, but his mind refused to work. Something was wrong. Oh so wrong, but he couldn't for the life of him figure out what it was. His mind stayed frozen.

"I see," L replied and then nodded to himself, "Next, please."

"Oh, this next one was cool," Akitoshi grinned, "He was pretty, just walking along in his perfect clothes... I knew right went I saw him he'd be perfect. Looked like he thought he was perfect too. He seemed like he thought he was better than everyone else." Akitoshi laughed, "Ahahahaha! I showed him!"

Light's mind thawed. *No. No. Nonononononononononononono! How could he have been so damn stupid!? It was his picture Akitoshi was about to show. His. And Ryuzaki would know.* Why hadn't he seen this coming? What had happened to him, to make him so petrified that his mind so much that he could think ahead? Was the fear so great that he'd been *paralyzed* to the fact that is that picture was of *him* that L would *know*.

Panic rushed through Light's body at the new feeling. The feeling of being completely and totally unprepared for something. He held his breath, for if he didn't, he feared he might start to hyperventilate. The legal representative lifted the final drawing -

-and Light stood up almost violently, "I need to use the restroom."

He was gone before L could tell him to hold it, because this was a very important thing that was about to be shown. L's eye twitched slightly in annoyance but he just looked at the screen.

The drawing was shown, and wide black eyes widened even further.

And then the puzzle pieces began to fit together. That man in the picture... it looked so much like Light that it was uncanny. And if there could possibly be someone who looked so much like the perfect Yagami Light, L thought, the chance was low he would have been in the same vicinity that Light had been in on May 12th...

The nightmares. The night terrors. The excess showers. The loss of appetite. The varying sleeping habits. The reaction to knowing that a man had been raped. The unexplained bruise on his back. It... it was so *obvious*. So amazingly plebian Ryuzaki was now only considering the fact that something like... *rape*... would have been the reason Kira had given up.

No. That was a lie. Somewhere, in the deep recesses of his subconscious, the idea had popped up, but had been immediately discarded. This was *Light*, of course. Light the ideal, beautiful, intelligent, strong, *prideful*... and ah, there was the answer. He was absolutely *full* of pride. It's what made Light *go*, it was fueled and motivated his every move -and therefore, when he was raped, and all his pride was stripped from him, so in turn his motivation for everything else. Being Kira...

... and even *living*.

And so Ryuzaki *knew* Light was Kira, and it was *not* satisfactory. No. In some way, he'd known Light was Kira, even though after the confession he had vehemently denied it. It was denial in it's subtlest form, L's defiance. And yes, at first, it had been because he hated that it wasn't *him* outing Light. But now...

L pressed the button one more time before saying, "I have no further questions at this current time. Please put his back in his cell until I feel the need to interrogate him again."

L then stood up and started walking to the bathroom, but it seemed Light was no longer inside it. The detective then turned toward the bedroom and sure enough, the door was closed. L looked at the door, considering the possibilities, and decided that there was a 95 percent chance that Light was sitting with his back against the door, blocking his entrance. He must have known that it was only a matter of seconds before L's mind understood the meaning of the picture, as well as the other symptoms.

"Light-kun," L said. Usually, when finding out such a thing, someone's voice softened but L knew Light. The reason he hadn't told, apart from his amazing amount of pride, was because he *knew* how people would react, and it would no longer be their normal awe of such a perfect genius, but sympathy in every look and word, "I think we have something to discuss."

On the other side of the door, Light tensed. He was sitting on the ground with his back against the door, blocking Ryuzaki from entering. Oh yes, L knew. It was certain now. L *knew*, the fucking bastard. He knew. *He knew. He knew he knew he knew he knewheknewhekn* -

Stop! Light ordered himself. *You'll give yourself a panic attack with thoughts like those. Calm down and think rationally. Not doing so is what made this happen.*

Light took a slow inhale, doing so as quietly as possible. This wasn't happening, yes, perhaps this was just a dream. Another nightmare. No. No, he was awake. He doubted he could have imagined something this horrible. It was hard enough accepting that Akitoshi had also been his rapist, he had never *suspected in the least* the man would remember exactly what he looked like... Damn it! This - *This couldn't be happening.*

"I see, Light-kun," L sighed after a long while of no answering, "I will simply have to wait for you. Eventually you will have to leave, due to hunger and thirst."

Light tried not to snort. There was no chance in hell he was leave that room. He would rather die dried up then face L after he knew... after he *knew*...

Light swallowed, holding back the urge to throw up and closed his eyes.

L knew that his statement was a lie. Light wanted to die, that was the whole reason he had admitted he was Kira in the first place, so he wouldn't be surprised if he stayed in there until he died of thirst and dried up in that position with his back against the door. L decided he would *not* let that happen. He would make Light come out, or find a way in.

Logically, L knew in the back of his mind, that the minute he'd realized Light was really Kira, he should have called Watari and got Light arrested. There was no more puzzle to solve, no crime scene to decode, no more mystery to unravel, no secret to find and the criminal (Akitoshi) had already had been profiled. Yes, logically, there was nothing more that L could do, and as a detective, it was his job to put the criminal in jail.

All his life, logic had overpowered everything else in his life. L always won because his *logic* always won. Feelings were trivial and weak in comparison to solid reason. In the circumstance of crime, logic always succeeded. If you committed a crime, most of the time, it didn't matter *why*. Why you felt you needed to, or what mental illness ailed you, making you do the things you did. To L, they were simple rules. Crime was crime, the law was the law and logic was the winner over emotions.

At the moment, however, he was ripped between the two.

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Eleven

Day: 19

Light had just finished reading *Clandestine* for the second time, and the 643-paged book was no less captivating the second time around. This time, Light knew what to look for, and wondered how he could have missed the clues, no matter how subtle they were. He looked at the clock again, and saw that ten hours had passed since L had come to the bedroom door knowing about it.

It was dark in the room, and Light had pulled the blanket and a pillow over to him from the bed to sleep on the floor, his back still against the door. He had to continuously block L's passage, after all. Since the bastard hadn't put effing locks on the doors. Light wanted this to have never happened. He wanted to rewind to the day before yesterday -or better yet, the day before it happened. Then he would be God again, he wouldn't be completely worthless, and L would be gone and pushed out of the way for his New World.

But, of course, that wasn't possible. Unfortunately.

And so, Light sat, with his back against the door, wondering if there was a way he could die quicker than thirst. Nothing in the room would do, besides perhaps strangling himself with a pair of pants. To be perfectly honest, he wasn't ready to stoop so low. Instead he waited, silently, every second ticking by like an eternity. L still hadn't spoken since he said he would wait.

Why would he say that? Light asked himself, his brow furrowing against the pillow his head was buried in, *He must know I'm Kira*

now. Why hasn't this door been busted down, why haven't I been arrested?

That brought him back to L's voice. It had not changed from two days ago to the moment he approached the door. What was that about? That implied he didn't know, because his voice had not changed to softer and more careful. But Light knew he did know. That picture had been his, that was for sure. But then, perhaps L was truly heartless and didn't care in the least that his 'first friend' had been raped.

I quite like L better when he sleeps, Light snorted in his mind.

Just as he thought this, he drifted into unconsciousness, nightmare free... for a while.

L sat, quite bored, in front of the door. He knew, once again, *logically*, it would be fine to wait elsewhere. On the couch perhaps. Pull up a chair, even. But for some reason, or rather *unreason*, he stayed put, in his almost fetal position on the ground, his feet digging into the carpet and his toes playing with the fibers. Unfortunately, it was his only source of entertainment at the time.

He needed Watari to get an extension cable for his laptop, but since such a predicament had never arrived before, the man actually needed to go out and *purchase* one. And Watari, although exceptionally useful and kind to L, had never been the fastest shopper. And so L was forced into boredom, twiddling his toes and suppressing a sigh every few minutes, waiting.

He didn't know *why*, exactly, he refused to move. Whatever reason or excuse he could formulate was completely unfounded, but he still stayed. Perhaps, it was to attempt to understand Light's plight, by physically copying his definite position on the floor, but once again, he didn't know *why* he would do such a thing. He admitted, though, to wanting to understand. This in itself was very strange for the detective.

He's always wanted to *know*. As long as the criminal was caught, he didn't feel a need to understand them. The victims even less so. Why would he want to understand what it was like to be beaten, murdered or raped? He didn't. That was that simple. He didn't *want* to understand a rape victim. And yet, he wanted to understand *Light*.

And, no matter how much his mind wished to deny it, weren't they one in the same?

On the other side of the door, Light moaned. *Sleeping?* L asked himself, leaning his ear against the door. Oh yes, definitely asleep. The slow breathing was a sure indication of that. And the moan -it was strangled and... full of pain, L recognized. Days before he had been trying to figure out what those nightmares were about. Now that he *knew* that it was the memory of Light's *rape* being replayed in the young man's own mind...

Well, it made him almost wish he *didn't* know.

He couldn't imagine what Light was going through. No, it wasn't that simple. L had never been raped, and therefore couldn't think of what it was like. What it was like to be violated. What it was like to relive that violation *over and over again*.

He heard the large entrance the confinement 'apartment' open, and L was thankful that Watari was finally hear. The said older man walked into the room, his usual outfit on, but his hat was apparently discarded on the way there. L nodded in acknowledgment and went back to staring at the threads of the carpet as Watari hooked up the refrigerator and the laptop beside him.

"There is chocolate cake, cheesecake, vanilla cake, strawberry cake with vanilla icing, chocolate moose, chocolate pie..." Watari gestured to the fridge, "And cold tea as well as sugar. I'm afraid you'll have to have it cold if you refuse to leave here."

"That is fine," L nodded, "Thank you, Watari."

Watari opened his mouth to say something, his large white eyebrows furrowed, but then he stopped himself. He shut his mouth, but then opened it again, with a different statement, "We will talk soon."

Then, he left, giving L no choice.

The first thing L did was check the camera, but it seemed that Light was directly under the door, and since the camera was on the top of the door frame, the young man was in a blind spot. All he could see was the blankets huddled against was he was sure was Light's body. L was about to sigh before he heard a another moan from the other side of the door.

Oh God. He knew what those nightmares were about now. He knew what that scream was about. Those dreams were replays of that night that Akitoshi, the annoying, selfish rapist had... had... to *Light* . How the hell could accept that? How could he admit the possibility - no, the fact - that something like *that* could happen to someone like *him* .

And then... those nightmares. The nightmares. How could someone live with the worst moment of their life repeating in their head? Well, they couldn't. Light couldn't, that's why he'd 'retired' from being Kira in the first place. He wanted those memories to stop, and thought the only way was to die. Maybe it was. L certainly didn't know about that.

But even so... death was an extreme. But then, Light always had been an extremist -he had always thought big. His occupation as Kira was one example of that. He could not for get that. Light was a criminal. He should be treated as such. Light had done something wrong, a million things wrong, even if it was out of concern for the world.

L decided right then what his course of action would be. He closed out the camera screen and pulled up the internet. He an email to send.

Sydney Olliver,

This is Ryuzaki. I have a favor to ask of you, and your expertise is just what I need. I need to arrange a death...

Day: 20

"Light-kun," L said, and 3: 24 in the morning, when he just couldn't take the boredom anymore. "I would like to talk about your role as Kira."

Well, Light decided, that was certainly different. Not mentioning the little discovery at all then? What a nice way to put him off his guard. It would not work. Light wouldn't let his guard down, not for an instant. He was not coming out of that room willingly. It simply would not happen. Light didn't want to act too abnormal though, and so he decided to speak to L -only to alleviate his boredom of course.

"What do you want to know?" Light snarled back, "I've already told you everything."

L's lips curled into a smile. Light was talking, that certainly couldn't be a bad thing.

"I didn't believe you then," Ryuzaki pointed out, "Now I do. So, tell me again, what you were trying to accomplish by killing people?"

"Killing criminals," Light snapped back in response.

"Sure," L humored him.

"I was trying to make the world a better place," Ratio spat at the detective, through the wooden door, "I was killing people who deserved to die."

"That was not for you to choose," L responded.

"Perhaps not," Light agreed, "But if not me, then who? I think I'm more competent than someone with mediocre intellect, or someone with selfish motives, who would only kill the people who he disliked."

"Do you not dislike criminals then, Light-kun?"

"That isn't the point!" Light said indignantly, "Of course I dislike criminals, if I didn't I would be immoral. Who likes criminals?"

"By killing criminals, you are, in turn, a criminal as well," L told Light.

"You think I don't know that? Of course I knew that. I didn't care -it had to be done, L. I can't believe that you, a supposed genius, can't understand that."

L frowned and brought his thumb to his lips.

"I understand that Light-kun likes to parade his megalomania under a mask of morality."

"You're an idiot, Ryuzaki!" Light hissed, his fingernails digging into the fabric of his pillow as his eyes narrowed at no one, "You are unwilling to see my side of this! I'm cleansing the world of bad people, those that would ruin the happiness of the *innocent* ."

"You are unwilling to see my side as well, Light-kun."

"No, I'm not. I know your side very well, actually. I know you were doing your job trying to catch a 'mass murderer' and I see where you're coming from. But this is different."

"Because it's you?"

"Yes."

"And you believe you are above the law?" L inquired, an eyebrow raising instinctively, even though Light could not see it.

"Once again, L, there are certain circumstances that allow me to be above the law. Have you ever noticed how people with power - politicians, movie stars, CEO's - never get punished like other people do?" Light asked, "Their power gives them that. I'm not saying that's fair, but it's true. And I may not be rich, but the Death Note gives me the power I need to be better than a normal person who breaks the laws."

"I see," L whispered, and then spoke louder, "That is what I thought. Did you believe you would be akin to a God, Light-kun?"

Light didn't answer, and knew his silence would be enough of a response.

"Do you know who Alfred Alder is, Light-kun?"

"I've heard of him."

"He said 'it is easier to fight for one's principles than live up to them'," L informed the stubborn younger man, "I believe that applies to you."

"Me," Light repeated, no tone in his voice, offended or otherwise. Just completely bland.

"Yes, you. You who kills killers. You who judges sinners by sinning. You, Light-kun, who punishes the corrupt by becoming corrupted. You... are a hypocrite."

There was approximately thirteen seconds of silence, and then -

"You don't understand me at all."

The voice was soft. So strangely unlike the hard and cruel Yagami Light L knew. More like the doe-eyed Light who had not had his memories, perhaps. Hm. So that boy was still in there?

"I knew what I was doing was hypocritical. I knew. But it didn't matter, L. Because even if I became a bad person, and died and went to - whatever hell exists, if any at all -then... I would leave behind good

people. Yes. I wanted to be God. I believe I was righteous. But I also knew that killing was wrong -but I was willing to be wrong, to make things right."

"So it was self sacrifice then, was it?"

Condescending.

There was another long, drawn silence that was almost painful to hear -or rather, not hear. It was an apprehensive gap between one sound and another, the kind of terrible quiet that was almost as loud as it was still. The kind of silence that made you think you were missing something, like a hole in a picture or a missing screen in a movie film.

"I hate you."

And finally it was there. L nearly sighed in relief. But the chance of Light dying that instantaneously were low unless, perhaps, Light really was a victim of Kira and he'd had a heart attack. It was possible... but no, that was just L's hope nudging at him from a less logical and more emotional part of his mind. Light was Kira. That was for sure, now.

"I hate you so fucking much," Light snarled in a way that sent spikes of coldness up L's spine with its pitch. "You belittle my efforts? You demean my reasons? You, who has done nothing but give criminals free room and board? You, who are known to no one but your stupid little genius club and the police?"

Light let out a choked snort.

"What have you done that's worth while, Ryuzaki? Whose thanking you? The police hate you, the general population ignores your existence, but me? Yes, I have people who are against me -doesn't every one? But more importantly, I have more people that are for me. People who know I'm doing the right thing. I'm a household name now -no one doesn't know who I am!"

L heard Light take a breath.

"I'm Kira, L, and you -you are nothing -nothing but a stupid *letter* ."

L supposed he had provoked such a response. He readied himself to push such an insult aside -and found that he couldn't.

The answer to the impending 'Why?' question was easily answered. Because, simply, no one else mattered. He'd been insulted before, surely. On his physical appearance, on his acumen, on his choices... but before now, they had been by people that were less intelligent than he was. They were stupid in comparison to him, so what did they know? Nothing, that was what. Their petty insults meant nothing, because they weren't smart enough to know what was really wrong with him, and so he was not affronted.

But Light was not unintelligent. Light was as smart, or smarter than he was. So, he mattered. His words, his opinions, and even his insults influenced L. Light mattered to L, what he hadn't figured out quite yet though, was how much.

Instead of contemplating it further, he decided to do the obviously childish thing, and insult Light back.

"Light-kun has an outstanding ability to talk for long period of time about things that have no significance," L retorted, and he wasn't too surprised when Light let out a short, dry laugh. After all, it was his own way of saying 'You've stumped me, so... um... you have a big mouth!'.

After that, they were silent, and once again L was bored; no more conversation or banter to indulge in and so he ate. And then he slept for two hours and then he ate more, and it was quite a few more hours before Watari actually entered the room, a frown on his wrinkled features and a tux on this time, instead of his black robe.

"We will talk," the man said, and L sighed, staring at the man.

And once more there was silence. Nothing like the silence there was with Light, but instead a much more shallow silence. And instead of a silky, heated interruption of such a silence, Watari's voice was sharp, actually breaking the silence, and not eloquently intruding, as Light's words had.

"You care about him," Watari said firmly, suddenly. L looked up from his delicious cheesecake and up at Watari from his position on the floor.

"No," L disagreed, shoving a bite into his mouth.

"He is sleeping," Watari said, casting an eye at the door. "I hacked into your computer and started watching the video, and I checked just before I arrived. Yagami Light is fast asleep."

"And why, may I ask, did you feel the need to start watching the tapes?" L inquired, looking at his assistant wearily.

"I saw that you had written an email to Olliver," Watari responded, proving that yes, he'd hacked into L's emails as well.

"I see," L said slowly, chopping off another piece of cake and placing it into his waiting mouth. He went for another.

"You and I both know that the only reason you would contact Olliver is if you needed to fake a death," Watari continued, "And since I'm almost positive you've concluded that Yagami Light *is*, in fact, Kira, I see no reason for you to have to fake your death as Ryuuga Hideki for your own safety."

L merely tilted his head and ate another bite of the cheesecake.

"That means, that you're doing it for someone else," Watari's voice dropped to a whisper, "You're doing it for *him*! "

"Did you ever consider I might email him for social interaction ever since Light went into hiding?" Ryuzaki inquired, wriggling his toes

into the carpet. He was, of course, taking a guess in assuming the Watari hadn't actually *read* what was in the email.

"You are not a social creature, L," Watari snorted, "And although Olliver provides a function, you would never interact with him if you did not have too, even over email."

L shrugged nonchalantly.

"That means your doing it for *him*, L," Watari repeated his earlier sentiment, "You are planning to fake *his* death, so that he can go on with out the world knowing he was Kira, but instead as a hero who died for the sake of catching such a relentless murderer. You know, L, that I support anything you do, and your choices, no matter how bizarre, but I want to *know why you are doing this* ! "

L paused. His fork, spiked with his final piece of cheesecake, hovered in the middle of the air, having stopped somewhere in the center of Watari's speech.

"... Relentless...?" L murmured softly.

"Well, I suppose... his confession proves that otherwise," Watari shook his head, brushing off his mistake, "He quit, yes, but -" he paused for a moment, thinking, and finally realized, "... I see. You solved your puzzle, did you?"

L look up and met Watari's eyes, "I did."

"And...?"

L look back at the piece of cake and his stomach turned. He put the fork down on his plate and pushed it away slightly, suddenly loosing all of his appetite. He'd known it for the passed couple days, of course. He'd know Light had been... had been...

But he hadn't actually realized it. But Watari bringing such a thing up made it really sink in. Light had been *raped*. It was true, it was

infallible, it was... so, so *wrong*. Those woman and men that had also been victimized, they were....it... didn't... it just wasn't the same as....L closed his eyes briefly before opening back to their normal wide-open pose and started nibbling vigorously on his thumb.

L didn't *care* about those casualties. He was interested in their case, not them. He felt virtually nothing like sympathy. He knew rape was devastating, and it was terrible for those women and men, but frankly, it wasn't L's job to empathize. If they wanted that, they would talk to family or a therapist. L's job was to put their rapist, Akitoshi, in jail.

But *Light*... that was so *different*. So *significant*, because not only was it someone that L knew, but *his friend*. Like Watari said... he cared for Light, he'd been the only person he'd ever met who was truly on his level. Light was his equal, and the fact that he'd been *raped* felt like something was tearing at his insides and gnawing at the pit of his stomach.

"It is horrible, I see," Watari said softly, his wrinkled face creasing into a frown. "I will not pry, but I want to *know* L, before I go against everything I stand for, for you. *Do you care about him?* "

After a long, drawn inhale, L answered.

"Yes."

Watari pursed his lips, nodded, and then spoke again, "To what extent?"

"He is..." L paused, and finished lamely. "... my friend."

"You are holding something back from me, L," Watari let out a another sigh, "You'd think I'd be used to the secrets you keep by now."

Light is, L's mind supplied for him. But it wasn't that he was keeping secrets from Watari. It's just really didn't *know*.

Light was his friend, that was for sure. For what else could someone be that was so impeccably and completely equal to you? *Your enemy*, L's mind supplied, and he supposed that, yes, that was true. His enemy, his friend, his equivalent -there was something utterly exciting about how synonymous Light was to him. And yet, at the same time so impossibly *different*.

Light was perfect, and at the same time so *im* perfect in his perfection. His ideals were flawed, but then, perhaps it was societies ideals that were flawed. It barely matter, really, because what Light was doing was against the *law*. He deserved to be punished... and yet, what L was doing... it wasn't justice. It didn't follow his usual ethical codes.

But, frankly, it didn't matter.

He was doing this. He had to. It was like he didn't have a *choice*. What was Light, that he could make him give up his own strict self-induced rules?

Someone important.

Sydney Olliver,

This is Ryuzaki. I have a favor to ask of you, and your expertise is just what I need. I need to arrange a death certificate for someone. The information you need is in the attachment, I believe a birth certificate and a picture is all you need. No questions. You will be rewarded fully. Twice your normal amount, if you can provide a body and medical staff to verify. I expect a response in 48 hours time or less. Consider your debt taken care of.

And I shall press on this; tell no one.

Save all important documents to a flash drive and then destroy your computer when you have sent me the documents. Another computer will be sent to you as further compensation.

Good day.

Yes, someone very important indeed.

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Twelve

Day: 21

Light's stomach growled in the darkness. Even though he'd eaten little over the past twenty days, two days without food or water was starting to wear on his usually pampered body. His throat was dry and his stomach was noticeably empty, and even more serious than that -he hadn't *showered*. It felt *disgusting*. And more than just for the reason of personal hygiene.

Light looked at the clock and saw it was only a few minutes passed noon, meaning he still had twelve hours to go until he could say he'd made it three days without water. It was not something he wished to brag about. Why didn't Ryuzaki just arrest him? Was he doing it just to *spite* him? Didn't he say he wanted Kira to die? L wanted him dead, and Light what Light dead *too*. It was a great deal -if only L would just *do it*.

The truth was, that Light wanted to talk again. About him being Kira - with L. Although he was quite sure he'd never convince that man his point of view was correct, it was entertaining to bicker back and forth. Not to mention the fact that it gave Light an excuse to spit insults at L. Which was always fun. Even - *especially* - if the conversation turned into an actual battle of the wits.

Maybe I should just start a discussion, Light thought tiredly, Last time he did. And it would be about Kira, definitely. That's something I can talk about.

At the same time, Light didn't want to speak at all. For what if L brought up it. Just the fact that Ryuzaki could talk about what

happened would be enough to send Light over the edge. He'd simply go insane. Because Ryuzaki was not supposed to know. Even more -what if he told someone else? There was no confidentiality between them. What if he told his father?

"Light-kun," that same, annoying, baritone voice interrupted his panicking.

"Ryuzaki," Light said in turn.

"Akitoshi's trial is in one week and four days," the detective told him, and Light felt his muscles tense in apprehension. What the hell was Ryuzaki telling him this for? Was he trying to get him to talk about it? Was he completely nuts? "He is being charged with five counts rape, one count statutory rape and assault of a police officer. He will get life in prison."

The way he said it... the tone was completely bereft of emotion. What was he trying to say? Light thought about it, came to a conclusion and then frowned. No. That couldn't be it -that would mean that L had a heart. Could he possibly be stating the charges -which, of course, Light already knew -to tell him that his rape was not being counted? To show him that he wasn't telling anyone?

Light pushed it out of his mind -that really didn't matter.

"Fine," He responded, in a voice he forced to sound nonchalant.

"Hm," Light heard L's small grunt. Apparently disappointed that that was all Light was going to say to his comment. Really, what does he expect? For him to confess all my feelings to him and sob into his shoulder? Please. "Light-kun, please tell me again how you came upon the death notebook."

Light blinked and then sighed deeply, "We've been over this before, Ryuzaki."

"I understand that, Light-kun. Please indulge me."

"I was merely sitting in my desk at school, looking out the window. Then on the ground, in the courtyard, there was a notebook. By now I'm sure you can guess what it was, and I thought it was a joke," Light couldn't help but smile slightly, "It wasn't. And when I confirmed a pattern -"

"With Kurou Otoharada and Takuo Shibuimaru, you said before," L verified, and Light really wasn't surprised the man remembered their names from 21 days before.

"Yes, that's right," Light nodded, scowling, "Then I nearly puked, and went into an alley and, then decided that... this was a good thing."

"I find it interesting that you nearly vomited, Light-kun."

"Why?" Light snorted, "I was weak, then."

"I think it proves that you had a conscience about it," L responded, and Light rolled his eyes. Hadn't he already told L this the day previously? That he knew it was wrong, but that it didn't matter, because of what he would have accomplished?

"Right," Light sneered, "It was a weakness -and I got over it."

"The lust for power is not rooted in strength, but in weakness," L quoted easily and Light once again rolled his brown eyes.

"That's Erich Fromme," Light said, and then proceeded unto the insults, "Really, Ryuzaki, one who resorts to quoting so frequently has no thoughts of his own."

"Ah, Light-kun is avoiding commenting on my statement by insulting my intelligence," L replied, and Light heard the smacking of lips against flesh -the absurd man was chewing on his thumb again.

"I'm not commenting because the remark was completely arbitrary," Light retorted, licking his lips -his mouth was so dry, "But if you really so into the quotes at the moment, Ryuzaki, how about this one

-Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. To ignore evil is to become an accomplice to it."

There was a paused on L's side, and Light smirked.

"By Martin Luther King Jr.," Light continued, "He also said 'Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that'. Hm. Light."

"What an interesting play on words, Light-kun," L agreed, "I'm afraid though, that you killing the criminals is you trying to drive darkness out with darkness."

"No -that's necessary. Do you think the world is going to get cleaned up by itself? No, people will never change with out reason, Ryuzaki," Light argued, "And all I did was give them a reason."

"You frightened them into obedience."

"It was essential."

"No, that was you exercising your power."

"That was me saving the world."

"Do you fancy yourself a hero then, Light-kun? A vigilante?"

"I wouldn't put it that way," Light found himself laughing shortly at that thought. "I suppose in a way, I'm saving the world from evil doers -but I'm hardly faster than a speeding bullet, nor can I fly."

He knew, instinctively, L was smiling. That slow little smile that curved onto his lips behind his thumb.

"Light-kun," L started after a few moments of silence, "Do you believe that the end justifies the means?"

"It asks the same questions in Clandestine," Light commented lowly, speaking more to himself than to L. Then he spoke to the other man

directly, "Yes, I believe I do, but then, it really depends sometimes. If you mean in my case, being Kira, then yes -definitely."

"Mm," L hummed, "I have never decided which side I would take on that."

"And usually you're so decisive."

"But I do know that I believe that what you did was wrong."

"Yet -I have not been arrested," Light decided to bring up, "I know you don't want to sit on the other side of this door, and yet you have not asked me to move. You haven't arrested me or even threatened to."

"Perhaps I want you to leave the room of your own accord."

"And if that never happens?"

"Do you wish to die, Light-kun?"

Light's mouth didn't open. The truthful answer was easy; yes. Yes, he did want to die -and if he knew L, the man already knew he wanted to die. L often asked questions he already knew the answer to-and it was unnerving. Light held back a growl of annoyance and decided to answer.

"If you kill me, then I will be dying for my cause."

"I see. Well, forgive me, Light-kun, but I am going to quote yet another person," L said and Light suppressed yet another sigh, but did not stop him. " 'A thing is not necessarily true because a man died for it.' That's one of my favorites."

"I agree with that too," Light snapped icily, "But I am right. Just because your judgment is flawed does not mean everyone else's is too, Ryuzaki. Just like if someone doesn't agree with you, it doesn't make them wrong."

"Perhaps, Light-kun, you should follow your own advice, for your hypocrisy is growing irritating."

"Perhaps, Ryuzaki, if I'm so irritating, then you should just arrest me and let me die," Light spat in return, "Then we'd both be rid of a nuisance."

L didn't respond, and so Light did not talk further.

Instead, Light curled up next to the door and decided to take a nap.

He suddenly had a migraine.

Day: 22

"He was pretty, just walking along in his perfect clothes..."

Light didn't want to remember what Akitoshi had said about him. But he'd had the dream again, the one which replayed his nightmare over again, and now he had a name and a face to put to his rapist. Akitoshi. How completely disgusting the man was.

"I knew right when I saw him he'd be perfect."

So it had been opportunistic choice. He'd walk around until someone fit the profile of the next 'level' up. And somehow he'd picked that one night to go out. And he fit the profile the cruel man had been looking for. Light could help but let his mind wonder into the 'what if' category that he'd never been fond of. What if he hadn't gone for a walk that night? What if he'd went walking in the other direction? What if Akitoshi had been looking for a woman that night instead?

"Looked like he thought he was perfect too. He seemed like he thought he was better than everyone else."

Well, Light thought, that was true. He had thought he was perfect. At the time, he'd been thinking about how perfectly everything had gone. His wonderful, ingenious plan that had gone without the smallest of hitches -how soon, he would truly be God, and L would be buried deep under the ground in Kanto Cemetery. He'd been thinking very highly of himself at the time, which was rather ironic, seeing as he was brought to his lowest minutes later.

"Ahahahaha! I showed him!"

He'd laughed, then, Light recalled. It had been the last thing he'd heard before he'd fled to the bathroom. It had echoed in his ears for quite some time, even after he'd went to the bedroom.

And why was he thinking this through again? Ah yes -because he had little else to do. He needed to get his mind of his increasingly dry throat and chapped lips, his double vision and clenching stomach. Dying of thirst was rather uncomfortable. Light shifted and clamped his lips shut, holding back a raspy groan. The bright teal numbers shown at him in the blackness of the room, 1:38 a.m., like a countdown.

Technically, he could probably survive a couple more days without water. It was not a prospect he liked to think about. He blinked a few times, trying to clear his sight.

"Light-kun," L's voice broke his morbid thoughts yet again. Couldn't the man let him brood in peace? "I need to show you something."

"Right," Light snorted, "Please, L. I'm not going to come out."

"I realize that, Light-kun."

"What is this 'thing' you want me to see anyway?" Light said weakly, and his voice sound strange to his own ears. He was getting out of breath rather easily, and his throat scratched against itself. "I doubt it could be important enough that I would ever consider -"

"It is a picture of Akitoshi, Light-kun," L responded, and then elucidated, "He has been in a holding jail, awaiting trial and it seems the police have let it... slip... that he raped a minor. He is in a rather appalling condition on the time."

What the hell? What L going crazy? Of course, not that Light didn't want to see Akitoshi get the life beat out of him, but why would L offer such a thing? What was the trick? The catch? Oh well, Light decided, it doesn't matter. I'm not going to open the door and ruin everything to see a picture...

But Light did pull himself onto his knees, with the distinct intention to peek through the keyhole. Then, he could see if L was up to something, planning to be up to something, or, if the man wasn't up to anything at all, then he'd at least get to see Akitoshi with bruises covering that smug little face of his... and so Light began to position his face at the door, and suddenly, a blinding pain exploded in his head, and before he could think of anything, everything was unexpectedly black as he was pulled into the depths of oblivion.

L was, to say the least, somewhat surprised.

He hadn't thought the plan would actually work. Well, he'd hoped it would, but all in all, in had had only a 36 percent chance of working. But then, it really had all depended on how much the dehydration was affecting Light, how much Light hated Akitoshi, and how untrusting the young man was of the detective. Apparently, Light was severely dehydrated, Akitoshi was the bane of his existence, and he trusted L as far as he could throw him. Which was probably an even shorter distance due to the weakness he was no doubt feeling due to the lack of water.

L shoved the door open, moving Light's body with it. He flipped the light switch on and found that this had been more than he'd expected too. All he'd been hoping for was enough pain to send Light backwards and disorientate him -not full blown unconsciousness. Before he did anything else, and went back to his computer and

wrote Watari a short email, telling him to the 18th floor with a stretcher.

L then proceeded to lift Light up, the young man was rather light from his three day fast, and carried him into the living room, carefully stepping over his laptop. Once in the main room, L set Light down on the couch, and wondered why, for the whole thirty seconds he'd been carrying the boy, he hadn't stopped staring at his neck. His head had been lolled back, his long auburn bangs out of his eyes for once, and his skin was so damn pale... L shook his head and slouched into his normal position, since he'd stood up uncomfortably straighter so that he could hold Light.

Then, quickly, he went to get a glass of water. He came back and used his thumb to open Light's mouth slightly, and the thought crossed his mind that this was the first time his thumb had ever been at someone else's mouth. Then he put his hand on the back of Light's neck, lifting it up slightly, and pressing the glass to his parched lips and letting tiny amounts of water slip in.

When Watari walked in, stretcher held beside him, he took his hands away and set the glass on coffee table. Watari came over, and put the stretcher down on the floor, and then lifted Light onto it easily. He took hold of the handles at his end and waited for L to do the same, and once the detective was ready, they both lifted up and began walking from the apartment-like confinement area.

"We'll need to take him to floor 14," L said, pressing the button on the elevator with his elbow. The 14th floor was the infirmary of the building. He thought they'd need one at some point.

It was an entire hour later when Light was finally hooked up to machines, in a comfortable hospital-like bed and an IV in his arm. There were straps on his arms that were attached to the sideboards of the bed; he was a criminal, and more than that, he was somewhat suicidal. L sat, waiting for Watari to bring his laptop back down. It didn't take long, and soon he was back on his computer, although he

wasn't sure why he was on it in the first place. It was something to do, he supposed.

L didn't know, really, what had possessed him to use force. For some reason, while he'd been talking to Light about the picture, that weak voice had gotten to him. He could not let Light die, after all. The frail, raspy voice had echoed in his mind until he no longer cared if Light left of his free will. It had irked him until his very bones throbbed.

"L," Watari said lowly, not taking a seat, but instead hovering in the doorway. L looked up and frowned at the worried expression on his assistant's face.

"Watari, you are concerned again," L pointed out, "The look does not flatter you, I'm afraid."

A small smile formed on wrinkled lips, "No, I suppose apathy has always matched my features better."

L merely nodded.

"But that isn't what I wanted to say," Watari realized he'd gotten off topic, and then another second later he'd realized that was what L had wanted, "There is a reason I'm worried."

"I would assume so," L said, eyebrows raised beneath his fringe of dark hair.

"This is... unlike you," Watari swung his hand in the direction of the sleeping mass murderer, "Why do this? You've always been determined to bring all criminals to justice -and I know these circumstances for this particular person -"

"Do you know the circumstances, Watari?" L inquired, tilting his head.

"As you say, he's your friend," Watari replied, his lips pursing in an air of distaste. "And I understand that, and I will grow to accept

that... but really, Law -"

"Please, Watari," L hissed suddenly, "I understand you are trying to make a point, but please do not say my name aloud. Do not forget that Kira is in this room."

"I could say the same to you," Watari retorted, "Besides, he could do nothing with the name now, in our captivity."

"You should not underestimate him," L replied easily.

"Hm," Watari grunted disapprovingly. "I will not pry further... today. It will take a couple of days for him to be in good health, but he will be awake by tomorrow. Whatever your next step is, L, I suggest you put the plan together and inform him of his... unique situation when he awakened. He should be quite pleased."

After that, Watari left.

And L had the distinct feeling the emotion Light would be experiencing at the news would be anything but *pleased* .

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Thirteen

The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of. -Blaise Pascal

Day: 23

The smell of cleaner, air freshener and the comfortable and warm blankets woke Light up. He was much too relaxed, which of course, put him immediately on edge. He was almost never peaceful anymore -therefore something had to be wrong. There must be a reason he no long sitting with his back to the door, and it was probably the same reason he had such a humongous headache...

L! Light yelled in his mind, because he now knew what must have happened -L and stupid, stupid self had cheated!

Light kept his eyes closed, because no doubt the man was in the room with him, waiting for him to stir. The bastard. Light nearly wanted to scowl at the thought but kept his face relaxed instead. He was absolutely furious with the detective. Light was pissed off, and not only that -now he'd actually have to face someone who knew. And not to mention -he was fucking strapped down the bed!

L noticed the second Light woke up. The sudden stiffness and then relaxation was a give away -and L would know. He'd been watching the boy for the entire time he'd been sleeping. He found himself unnaturally fascination with parts of Light's body that everyone had. His hair, his cheeks, his neck his stomach, his hands....his lips...

It was incredibly strange. They were just body part weren't they? Well, they were definitely softer when Light was asleep, when his eyes were not laced with hatred, his hands were not rigid and clenched and his lips were not twisted into a scowl... yes, when Light was unconscious, he looked almost friendly. Such a thought unnerved L; because Light was not friendly, not matter how good he pretended to be so. What unnerved him even more was the thought of a genuinely polite Light turned him off entirely; that was just plain wrong.

"Light-kun," L interrupted once more, not feeling sorry for it at all, "I know that you are awake. I feel we have something to discuss."

"*I'm not talking to you*," Light snarled, turning his head in the opposite direction of where L was sitting without opening his eyes.

"That quite alright," L acquiesced, "You need not speak, Light-kun, only listen."

Light didn't answer -childishly ignoring the other man.

"You are Kira, we both know this," L started, wiggling his toes, "You are guilty, and I have always thought so. You are not exempt from punishment because you believe you were right or because you wanted to believe you were God."

Light suppressed a snort. Of course not. He was going to die, finally. It was a bit delayed, of course, but that would be fine. Soon, he'd be free of the horrid memories that had plagued his mind from that very day, from the nightmares that haunted him like a ghost in the night, sending chills up his spine with every touch. Light held onto what little hope he had left.

"You are exempt from punishment merely because I say so," L finished the sentiment, causing Light's eyes to fly open against his will.

Light was speechless. What the hell was going on? Who was this and what had he done with the L was going to make sure he died? This couldn't be real -there was no way L would exclude him from getting justice, that just wasn't L. It wasn't what Light wanted L to be at the time, either. Selfishly, Light wanted the other L back.

"What that hell?" Light spat, trying to sit up to get a better look at the detective, but found that the restraints on his arms stopped him.

"Hm, it seems Light-kun's attempts at 'not talking to me' have not lasted three minutes," L mused, mockingly, "It seems his self restraint is weakening."

"Only when you say insane things like that, Ryuzaki," Light snarled, "Are you completely mental? Or is this some sort of joke?"

"This is no joke, Light-kun, but I do not know if I'm insane or not," L said thoughtfully, tapping his finger against his lips, "I have not gathered enough evidence to support the theory of my insanity, but enough people have been character witnesses that I'm sure I have enough basis for a case."

"I don't believe you're just going to let me go," Light sneered, ignoring the small attempt at humor, "That is not you, Ryuzaki."

"You are the second person to tell me that, Light-kun," L sigh, scooping up a piece of cake on a gingerly held fork and plopping it into his mouth, chewing and then speaking again, "Watari does not seem to fond of my choice, either."

"Who says I don't like your choice?"

"We both know, Light-kun, that your will to live is next to nonexistent," L replied, staring at Light, quite preoccupied with his mouth, for some reason, instead of the words coming out of it, "Would you like to talk about why?"

"Fuck you, bastard," Light snapped icily.

"Really, Light-kun, is such profanity really necessary?"

"Shut up."

"I was simply wondering if you were passed your stubbornness and ready to talk about what happened -"

"As far as you know, nothing fucking happened," Light hissed angrily, "Now, shut up and stop talking, L or I will find a way out of these restraints -and strangle you!"

"I highly doubt that, Light-kun," L responded, smirking.

Light didn't respond, and instead closed his eyes, which disappointed L. He liked Light's eyes, not matter how full of hate they were, how merciless. In fact, he liked most things about Light, physically. In fact, he liked some things too much. Like his lips. Which was, perhaps, why could not stop staring at them. And Light's hands. A normal size, but thin and pale and elegant. It was very strange for L to take such interest -an interest so strong is bordered on fascination -in something as normal as lips and hands.

They were just body parts, after all.

"When you fully recover, Light-kun, we will be boarding the helicopter. You will be treated as a prisoner at the time, for I cannot risk you getting away," L stated calmly, "It will take us to an air port, where a jet will take us somewhere else. Of course, you may not know the location of that place."

Light still didn't answer, didn't even shift in his feign sleep.

"Then, we will reach a place, there you will work for me, as a detective, using that mind of yours to correct what you've done," L said, and was about to continue before he was cut off, which greatly pleased him. Dormant lips where not as fun to stare at.

"I will do no such thing," Light snapped, "I won't work for you. I will not 'correct' what I've done, nor repent for something that I believe was right."

"Ah, I see, well, I suppose I cannot force you," L shrugged, uncaring, "You will do that, Light-kun, or nothing. Due to experience with this confinement, it is obvious that you easily grow bored. Solving cases will be your only source of entertainment."

L saw Light's lips twist slightly.

"Now, as I was saying, you will solve cases beside me, under an alias," L then pondered something, "Or perhaps you could use one of my many pseudonyms. Either way, I suppose. Yagami Light is dead to the world anyways."

Ah, yes, that had gotten Light's attention. L watched as the hands twitched at the words.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I arranged a body and death certificate to be made," L replied, knowing that Watari was taking care of the details as they spoke, "As far as the task force knows, you died yesterday, by spontaneous combustion. A death fit for Kira's notebook, I'm sure they'll find."

Light's fingers were rigid and his lips were pursed.

"As far as they know, Higuchi was Kira, and he got someone to right your name down in the Death Note you gave us, controlling you and making you kill more criminals and then admitting you are Kira," L explained, "Your father and mother will be proud to have a son who died for his cause."

"Leave me alone," Light whispered, feeling drugs work their way to his brain, clogging it and making him feel undeniably sleepy, "I don't... want to wake up to your face..."

Light suddenly relaxed without realizing it. The muscles in his hands loosened and his lips rested against each other, and then the drugs he'd been given to help with the pain in his head took effect, and he fell asleep. L sat, staring for quite some time at the flawless form of a human being in front of him. It was strange, this enthrallment... something that he couldn't name. Something... very different...

L's fork clattered to the ground

As a rule, L was not attracted to people.

That was not to say, of course, that he was a virgin. For he was not. He'd engaged in fornication a few times before, because he was human after all, no matter what a few of his enemies liked to believe. They were all women, though. Not because L was attracted to women -no, he was never attracted to people in general -but because it was a social norm.

Women and men had sex together. Women and men fell in love. The statistics were in the heterosexual favor, and so L had decided that he was most probably heterosexual, because he'd experienced no attraction to males that had proved otherwise.

Of course, as a rule as well, Light was always an exception.

He'd stumped L for so long with 'why' he was giving up on being Kira. L hadn't figured it out until it had been staring at him right in the face. And then, when it was proved that he was, in fact, Kira, L was deciding he didn't need to die. Just because he was Light, and L liked Light. Which brought him back to the predicament at hand. Liking Light.

It wasn't attraction -not exactly. It was just extreme interest. Why else would L find himself so engrossed in the tiniest, normal things Light did? With the normal body parts that every human being naturally had? It was a strange notion, and under different circumstances, L would have never considered it. Only, all the little symptoms pointed to that, and the further L thought about it, he decided that there was

an 88 percent chance that he was interested in more than just Light's friendship.

Which was why L stayed away from Light's room for the next few days. Not because Light had told him to -since, when had he ever listened to him before? -but because he had his own personal emotional turmoil to sort through at the moment. A problem that, for once, being around Light would only hinder its solution.

L was the most annoying person on the face of the planet.

The irritating man had the gall to practically stalk him for months at a time, even when Light protested against it, and now, the only time Light actually wanted him to be there, the idiot was absent! That was just like the detective really. To do exactly the opposite of what Light wanted him to.

Light only wanted L there for informational purposes, of course, and partly for entertainment. The only person he'd had contact with for that past few days was Watari, in brief episodes, and the man hadn't even talked. He'd even been somewhat hostile, flicking glares at him and 'accidentally' splashing water on him once. Every time he ate, Watari locked the door and stayed inside the room. Every time he used the restroom, he had to keep the door open, and Watari would stand directly outside of it, turned away.

At least Light had the comfort in knowing the old man was miserable as well.

He did not miss L. No, Light didn't miss people. People missed him. But L, no doubt, did not miss Light in the least. Which made Light angry. L was so annoyingly different, that Light liked it. And Light hated that he liked it.

For now though, he pushed thoughts of L aside. Instead he tried to focus on the fact that L was not going to kill him. His fist thought, at the time, had been 'What. The. Fuck?' and soon after, wonderful and

blatant denial. Then soon came anger -how the hell could Ryuzaki do this to him? How completely and utterly wrong was that! Back when his life had been the most important thing to him, L had shoved it in his face that Kira would die! Now that he wanted -no, needed -to die, the man was sparing him?

Then, after a few days of hoping that L would come back in the to room (just so Light could kick the smirk off his face) he'd calmed down. He stared straight ahead most of the time, when he wasn't sleeping, which he was -a lot. He talked as much as Watari did, which again, was not at all. Instead, he thought, had nightmares and flashbacks, and all in all, started spiraling into a large, black depression. It didn't show on his face, of course, for that was as stone hard as always.

He wanted to know when he was going to leave this place! This same old hospital room made him sick to his stomach. He was already back to eating solid foods again, he was absolutely fine. He wanted out of this infuriating room, out of the annoying restraints and out of this exhausting life.

Bust most of all, he wanted that exhausting, annoying and infuriating detective to get his ass back in the fucking room!

It was June 15th, and a summer storm was threatening to downpour on the mourners in the cemetery. There were many people standing around at grave just before it was to be lowered. Some where students, who'd really barely known Yagami Light, one was his 'girlfriend' Amane Misa, his ex 'girlfriend' Takada Kiyomi, and his family consisting of Yagami Soichiro, Sachiko and Sayu.

Soichiro stood, his dress shoes sinking into the soggy dirt beneath his feet, as he stared in awe at the form of his son's coffin hovering over a deep hole in the ground, only suspended there by a few ropes that were soon to lower the body forever to the soil. It seemed like a fake thing, like this couldn't really be happening. A scene in a movie perhaps, where the lines from others all consisted of 'If there's anything I can do...'.

Everyone was still, except Sayu, who shook furiously under the weight of her sobs, Sachiko hold her close to her bosom, soft tearful tremors passing through her as well. The sky was grayish blue, the water clogged clouds mixing with the blue of the sky. They'd only been standing there for about five minutes, but the family members felt that it was longer, the weight of the death of their perfect son and brother crushing them.

"I apologizing for my tardiness," said an easily recognizable voice, and Soichiro turned, tears glittering in his eyes.

"Ryuzaki," Soichiro breathed, "You came."

"Of course, Yagami-san," L nodded, in black baggy jeans and black, long-sleeved cotton shirt on instead of his normal white and blue attire. "Light-kun was an excellent member of the task force, and my friend."

Soichiro nodded and put his hand on his wife's shoulder, as she had turned her head to look at the stranger. Now she turned her body completely toward the man, whose appearance left much to be desired. She brought Sayu with her, and the younger, pretty girl looked at L confusedly.

"Sachiko, this is Ryuzaki," Soichiro introduced, "He... was a good friend of Light's. He did everything he could to -to help Light."

"It's a pleasure you meet you, Ryuzaki," Sachiko said, nodding, "I'm sure Light would appreciate your being here."

"Thank you," L replied, and looked at Sayu. The girl was pretty, in a young, cutesy way, and she wore a black dress and her hair down, hanging across her face. She was probably embarrassed with the redness of her eyes and nose; consequences of prolonged weeping. "Yagami Sayu, correct? Light-kun spoke of you fondly."

Sayu ducked her head and mumbled something L could guess was 'thanks', yanked herself away from her mother and ran away to the

other side of Light's grave. She nearly slipped on the wet grass several times. L remembered seeing them acting rather closely to each other when he'd been spying on them through the cameras in their home.

"I should go check on her," Sachiko said softly, excusing herself and slipping away, to comfort her daughter who had sat down under a tree.

"I'm sure 'I'm sorry' is quite cliché at this point, Yagami-san, but I don't know what else to say," L stated, quite uncomfortably. Soichiro smiled slightly.

"I understand, Ryuzaki, but really, you have nothing to be sorry for," Soichiro's fist clenched, "I'm just -so -so glad you were right. That he wasn't Kira. But at the same time... would he be alive if he were?"

"I've said before, Yagami-san, I would make sure Kira was put to death," L responded, tactful as always.

"Yes," Soichiro responded, defeated, "He... You're right."

There was a pause.

"Kira's death would probably be for the best."

L looked at the man's face, and saw that he knew something was out of place. That the body in the casket, black and shriveled up, was not his son. But L knew it was only a nudge at the older man's mind. That there was no evidence to prove it. That Olliver's body was practically identical to Light's, under the charred skin, and that Watari had arranged several doctors to inform Yagami-san that yes, this was his son.

"But that doesn't make me love my son any less," Soichiro's breath hitch, "My son... was... my son. Brilliant, wasn't he? I'm sure, wherever he is, he's being taken care of."

Soichiro looked at the sky, and then at L, and then sighed when the detective said nothing.

"Are you coming to the memorial?" Light's father inquired.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I apologize, Yagami-san, but I'm very busy," L explained lamely, and Soichiro stared at him for a moment before nodding.

"Yes, I suppose you would be," Soichiro agreed.

"In fact, I should be leaving now," L said, shoving his hands into his pockets, and deciding he'd been in shoes much too long for his liking, "Watari and I will be leaving the country today. There is no longer a reason for us to stay in Japan."

"I don't suppose you can tell me where you're going?"

"You would suppose correctly, Yagami-san."

L stood there for another second before beginning to walk away, back toward the road where Watari was awaiting him in the limo. Soichiro spoke again, causing L to pause and twist his head back to look at the man.

"I enjoyed working with you, Ryuzaki," Soichiro told him softly, "Will I ever see you again?"

L saw, in Soichiro's eyes, a large amount of hope. Perhaps that doubt he had that his son was really dead was overpowering him, causing him to cling to the only person who would truly know. Soichiro was looking at him expectantly, perhaps hoping L would nod and wink, hinting that just a visit to him would provide him with access to Light. But L knew that no one outside Watari and himself could know of what he was doing.

"No, Yagami-san, I'm afraid you won't."

As L walked back to the limo, he considered what Soichiro had said; Kira's death would probably be for the best. It was a provocative statement, bringing up a question that L had been asking himself ever since he'd wrote that email to Olliver. Was he doing the right thing by saving Light? Was that really justice?

In the end, L decided, Light's death would probably be for the best. For the rest of the world, anyway.

Well then, it was a good thing he didn't really give a damn about the rest of the world.

"Why the hell are you wearing all black?"

Light nearly cursed himself for asking such an unnecessary question. He'd been waiting for days for Ryuzaki to return, to ask him several questions about what was going to happen to him, if not death, and when the man finally arrived, he asked him about the clothes he was wearing. Really. Light felt like smacking himself, but the restraints on his wrists stopped him from doing so.

L looked at Light, blinked and then answered, "I was attending your funeral."

That was possibly the strangest answer anyone had ever given Light. His funeral -he hadn't thought that would happen so soon. But then, it had been over a week since L had informed him that he was dead to the world.

"I want to ask you some questions," Light said, and L nodded.

"I assumed you would," L answered, "But we will be going to the helicopter soon, and then boarding a plane. I suggest you wait until you've awoken."

"Awoken?" Light repeated, "No way, Ryuzaki! You are not knocking me out!"

"Watari is brining the anesthetic as we speak, Light-kun."

"No! I absolutely refuse!"

The door opened and Watari came in, a plastic mask to put on Light's mouth and gas tank in hand. Watari bent down to hook up the gas tank to the computer and plug it into the wall. Light scowled and continued protesting.

"This is completely pointless! Why knock me out? You can just handcuff me or something! Don't do this!"

"You may escape if you are not unconscious, Light-kun," L explained easily.

He did not look at Light, and instead focused on Watari as he hooked up the gas tank. He was pretty much done now. Watari turned the knob and grabbed Light's chin, holding the boy's head in place as he put the mask over his face. Light struggled, and his wrists burned as they pulled furiously against the restraints. Then Light held his breath.

L saw the action and couldn't help but find himself amused with it. Light, in all his self-proclaimed wisdom, was still just as childish as L.

Eventually, Light could hold his breath no longer, and his world went dark after several minutes of swirling color.

When Light awoke, he was nauseas. He'd never gone under anesthesia before, and his stomach turned at the thought of it. Stupid Ryuzaki and his stupid assistant. Light opened his eyes, to first see that L was sitting across from him, staring at him quite intently, as usual. Then he found the he was in a room, with small round windows, and each of the seats had seat belts in them.

An airplane.

The windows where shaded, Light's feet where on the floor, and his wrists were once again tied to the armrests with some sort of leather fabric. Wonderful. And did he mention L was staring at him again? His thumb in his mouth, his eyes black and wide and his knees curled up in front of his chest...

"Light-kun, how are you feeling?" the detective inquired.

"Fuck you."

"I see."

"How long has it been?" Light asked, sitting up straight and turning his neck to the side to get rid of a crick in it.

"Two hours, Light-kun," L responded, still staring. What the fuck was his problem?

"Damn it, Ryuzaki, that was completely unnecessary!" Light ranted, "How was I going to get away with my arms strapped down? You could have strapped my legs down too, and maybe even blindfolded me! There was no reason to render me unconscious."

"I disagree."

"You're impossible."

"I hate to sound like a broken record, Light-kun, but I disagree."

"Oh, you do, do you? And what, exactly, makes you possible? Your charm?" Light scoffed, "Please."

"Ah, no, I'm afraid it isn't my charm, for I've been told several times that I possess none," L replied evenly, "Perhaps that is Light-kun's."

Light scowled, "How flattering."

"I'm merely stating the truth," L shrugged, gnawing at his thumb furiously, eyes never leaving Light's face for a second, "Light-kun has a way of getting a 'yes' without having asked a clear question."

"Is that another quote, L?"

"You've caught me."

Light paused, contemplated where this conversation was going, and decided it was much too tame for his liking. There was no thrill in this conversation. L was complimenting him, and god knows Light loved being complimented, but he knew that the words were false. L didn't accolade people. Instead he looked at the window intensely, trying not to feel those wide eyes burning into him, and Light gazed as thought attempting to see through the barrier and to the clouds beyond it.

"Where are we going?"

"That is a superfluous question, Light-kun, you know I cannot tell you."

"Why not?" Light asked, just to be juvenile.

"Because you are a merciless, brilliant, semi-suicidal mass murderer."

Light's eyes flashed dangerously, "You -you're infuriating! How dare you do whatever you like? You are the most arrogant, condescending person I have ever met in my entire life!"

"Besides yourself, you mean."

"Argh!" Light cried, exasperated, "You are so irritating! I hate you, do you know that? Absolutely hate you! Yes, I'm a mass murderer, but even if I wasn't, and you weren't a detective, I'd still hate you! I can't believe you -"

L kept his eyes on Light, even during the man's tirade. He'd been staring for a while, it was true, and he knew by the uncomfortable way Light had looked away that the man had noticed, and did not approve. But then, L really didn't really care. He liked staring at Light, and more importantly, at Light's mouth. His lips.

L wondered, according to the elegant way they moved when he talked, if Light would be a good kisser. He wondered, by the way Light sometimes licked his lips, if they would taste good. Maybe even sweet, like chocolate. No, more like strawberries. Yes, definitely more similar to strawberries, L deduced., before realizing that Light hadn't eaten anything sweet recently, and so the idea that he'd taste sweet naturally was preposterous.

He had only half listened to what Light was saying, and instead, shamelessly ogled the boy.

When L provoked him, Light's eyes had flashed with passion. L liked to see that in him, because for one, Light had the tendency to look numb a lot of the time, recently. Secondly, when Light was angry, and his eyes lit up, there was something almost majestic about the expression. It was interesting and... it make L wonder about what kissing Light would be like.

And then, L decided that he really needed to try.

For if he didn't, his curiosity would never cease to tickle the back of his mind. And so, quite boldly, L leaned forward and pressed his lips to Light's, who had still been talking about how much L annoyed him.

Light's lips where soft and warm, which L found quite strange, because the rest of Light was hard and cold. It was odd, but not displeasing. He sensed the younger man tense up in surprised -and probably something more -he was a rape victim after all. L took up everything about the kiss, including the closeness of Light's face to his own, and how pleasant it was. Including the almost sweet taste of Light's lips and the wide brown eyes staring back into his in shock.

No -it wasn't *sweet* exactly. It was just Light. A natural flavor, and L could almost taste the power on his tongue.

Finally, after more than ten long seconds, L pulled back and spoke.

"Hm. I quite enjoyed that," He mused to himself.

Bam! Light head had connected to his own harshly, causing L to be thrown backward into his chair sloppily, and then fall to the floor because of his poor posture. He looked up at Light, whose wrists were still strapped to the arms of the seat, and saw his once surprised eyes had transformed into intense fury. Well, L thought, that might have been an obvious reaction to consider.

"What the hell - what the *hell* do you think you're *doing*? " Light snarled, his voice growing louder, "Get away from me! Don't fucking *touch* me! Don't you dare touch me again! Get away from me! "

L blinked, and then complied.

Watari didn't ask why L had been kicked out of the main seating area of his own jet, nor why the detective had listened to the captive. He just flew the plane, and watched L secretly out of the corner of his eye, where the younger man sat in the co-pilot's seat, hunched up and without a seat belt. L seemed to be contemplating, and Watari thought he could see something in his ward's eyes akin to guilt.

Something Watari hadn't seen L feel many times before.

L contemplated Light's reaction, and decided that *perhaps* he should have thought more about how Light would feel about it. And taking into account that Light was - well, what his history was, perhaps L really, *really* shouldn't have done it. Of course, being a selfish and immature being, L had only taken his wants into account. It was his way.

L knew he had to confront Light about this new desire. Now that he he'd gone and kissed him, it was possible Light already knew L felt

that way, but Light was a suspicious and paranoid person. Perhaps he would think it was a trick. Or, thanks to the assault, Light might even think L was the same as Akitoshi. Which was *not* the case.

Well, then, he'd have to come out and say it then, to prevent Light from jumping to conclusions that would send him further down the path to self destruction. So, after quite a few hours of thinking, L stood, walked back into the main area of the plain, and then walked over to the chair that was conveniently placed directly in front of Light's. He pulled up his feet, but the boy did not stop glaring at the wall.

"Light-kun," Ryuzaki started, "It has come to my attention that perhaps kissing you without consent was not the best idea."

" *Wonderful revelation, Ryuzaki,* " Light hissed.

"You see, Light-kun, I've come to realize that I have developed more than platonic feelings for you," L explained, which caused Light's eyes to rip away from the wall and to look at him in surprise.

"I knew that I cared for you as a friend, and did not want you to die but over the past couple of weeks I've been noticing something more," L paused, thinking for a moment, and then continued, "The kiss was a test, for myself, to evaluate whether or not I am truly attracted to you."

Light's lips twisted slightly and his eyebrow raised, barely visible beneath his bangs.

"It seems that the result was positive -meaning that in addition to being emotionally attached to you, I am physically attracted to you as well."

There was silence at that. L watched Light's face, which was stone hard and stoic, like it was much of the time. He was thinking, hard, and L wondered what he would say to this. It was certainly new, and L wondered if being raped by a man had made Light afraid of

homosexuals, or just males in general. But then, the thought of Light being genuinely scared of people that had done him no harm personally didn't seem like the young man.

Finally, Light parted his lips, (lips which L clearly remembered kissing), and spoke.

"I really don't care how you feel about me, Ryuzaki," Light stated at last, "My feelings for you are, always have been and always will be, *hatred and loathing*. "

A pause.

" *And that won't change* ."

After a couple of moments of silence, L nodded.

"I had a feeling."

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fourteen

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it, he is superior. - Francis Bacon

The next time Light woke up, he was in a bed once more. This time, however, he was not strapped down. He sat up, rubbing his head, his mind fuzzy due to -what he supposed -was more anesthesia forced on him when he was sleeping. He looked around the room, noting it's rather large size; nearly three times that of his old bedroom. There was a fire roaring in a fireplace on the other side of the room, and near there was a door.

He wasn't stupid enough to suppose that the said door was open, so he didn't even get up to check. Instead, he took other things in. Like the fact that there was a window in this room -and it was the first time he'd seen the outside world since his 23-day confinement, and that he was now wearing silky pajama's, not the clothes he knew he'd fallen asleep in. Which meant some else had changed him. That someone else had undressed him...

Light felt every muscle in his body constrict, but his pupils widened and for a long few second, he merely sat there, staring at the fire.

Because -If L has done it... If L had undressed him... the pervert. The idiot. Light remembered the day before, or rather, what he thought was the day before, when L had informed him of his 'physical attraction' to him. Please! What ignoramus said things like that? Even if it was true, Ratio was a man, and L was a man and Light did not like men.

Hell, he didn't like people.

Man or woman. He was anti-social and, thanks to a certain rapist, sure that he would be anti-sexual and anti-romantic as well. Especially not with Ryuzaki. Light hated Ryuzaki, and he was pretty sure he'd made that perfectly clear. He was not flattered, he was not gay and he was not interested.

The only thing he wanted to do to L was, perhaps, run a stake through his heart.

Certainly not kiss him.

After a few hours of roaming the room, looking in the closet and sitting by the fireplace, a jingle sounded by the door. Light stood up and readied himself for the appearance of L's pompous face, but it didn't come. And instead, the jingling continued, and a few clinks. After a couple moments, Light realized that the person outside the door was picking the lock, and therefore, it could not be L.

L would have a key to his own room.

After another few seconds, the door made a soft click and a teenage girl, only a few years younger than Light walked into the room. The blonde girl narrowed her eyes at Light, looked him up and down, scowled and then put her hands on her hips.

"What's so special about you?"

Light blinked, not expecting the words to be spoken in English. He adjusted.

The voice was not that of a girl's. Deeper, rougher. Light reconsidered and eyed the boy in front of him. Yes, he could see it a bit now. Definitely a boy, a feminine one, but a boy nonetheless. Light ran the words through his mind; what's so special about you? His first impulsive thought was that he was a God. That he was more intelligent than L and everyone else, especially some snotty little girly boy. But then he remembered that he was now caught, due to his

own retirement, and that at the moment, there was nothing special about him.

And yet, and he was still better than everyone else. Of course.

"I could ask the same of you," Light snarled, in English as well, matching the boy's facial expression. The boy frowned and then shrugged, entering the room, closing the door behind him and then jumping onto the couch. He settled his boot-clad feet on the coffee table.

"I'm only L's successor," the boy answered, proudly, making Light internally raise an eyebrow. L's successor? What was he doing there? Where was there?

"Where are we?" Light asked casually, sitting down on the chair in front of the couch, and looking at the boy. Perhaps he could get some answers from this kid...

The boy looked at Light calculatingly, and then snorted.

"Please, if L didn't tell you, then he's got a reason for you to not know," the boy said, shaking his head, "I'm not an idiot, you know. L's successor. Don't fucking forget it."

Not an idiot. A shame really. Light was hoping to fool someone. Ah well, there was no harm in trying anyway really, he had nothing else to -

"Mello," came a voice as the door slammed open. Watari walked into the room, his brow creased with anger, "What did I tell you? L had something very important in this room, and to not to mess with it, did I not? And what do you do?"

"Mess with it, of course," the boy -Mello, Light recalled -smirked at Watari. "What else do you expect?"

"Obedience," Watari growled, "Now, out with you. And don't go running to tell Matt of your little escapade, either."

"You know I will," Mello shrugged, hopping up and starting to strut away before turning back to Light and pursing his lips, "Still don't see what's so 'important' about this guy."

"Leave," Watari ordered, and Mello was gone a second later. Watari frowned at Light and then said, turning away, "L will be in shortly. And that door is not your only obstacle to get out of here, so I don't suggest assuming that a picked lock will be the ticket to your freedom."

"I'd never think of it," Light said sarcastically.

Watari left as well. Strange as it seemed, talking to 'Mello' was the highlight of Light's day. No matter how short or bitter it had been, it had still been interaction. The boy reminded him of L especially in the eyes, although the boy looked at him the way L used to look at him. Calculating. Analyzing. Not with that abnormal interest -that attraction -L claimed to have for him.

How unnerving it was. Now that Light thought about it, he could almost still taste of cake on his lips from when L had kissed him. Ugh.

What the hell had possessed the bastard to do that anyway? Light wished he hadn't been strapped down. He would have hit him more than just a lousy head butt. Maybe he'd sock the detective again, for good measure, once he came in...

"So you met Mello," came L's voice as the door opened. Light didn't look up, but just continued staring into the fire, "That is unfortunate. At least he did not confide anything in you."

"Camera's in here too?" Light guessed.

"Of course."

Light considered something, and then decided to speak his mind, "Mello is your successor?"

"Did he tell you that?" a small smile graced L's lips.

"As if you don't know, voyeur," Light snapped, not pleased that the man was smiling at him. L's smile dropped, and that made Light feel more comfortable.

"I'm not a voyeur, Light-kun," L defended himself lightly, hopping on the couch, where Mello had been sitting, in his crouching position. Crouching. It seemed like L was preparing to pounce. On Light. That was crazy, but... Light wouldn't put it past the detective... and if he tried anything like on the plane he'd kick his scrawny-

"Light-kun, he is not my heir," L replied, nibbling at his thumb, "There are quite a few people in the running for the title 'L'. He is one of them, and quite over confident, although he is not the best."

"I see," Light nodded, looking back into the fire, "Are we staying here?"

"No," L responded, "We're staying here for only a few days, getting a few things together, and then we are leaving again."

"More anesthesia."

"I'm afraid so."

"Well then, what am I supposed to do?" Light sighed, crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair. It was hard to get comfortable when L was around, especially when L had kissed him the day before. The bastard.

"What would Light-kun like to do?"

"Kill you."

"Ah. That cannot be arranged."

"I certainly don't want to spend all my time with you."

"Then I cannot help you. You are my prisoner after all."

Light frowned and said nothing, quite uncomfortable. What was Ryuzaki planning? Was he planning anything? Why was he acting so... normal? Well, Light supposed he should appreciate that. He wouldn't want L to act like some love-sick puppy -that would just be disgusting and not to mention annoying. Not that L wasn't annoying every other second of the day...

"Would Light-kun like some cake?" L asked, cocking his head.

"No," Light replied shortly, and then asked, "Is there a bathroom? I want to shower."

L paused slightly, before nodding.

"I will escort you there."

Ryuku was bored.

Misa, for the last month or so, had been keeping him entertained, but at the news of Light's 'death' she'd been too preoccupied with sobbing in her room and the phone calls from her agent making sure she hadn't killed herself. Light, dead? What a laugh! As if Ryuk would let that happen. This fake death meant Light was up to something interesting. What fun!

Now, if only Ryuk could find him...

Shove. Hands. "No.". Cold. Pain. "Aaaahhh!"

Light awoke, gasping for breath. He wrapped the blankets around himself more tightly, for some reason thinking they would save him. He grabbed on tightly to the mattress to stop his trembling. To tell himself that Akitoshi wasn't there, that it wasn't that night and he safe.

"Light-kun, are you all right?"

L and his stupid, stupid concern. Of course he was all right! He was Light. Nightmares wouldn't bring him down. Light gritted his teeth and answered.

"Shut up, L."

"I was merely inquiring as to Light-kun's state of -"

"I'm fine," Light hissed irritably, "Shut up."

Yes, that was L, sleeping in the same bed with him again. Was that really necessary at this point? Of course it wasn't. That was just L, plus his 'attraction' equaling him sleeping in the same bed with Light. Peachy. They detective lay beside him, still and curled up into a ball, and Light was tuned away from him, but could feel the intensity of those eyes on him.

He couldn't sleep anymore, anyway. Light sat up, threw his legs over the side of the bed and he rubbed his eyes. The fire was out, the place completely dark, and Light's tired eyes adjusted to the absence of light in the room slowly. He looked over, and was sleeping, or at least, pretending to be. Light didn't know if he liked L more when he was sleeping, or if he hated him, because he liked him more when he was sleeping..

Light wrinkled his nose and stepped off the bed easily, his bare feet landing on the floor with silence grace. He headed over to the couch. The night before, he'd fallen asleep without L there, and had woken up with L beside him. Had the man no boundaries?

Light remember the kiss, and decided that no, L didn't.

L was indeed pretending to sleep. It wasn't as if he were tired and couldn't fall asleep, but merely because he wanted to spy on Light. Because having a fiasco like what had happened earlier that day was not going to happen again. But on the other hand, perhaps

having Mello meet Light wasn't such a bad thing. It certainly couldn't hurt, anyway. Mello was so open with how he felt -all the time, and Light... wasn't. Ever.

Perhaps being around Mello would rub off on him. Maybe that would help Light open up about the rape... although, once again, there was less than a 3 percent chance of that happening. Once again, it couldn't hurt. Right? Hm. Maybe. L would consider it more later, reflect on whether or not he wanted to share his criminal with the likes of Mello.

"Hey, Matt! Where the hell where you today?" Mello demanded jumping onto the top bunk of Matt's bed, where the boy was playing a game on his PSP fervently. He chewed on the last piece of his chocolate bar, the brown sweet pressed in between his lips tightly.

Matt looked up at Mello through his goggles and smirked softly, "If anyone asks, I was here, okay?"

"Damn, man, what'd you do?" Mello grinned ferally and Matt just shrugged in response.

"Anything good happen in my absence?" Matt asked, pressing quite a few buttons in a fast succession, "Eat that, demons!"

"Remember how L showed up last night?" Mello continued without waiting for an answer; he knew Matt remembered, "And how Watari said something important was in room 118?"

Matt looked up, "You didn't."

"I did."

"You sneaky son of bitch."

"Thank you," Mello chuckled, sitting back with his chin up, proud of himself. "I made it pass them and everything. Picked the lock so fast I was in the room for ten minutes before they pulled me out."

"So, what was -I'll tear you apart with my sword, you fucker! -in there?" Matt asked, in the middle of what Mello assumed was killing something with two or three heads. He had long since gotten used to understanding Matt in between the constant shouts of profanity and death threats.

"Some guy," Mello said thoughtfully, "Seemed pretty smart, I guess, kind of... I don't know, strange. Why's he so important to L?"

Matt shrugged once again, "Maybe he's more competition for us?"

"Hell no!" Mello snarled, "Man, I swear, Near's bad enough! I don't want some other guy up for the prize too! Although if he was, I'd kick his skinny ass!"

"You're skinny too," Matt point out, "Ha! In your face, asswipe!"

"Not the point," Mello sighed, "I don't know. It was weird. It's possible he's more competition. He sort of... reminded me of L... except different. But the same."

"That's oxymoronic."

"I know, but it's fucking true," Mello crossed his arms, "His eyes....I don't know. You're more into that shit than I am. But... hey, why do you come with me tomorrow? You'll get to see him, and you'll see what I mean."

"Eh....you're -gah! You won't do that twice, slime! -going to do it again?" Matt asked, raising an eyebrow and flicking his eyes over to Mello's shortly before returning them to the screen.

"Hell yes, you think I'd actually listen to Watari?" Mello scoffed, "Please, since when have I ever done what that geezer said? What have you? No effing way. I'm going to see him again. Find out why L's so intent on keeping him 'secret'. "

"Secret? He told everyone he was keeping something in there."

"Yeah, but if he didn't want keep him a secret then -" Mello was cut off by Matt growling 'I'll eat you for brunch, bitches!' " -then he would of told us who it was, why he was important, and at least that it was a person. You know, to sate our curiosity."

"Our curiosity? You mean yours."

"Whatever," Mello shrugged, "So, you coming tomorrow?"

"Sure -Damn it! I'll annihilate you, bastard! -why not? When?"

"Math class. Barely anyone goes to it anyways," Mello said.

"What's his name?"

"Huh?"

"Mystery dude. What's his name?"

"Uh... I didn't get it. I must have forgot," Mello said, blinking.

"Holy fuck! What a stupid move!"

"Matt, stop talking to that fucking game."

"I wasn't that time."

Light stayed in the shower that morning as long as possible, just to annoy the pants off L. And because he needed to get clean. But the former was slightly more gratifying, seeing as he hadn't forgiven L for that little smooch the other day. How disgusting. Light dressed in a clean outfit and stepped outside, the cold air hitting him in the face in contrast to the hot steam in the bathroom.

L was still standing there, bored at he stared up at the ceiling. Light frowned, and walked past him, in the opposite direction of the room he was supposed to go back to.

"Light-kun," L called, "You are going the wrong way."

"I know," Light answered shortly.

"Light-kun, if you do not return I will have to bring you by force," L warned, and yet Light kept walking. L sighed and went after him -

-only to be punched in the face when he was close enough. L caught himself on the floor with his hands, and pushed himself upward and back onto his feet. And then Light kicked him in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him and making him pause. L felt the collar of his shirt being grabbed and yanked L up to his eye level. L felt his back crack slightly as he was forced to stand up straight. Light's eyes glared passionately at him.

Fury. L loved the pure rage shown in Light's eyes. Light hated this, being kept against his will, alone. Out of control. Defenseless. Exposed. Almost... weak. But strong because of the obvious weakness. Overcompensation. To any other person, Light would seem hard, uncaring, aloof and nearly cruel, but L could see the frailness behind the façade of apathy.

"Our current proximity is interesting. Has Light-kun reconsidered kissing me?" L inquired, causing Light's eyes to widen and for him to shove L away furiously.

"Bastard!" Light snarled, lunging at L again and punching the detective once more in the face.

L countered with a kick to the ribs, but Light caught L's foot and twisted, causing L to spin in the air and land on his back. Light smirked evilly as he peered down at his opponent, his eyes narrow underneath his hair.

"You don't say things like that to me," Light sneered, lifting up his foot and preparing to stomp it straight into L's stomach. "You can't get away with that just because you're you, L."

L grabbed Light's ankle and yanked, sending Light off balance and onto the floor next to him. With a grunt, Light landed on the floor, but

quickly regained his footing -but not before L did. He felt L's foot hit him in the chin, causing his teeth to smash into his bottom lip, breaking the skin there. Light once again swung a fist at L, which was caught, and he through another punch with his other hand, and L's other hand closed around his other balled hand as well.

"You cannot get away with anything you like just because you believe you're special, Light-kun," L replied to Light's earlier comment.

"And you don't think I'm special?" Light spat, struggling against the hands that held his fists from making any more punches. He supposed he'd have to kick soon... "As if you would protect a criminal that you didn't think was special!"

Slam. Right the in the stomach. Light's knee connected with L's stomach, causing the detective to lurch forward and let go o Light's hands. L, even out of breath, managed to get Light in his shin, making Light start to fall backwards. L caught him by the fabric of his shirt and pulled his up, his arm cocked back, ready to swing. L launched his arm forward, toward Light's perfect little face -

-and then he stopped.

He took in the bruise already forming on Light's cheek. It would he gone in little more than a few days, it was that shallow. There was line of blood trickling from Light's lip to his chin and even leaking down his neck. Light's eyes where alight with that enthusiastic ferocity that L liked seeing. Once again, L felt an overwhelming desire to kiss Light. Then, he noticed that his attraction to Light had ruined a perfectly good fight.

Damn, this desirability Light had was bothersome sometimes.

"Why'd he stop?" came a voice.

"He was about to plain clock him, wasn't he?" came a separate voice.

"Dunno, pretty-boy looked pretty mad. I think he'd get him first," the first voice again.

Both Light and L looked over that the origin of the voices, and Light recognized one of them to be the boy from the day before. Mello. The other was a brunette boy, with a gameboy-ish device in his hands and goggles on his face. They made a peculiar looking pair. But Light doubted L and himself looked any more normal.

"Mello," L frowned, letting go of Light's shirt, letting them both disentangle themselves from each other. "How long have you been here?"

"Since the whole 'you wouldn't protect a criminal you didn't think was special' line," the blond boy answered. Light once again had to get used to the English they were both speaking. "So that's what this is about, huh?"

"Mello, I believe Watari informed you to stay away," L replied, returning to the hunched position he'd been forced to abandon during the fight.

"You guys were fighting the hallway," Matt pointed out lazily, "That's asking for an audience, you know."

"So your reason for your visit to this hall -which I know none of your classes are located -was not for attempting to sneak into the room again?" L already knew the answer.

"No contest," Mello smirked.

"I plead the fifth," Matt replied.

"I think you should plead insanity, instead, Matt" Mello said, looking over at Matt, "It'll be easier for your attorney to prove."

"If we were in my PSP, you'd be dust," Matt retorted, and then focused his attention on Light, "So you're a criminal. That's why

you're so 'important'? I don't see why. We've met Wedy and Aiber."

"He is not the helpful type of criminal," L responded. "He is under lockdown, under my observation."

"He's highly dangerous," Mello guessed, lips quirking.

Light smiled maliciously -this was the perfect way to get L back.

"I am Kira," Light said suddenly, clearly, his voice ringing in the hallway. Mello's head snapped toward him and Matt's eyes widened beneath his goggles. Light enjoyed seeing L stiffen at the confession. Ha! Take that, L! How will your precious successors feel when they find out your guarding Kira, hm?

With that, Light turned on his heel and walked back into room 118, quite satisfied.

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Fifteen

"So why do you think L's protecting Kira?" Mello inquired, licking a bit of stray chocolate off his chin, "Doesn't seem like him, right?"

"No, it doesn't," Matt agreed, listening to the opening music of the game as he continued, "But, I mean, I can guess why."

"Really? Fucker, I can't think of any reason."

"Didn't you see the way L looked that the guy?"

"Looked at him? No."

"Stupid. He paused in mid-punch to *stare* at him."

"Right," Mello paused, "Still don't get it. What does that have to do with why he's protecting Kira? L went easy on him in a fight, so what?"

"You're clueless," Matt scoffed, "L's got the hots for him."

There was a rather long silence before Mello jump up onto his feet, nearly hitting his head on the frame of the top bunk, completely outraged.

"What the hell?" Mello snarled, "You're saying - are you *serious* !? Is that really something you expect me to believe?"

"You're getting too worked up over this."

"Now you sound like effing *Near*. "

"For what it's worth," Matt kept on easily, "Kira doesn't like him back. Obviously. The look in his eyes... he doesn't like L. At all. I mean, if he did, he'd have to be pretty good at hiding it.

"You -"

Mello stopped himself when the doorknob began to twist with a small click and then the door opened. Mello and Matt looked at the source and Mello sneered. A short, white haired boy in silky pajamas and sock stood in the doorway, large eyes directed analytically at them both.

After a couple moments, the boy spoke, "I heard yelling."

It was in that monotonous, droning voice that irked Mello to pieces.

"You eavesdropping little shit," Mello sneered furiously.

"I heard you talking about Kira," Near said easily, ignoring Mello's endless glaring.

"None of your -"

"L's keeping him here," Matt told him, before Mello could finish, "Kira is the thing he's keeping locked up in room 118."

"I see," Near showed no surprise on his face, bland and stoic as always. "There is a very low percent chance that is true."

"What the hell, Matt!?" Mello snarled, "Why tell Near?"

"I told him because he might have an idea," Matt shrugged, uncaring that Mello was glaring at Near so heatedly it wouldn't be a surprise if their room caught fire, "He's smart, even if -Oh know you didn't! I'll crush you, toad! -you don't want to admit it, Mello. Any idea's, Near?"

Matt effortlessly ignored Mello's plight.

"No," Near shrugged, "Perhaps this is a halfway stop between Japan and the execution facility."

"Hm," Matt nodded, pausing the game to look up at the ceiling.
"Maybe. "

Near left soon after, leaving a steaming Mello and a cursing (at his game) Matt in his wake. After a few minutes, Matt looked up, waiting for something to load, and gazed at Mello, who had seated himself on his bed again and was eating his chocolate bar enthusiastically while he scrolled through a computer article with his free hand.

Mello met Matt's stare when he noticed it.

"We're gonna see Kira again, right?"

"Well, duh."

L sat in a computer chair, typing on his computer, his spindly fingers tapping on the keys rapidly and he fiddled with his toes. Light was sleeping, no doubt, in the bed behind him, curled up in that protective position that he would never admit he slept in. L, for a moment, wondered why he wasn't watching Light sleep, like he always did. It was a rather habitual thing for him now; Light's sleeping face was so captivating.

Just as he was about to turn toward the bed to watch Light's slumber, the back of his chair was grabbed and he was whipped around. His fingers were snatched away from his laptop and he looked at the person. It was Light, hovering over him, each hand on one of the arms of the computer chair on either side of L, trapping him somewhat.

"Light-kun," L said slowly, blinking his eyes slowly. "What are you doing awake so early? Did Light-kun have another nightm -?"

"Shut up, L," Light snarled, and then quite suddenly crashed his lips upon L's.

"Hnn!" L was able to grunt before falling to the floor, Light on top of him. The kiss tasted exactly the same as before. Which L found to be slightly strange. Light's mouth should taste vaguely different, considering food and drink that were ingested.

At the moment, though, he was enjoying himself too much to care. He grabbed Light around the waist and flipped them over so that Light was underneath him, but he did not break the lip contact. Instead, he deepened it, slipping his tongue into Light's mouth, but found that it tasted no different. Once again, rather strange and unrealistic. As was Light initiating a kiss, when he clearly abhorred L with a passion.

Light grabbed onto L, his nail digging into L's back in an attempt to bring him closer. He lifted his hips to make them clash -and L knew, with that last little glimpse of impracticality, that this was most definitely a dream.

And with that revelation, L woke up.

L was awake for several seconds before he actually opened his eyes. When he did so, he found that he had migrated across the bed, very close to Light. His knees were touching the small of Light's back and his nose was brushing against Light's neck. It was a wonder that the boy hadn't awoken due to the contact yet.

The detective calculated the pros and cons of staying in that position until Light awoke, and eventually decided to move back. He still had bruises from the fight the day before, that Mello and Matt had so purposely found by accident. L sat up, pulled his knees up to his chest and contemplated the dream.

He had never had one of those dreams before. When he had ever felt aroused he'd gotten Watari to arrange a date between him and a certain woman that would remain unnamed, who was always up for

anything. It was a strange operation, and slightly embarrassing, but it was remote and had only happened three times before. And never had L had a wet dream concerning those interactions, or fantasy ones.

Light's sleeping form twitched and rolled over, turning toward L in a way that the detective was surely taunting him, those lips parting just so... Yes, L could not deny a strong physical attraction to Light, but what he was attracted to even more was the boy's mind. It was more vast than his own, perhaps more creative, by god the young man was so damn smart. L was sure, had Light not had a recent misgiving and retired from his occupation as Kira, then L would most certainly have lost to such a brilliant mind.

L would have died.

Therefore....it was really thanks to Akitoshi that L was alive. But what was strange to L was that, even though he very much valued his life, he would have traded one for the other, if given the chance. L couldn't help but let his lips twist slightly in the dark - how completely stupid was that? Thinking of 'what if's? Completely futile.

However, L did admit that this attraction was quite sudden. Why was this so different from a month ago? Was it different at all? Was it just because he'd admitted to these 'feelings' and so he was now just realizing the physical attraction, and really it had always been there? That made the most sense, although hated to think that he could have actually not noticed something.

"No," Light breathed from the spot next to him. He twisted under the covers and sweat broke out across his forehead and his skin blanched. " No ."

L hated this. This was completely wrong. He felt something inside himself at the thought of those nightmares. Probably because he held Light in such high regard. Light was Light, he was perfection, he was the person who had come so close to actually becoming a God and -and -people like that just didn't get raped. Logically, there was

always a chance it could happen to a person. But it sparked a raw emotion in L that he supposed might be fury; which was quite strange for L, whose emotions were dulled due to the fact that they were somewhat worthless.

Light jerked awake with a start, froze and then relaxed, and then groaned when he saw L sitting next to him. L found that quite amusing, and he managed to push his previously morbid thoughts out of his mind and focus on this Light. Because they were leaving later on that day. He wouldn't tell Light where they were going until he was safely in the building, with the large amount of security making sure he couldn't get out.

L may have cared for Light, but Light was still Kira.

"Do you ever sleep?" Light snapped groggily, sitting up and running a hand through his hair and L watched it fall perfectly into place.

"Yes, Light-kun," L replied, because yes, he did sleep, and that was proved by the rather odd dream he'd had only around an hour ago. Light didn't say anything more, and so L decided to take control of the conversation. "We're leaving later on today."

"Hm," Light nodded, nonplussed, "Anesthesia then."

"Yes," L affirmed, "We will leave at approximately 7 p.m. tonight. It is currently 6:25 a.m. Is there anything you'd like?"

"No," Light said shortly, climbing out of the bed, "On second thought, yes."

L had a feeling he knew what it was.

"A shower."

Yes. Yes, of course.

Matt and Mello crept along the hall quietly, poor Mello having to leave his boots behind; they'd make too much noise. They had hacked into the school's camera system and been watching since three in the morning. To their surprise, they'd actually seen L sleep for about an hour. An event they'd thought impossible.

They'd seen them sleep in the same bed (which, Matt said, proved his theory even more) and saw L nearly snuggle Kira in his sleep. How completely odd. Then Kira had had what appeared to be a nightmare -how funny that a mass murderer of such proportion had bad dreams! -and then L and him had talked briefly about them leaving later on that day and then Kira had asked to take a shower.

That was their chance.

Now they stayed in the hallway adjacent to the one L was currently standing in, waiting for the killer to finish washing his hair. Matt found the thought amusing; Mello did not. They waited silently, remaining until they heard the bathroom door open, and maybe even talk from the pair. Then, they heard someone clear their throat from behind them, and together they turned, dreading the face of L, come to foil their plans.

Instead, it was Near -the short, albino bastard.

"Wha -!?" Mello started, only to have Matt's hand clamp down on his mouth. Matt's free hand put a finger to his lips.

"Shhh," Matt hushed, and then looked at Near and began to speak sign language to the younger boy. In Whammy it is mandatory for students to take at least three separate languages besides their own, and Matt had chosen French, Latin and American Sign Language. Near had been in his ASL class with him.

What are you doing here?

Near stared for second, as though considering whether or not he wanted to reply. **I want to meet Kira.**

You didn't tell us, Matt signed back and a vein in Mello's forehead began to bulge. *What the hell were they saying!?*

No, I didn't, Near agreed blandly. Matt's eyes flashed with annoyance; even the boy's hand motions were condescending.

How did you know when to come here?

Near blinked and then shook his head, sighing, **You are not the only one who knows how to hack a computer system.**

Matt rolled his eyes behind his goggles and did the quick sign for 'I'm done' and turned back to Mello. Mello was looking at Matt expectantly, but Matt just shook his head and mouthed 'I'll tell you later. Not important'. Fortunately it didn't take too much longer for them to hear the door of the bathroom open. Mello and Matt jumped into the hallway, and L and Kira looked at them, really not all that surprised.

Then, Near lazily walked into their view.

"Near," L said, shoving his hands in his pockets, "I thought you'd know better."

Near's eyes were only on the Light, and he was memorizing every aspect of the boy, and even the slight pinkness of his roughly scrubbed skin and his split lip. So, this was Kira; he figured it would be someone young.

After a moment, Near finally responded.

"L," Near removed his eyes from Kira and looked at L, "I thought you would too."

"Oh?" L inquired.

"Yes, harboring a criminal is a crime," Near deadpanned,
"Concealing a criminal from arrest and flight to avoid prosecution."

When it is a Federal crime, it is punishable by up to five years in prison, and because this is also at a national level and you've -"

"Do not preach to me, Near," L stated firmly, "This is none of your business. I am not 'protecting' or 'concealing', I am merely taking his punishment into my own hands, because I believe that the death penalty is not good enough. Now, I -"

"Wait, wait," Mello crossed his arms, staring at Light, looking him up and down over and over, trying to see something that wasn't there, "I want to straighten something out. Matt and his over active imagination think that you two -"

He uncrossed his arms and pointed at both at both Kira and L.

"-are fucking each other."

Light's heart stopped in his chest for a split second before beating against his ribs furiously, as though trying to break free from it's skeleton prison. What the hell? All he could focus on was ' *fucking* '. Not even the fact that the two thought that it was L he was sleeping with, but just the instantaneous image in his mind of -of him doing that, with anyone. It was - it was terri -no. It was *disgusting* .

It took all of four seconds for Light to be back in the bathroom, with the door locked, puking into the toilet what little food was left in his stomach from the night before. It was mostly bile that rose in his throat at the mere thought of sex. How fucking pathetic was that? To just think of it -to just have someone mention -

He was *pitiful*.

Outside the bathroom, L felt that foreign feeling rise in him again. Fury, rage, intense, unadulterated anger. Why was he feeling this? Anger was illogical, there was no purpose to such an emotion. It helped nothing. And yet there he was, feeling it so purely. He saw Near sigh and begin walking away, and Mello and Matt looked at each other.

"Well, I guess not," Matt admitted. If Kira puked at the thought of it, he doubted it was possible. L's reaction wasn't reassuring either.

"Told you, dumbass," Mello said, smirking smugly.

"Leave," L ordered. He wished Watari were there, but the man was preparing the jet for their flight that night. Then the older man could forcefully haul them out by their ears.

"But -" Mello began to protest.

"If you do not leave this instant," L had to physically compel his voice to stay its normal composed self, "I shall never consider either of you for the title of 'L'. Do you understand that?"

Mello paled and nodded furiously, grabbing Matt's wrist and dragging him away from the scene. L then went to the door to the bathroom in which Light had fled and knocked on the door firmly, making sure his voice did not waver into something softer. He wanted to, because comforting someone was the first instinct he had, but he knew Light would hate that. He knew Light.

"Light-kun, please remove yourself from the restroom," L stated firmly. He heard the sound of retching, and it made L internally wince.

Light heard L and nearly growled in annoyance. Didn't the man know when to leave someone alone? Okay, stupid question. Light just wanted a fucking minute here. Damn it -he felt absolutely revolting. He needed another shower. And so Light stripped off his clothes and turned the shower back on, and outside the door L suppressed a sigh. Again, eh?

It was another good thirty minutes before Light emerged from the bathroom, and before L could stand up from his spot on the floor, Light was in the room, then on the bed and then under the covers. Childish thing to do really, but it's already been established that L and Light aren't the most mature people.

"What are you doing, Light-kun?"

"Sleeping," Light answered tartly, "Don't wake me up. I want the next thing I see when I wake up to be the inside of your jet."

L didn't respond and just sat on the bed next to Light, knowing Light wouldn't really go to sleep, not for a long while. He'd just lay there in the darkness of the mountain of covers, waiting and thinking of anything but what Mello said, or the thoughts the comment had triggered. L was almost inclined to feel sorry for Light, but he didn't, because he knew Light would hate it.

Fine, he'd let this happen. He'd leave Light alone for now. He'd let him wallow if he wanted.

Just this once.

Ryuk had found the Death Note in the abandoned head quarters. He grabbed the book and sighed in annoyance. He could find the Death Note, yes, but not Light. That wasn't part of the deal. Stupid fucking rules... Ryuk wanted apples.

"Hey, Ryuk," said a voice, and Ryuk turned, still hovering in the same spot as he looked at the intruder, another shinigami.

"Oh, hey, Satsu," Ryuk greeted, "What're you doing here?"

"You need help findin' yer 'uman," Satsu replied, twirling a grotesque finger through his long seaweed-like hair, "I dropped my note ta help ya. He's a flyin' in a plane, 'e is. O'er the 'lantic ocean. That'll narrow it fer ya, I reckon."

"Hey yeah, thanks a lot," Ryuk's permanent smile widened. "Where'd you drop your note, Satsu?"

"I'll go find it soon," Satsu replied, his mouth was eternally open wide as though his face were stuck in an everlasting scream, "You gonna

kill the 'uman? Ki'a?"

"Hm, dunno," Ryuk shrugged, starting to fly through the wall,
"Depends on if he's still interesting or not. As long as he's not going to jail or nothing, it shouldn't be a problem."

"Inter'estin?" Satsu snorted, "You a funny guy, Ryuk."

"Keep watching from the hole in the shinigami realm, Satsu," Ryuk told his shinigami friend, "Things are always interesting around Light!" he laughed.

Hyuk. Hyuk.

When Light woke up, the first thing he saw was Mello's face. Not because Mello was there, on the jet with him, but because he was experiencing paranoia. And perhaps because L had the same eyes as the girly brat. Because L was, once again, sitting directly across from him on the plane. Light noted his arms were strapped to the arms of the chair again, which was, amazingly, not very surprising at all.

Light was absolutely repulsed with himself. He was terrified of just the mention of sex, which was just pathetic. He was not pathetic. Well, at the moment he was, but he would fix himself, that was for sure. He wouldn't sit back and let himself grow weaker and weaker! He would get over it -somehow.

"Light-kun," L addressed, "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," Light snapped; he hated how Ryuzaki acted all concerned. How utterly fake! It sickened him; L didn't have feelings. He was inhuman, and those 'feelings' he claimed to have for him? What a load of crock.

"Is Light-kun hungry?" L inquired, scratching one foot with the toes on the other.

"No."

"Light-kun hasn't eaten since yesterday afternoon -"

"I said I'm not hungry, Ryuzaki."

L paused and looked at Light and knew that, yes, the incident from earlier was still bothering him. It was hard to tell, for Light always schooled his features so perfectly, into hard lines. It reminded L of a manikin, only more solid, like marble. Like the boy was made of stone, but L knew that wasn't so from the kiss he'd stolen; Light was actually quite warm.

For a long while, perhaps a little over an hour there was silence. Light was thinking about how stupid he'd been -to vomit after someone suggested him having sex. What was worse, it wasn't the fact that it wasn't specifically having sex with L. But just having sex that appalled him. He had to get over it. He had to. If he was going to live the rest of his life then -then he couldn't do it in constant fear.

The sound of a thump caught Light's attention, and the young man saw that L had fallen out of his seat. It reminded him of the time that the second Kira had suggested Shinigami existed. Light saw him looking in a particular direction, and so he looked that way too and was very surprised to see Ryuk hovering there. When the shinigami saw Light he began jumping up and down.

"I found you, I found you!" Ryuk chanted, throwing his head back in the creepy, impossible way he always did. "Now you can get me apples!"

Oh, so L had seen Ryuk; that's why he'd fallen out of his chair.

Well, it was the bastard's fault for not wearing a seat belt.

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Sixteen

The line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?
- Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn.

Ryuk looked every bit like a shinigami should look. A wide, ugly smile plastered across a ghostly white face; the grin of a being who knew too much and was mocking everyone else's ignorance. He could see the name and lifespan of any and all humans, which was, in practice, all that truly mattered about humans.

Light had never truly taken Ryuk's appearance into account more than once, and that was the first time he'd seen him. Of course, at the time, he'd seen him as inhumanly grotesque, almost Frankenstein like, due to his neck seeming to be sewn to his shoulders and the strange way he seemed to spontaneously remove parts of his body. He also compared him to a skeleton, a black skeleton, with his eerily thin limbs and scrawny fingers -not to mention the gothic jewelry he wore. Not to mention the bony, black wings protruding from his deformed back.

But, at the moment, Light didn't notice any of those things. While in reality there was a rather hideous creature hovering in the plane beside him, Light saw only a savoir. This was perfect. Ryuk was sure to see he'd been caught, and then -and *then...* he would kill him, just as he'd promised. Light would be *free*, despite L's best efforts to keep him prisoner; a prisoner not only of the detective, but the horrid memories that trapped him in his mind, bars made of terror-filled nightmares.

"Light, are you strapped to the chair?" Ryuk flew over to where Light was seated as L regained his footing. *Hyuk. Hyuk.*

"Yes, Ryuk," Light said, voice calm and nonchalant, "He knows I'm Kira."

"Eh!?" Ryuk on then took notice of the detective, who could most definitely see him and nodded in acknowledgment to the statement.

"That's correct, shinigami-san," L commented slowly, sitting back down in his seat, "I have arrested Light-kun and am taking him away somewhere."

"Why didn't you do the whole 'death penalty' thing?" Ryuk asked, tilting his head to the side. "Thought that's what you said you'd do."

"Things changed," L replied simply, and that seemed to satisfy Ryuk.

"Have any apples?" Ryuk asked eagerly, straight to the point, "It's been days since I had apples. I'll go through withdrawals soon. Ask Light -you don't want that."

"It's true," Light agreed.

"Well, I'll see what I can do when we land," L said, thinking it rather amusing that Light's (a Kira) statement 'L did you know shinigami love apples' was true.

"But that'll take *forever*, " Ryuk complained.

"Ryuk, shut *up*, " Light snapped, sending the death god and heated glare. Ryuk had nearly forgotten how horrible those glares were.

"Yeah, yeah," Ryuk sighed, "So -when we land, what're we gonna do?"

"We?" L inquired, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Ryuk replied, cocking his head, "Me, Light... and you too now, I guess."

"I am not partial to having a shinigami follow me for the rest of my life," L replied calmly, "I will get you apples, and then you'll leave."

"Fraid not," Ryuk chuckled, "Light owns my Death Note, and Misa gave up her ownership and since he was holding it... so he owns that one too. But since he owns mine, I gotta stay."

"I do not find that agreeable, shinigami-san," L responded blandly, "But I have a plan -please, shinigami-san, hand Light-kun your Death Note to Light-kun."

"What?" Ryuk and Light both exclaimed.

"Shinigami-san, please hand Light-kun your Death note -not his -*yours*. "

"But... I need to write names in it," Ryuk explained, "Or I'll die."

"Do not worry, you will get two of them back in less than a minute," Ryuzaki told him, "Please trust me. I have a plan."

"But... ehm..." Ryuk looked at his Death Note and then at the extra one. What in the world...? He supposed, if it was only a minute... and L was smart like Light was... "O... kay..."

He let his Death Note drop on Light's arm, the spin touching Light's fingers. Just like that, Light had ownership of three Death Notes. Light, at this point, was searching his mind, trying to figure out why L was doing something so strange. L spoke again before he could think of it.

"Please, Light-kun, give up your ownership of that Death Note, as well as the other one in Ryuk's hands," L told him, "But not Rem-san's old notebook."

"No, I want to remember my time as Kira," Light refused, glaring. If he didn't remember being Kira, if he was his 'innocent' self, then the rape would affect him more than now; the him without his memories was even weaker than his present self.

"Light-kun, I assure you, your memories will be kept in tact," L notified.

He wasn't lying, Light could tell. But... he sighed, and then nodded. It wasn't any use now, he supposed.

He gave up ownership of both of the said Death Note, and automatically, Ryuk vanished from his sight. Only then did he recollect the rule -and what exactly L was doing. He remembered the rule that stated this could happen -and he supposed he shouldn't have been surprised that L did as well. This ruined any thoughts of a peaceful death -because now he didn't have ownership of Ryuk's Note, and so the shinigami had no obligation to kill him.

Ryuk had taken back his note, apparently, because Light no longer saw it on his lap.

"Thank you," L nodded at thin air, "Yes, I'll be sure to tell him... I'm sure he thinks the same of you... no, I don't think so....yes, I will still arrange the apples..."

It felt like Light was listening to someone talk on a phone.

Anesthesia sounded wonderful right now...

Whenever an individual with ownership of more than two death notes loses possession to one of the Death Notes he will not be able to recognize that Death Note's god of death's appearance or voice anymore. The god of death himself will leave, but all the memory involving the Death Note will remain as long as he maintains ownership of at least one other Death Note. -Death Note, Volume 4, page 204.

Light awoke in a bed, in a room that was new. He supposed it was the place that they'd been flying to -wherever that was. He sat up, rubbed his eyes and saw that the door to the room had been left ajar. Which was not an accident, he was sure. He climbed out of bed and went out into the hallway. Across the hall was a bathroom and down the hall was a large room with computers and desks and chairs and a very tall ceiling.

In one of the chairs, seated at one of desks, sitting in front of a computer in his usual pose, was L. He was noticed, and L looked up at him.

"Good morning, Light-kun," L greeted, gesturing to the seat beside him. Light was content to stand. "Would you like to know where we are?"

"You mean, I can *know*? " Light rolled his eyes, crossing his arms across his chest.

"Yes, there is virtually no way you can get out of this building," L told him easily, wiggling his toes against the seat of his chair, "And, if you do somehow get out of the building, it is below freezing year round here, and you have no jacket. Also, we are miles from civilization, but if you did manage to reach people, the chance that they'd speak Japanese or English are slim to none. Then, if you managed to get lucky, you have no passport to get into Canada -if you can somehow get across the freezing waters of the Baffin Bay or the Davis straight."

Light blinked, realizing where they were.

"My advice about attempting to escape, Light-kun, is *don't*," L said, looking at him seriously.

"We're in Greenland?" Light inquired, finally taking the seat that L had offered.

"Yes, near Nord, but that's the most I'll tell you," L informed him, "Would you like to try to escape, Light-kun? If so," L pointed behind him, "The door to the room that leads to the room that leads to the room that connects to the outside is just over there."

Light scowled, "Shut up, L. You're not funny."

"I wasn't aware I was trying to be," L said, taking his hand down, "The kitchen's just through that door. You should eat something."

"Is Ryuk still here?" Light asked, looking around, but for what reason he didn't know, since he could see nor hear the shinigami anymore.

"No, I gave him a barrel of apples and sent him on his way," L nibbled on his thumb, "He says you're the most interesting human he's ever seen. He told me to tell you that he wouldn't kill you unless you're about to die. That won't happen though, get used to it. This is your new home, or as the Danish say *hjem*. "

"People in Greenland speak French sometimes also, don't they?" Light inquired, crossing one leg over the other, "I'm not fluent, but know enough to get by."

"I know," L nodded, "But still, there's still the building security, the freezing weather, the passport, the water, the -"

"Shut *up*, Ryuzaki."

Over the next few days, Light spent most of his time alone. That would have been great, the absence of Ryuzaki, if it weren't so *boring*. He'd listened to the news (which only seemed to talk about the increase in criminal activity since Kira's disappearance, which did not make Light happy) and stared at the ceiling, and read books - none of which were by *his* author, unfortunately - and stared at the ceiling some more.

Mostly, he thought about how pitiful this was. How, two months previously, he would have *never* thought he'd be L's captive or

employee. Two months previously, he would have been the one with the power, but no more. Now, he was so fucking *weak*. Now, he vomited at the mention of sex -something he really, really needed to get over.

But *how*?

The way it was, things would never get better. Which meant that Light actually had to be proactive about how he got over this... thing. It wouldn't go away on it's own.

If it were someone else, coming to him for advice, he would tell them to get a therapist. He was quite sure L would provide him with one -if only one that talked to him over a computer screen -if he asked, but he never would. Nor would he ever tell someone the details that night, least of all a complete stranger whose vocabulary consisted up 'I see' and 'How does that make you feel?'.

So, onto the next thing then. But was there anything else? Maybe he should think of other fears -like heights. How did people get over their fear of heights? They went to high places, working their way up from ten feet off the ground to fifty to hundreds. But that would work for Light. He was scared of sex, as much as it pained his ego to admit it, and he couldn't wean himself onto...

Well, I supposed he *could*. But it was not a prospect he liked to think about, seeing as the only other people around were L and Watari. Neither seemed promising, but L was certainly more appealing than the ladder. Not that he *wanted* to do *anything* with L... but if he *did*... then maybe it might work. But what a feeble idea! Like he would ever -but then... L did say he was 'attracted' to him, did he not?

So then.

Why was he thinking about this? Oh yes, because he wanted to stop being scared. He wanted to stop be afraid to go to sleep, to stop being terrified of being touched. He wanted to stop feeling so damn *dirty*, so he could stop *needing* to take so many damn showers.

He wanted it to fucking *stop*, and he'd do anything to make it happen.

L dreaded to tell Light what he was about to tell him.

But, on the other hand, he would hate to *not* tell the boy even more. This was... *bad*. It was sure to put back the 'healing' process (if one had even begun) back weeks. But it was better now than much later, when Light had recovered, only to be set back months and months. L sighed and walked into their bedroom, where Light was sitting on the bed, conspicuously bored.

He looked up when L entered the room, his eyes darting to the man uninterestedly as L approached him, not bothering to close the door behind him. It felt strange to be locked in an entire building, as apposed to a single room, which had been the norm for him over the past few weeks. L looked strained, and Light reluctantly found himself curious.

Or, L thought, maybe he could just *never* tell him... that could work too...

"Light-kun," L had to do this. If he didn't, he was a coward, "The Jury... of Akitoshi's trial... they delivered a verdict of guilty... but..."

Light didn't look up. Instead he fell onto his back on the bed and then rolled over onto his side, allowing his hair to fall into his face and over his eyes. L sat on the spot behind him, so that Light's back was facing him. He could see a strip of pale skin in between the rim of Light's pants and the tail of his shirt. L redirected his eyes on the back of Light's head to better concentrate.

"They could only prove three, and the DA took the pictures out of evidence," L explained, feeling almost guilty. Which was strange, since he'd done all he could, "He's going to prison for a minimum of fifteen years, despite my efforts."

L could've smacked himself for promising Akitoshi's death without taking into account the leniency of the Japanese Government on rapists. He felt quite stupid and horrible about it; he'd spend the pass day and a half attempting to coerce (bribe) the sentencing Judge to expand the time, and he'd only managed to get fifteen. The judge had told him to be grateful for that much, because he'd only been planning on giving Akitoshi ten.

For some reason, L was not grateful.

"Furthermore," L continued to elucidate on the terms of Akitoshi's imprisonment, "He had been -"

"Why should I care?" Light suddenly demanded, not sitting up, "What does this have to do with me?"

"You know very well what this has to do with you," L replied tartly. The denial card was starting to get tiresome, "He is -"

"Of no importance to me," Light interrupted again.

"Light-kun," L said, tense; being cut off was one of the only things that bothered him; and Light smugly knew it, "If you do not cease the interruptions, I will be forced to take drastic measures to ensure your silence."

"Such as?"

"Applying duck tape."

Light decided to not interrupt anymore. Not because Ryuzaki had asked him to, or -God forbid -that he was scared of the threat, but because he rather like being able to move his lips freely.

"This related to you, Light-kun," L finally continued, "Because I promised he would get the death penalty for hurting you, and I came up short of that promise."

That was strange. Light had never before heard L apologize and mean it -and he thought it slightly amusing that the only true apology L had ever uttered did not include the words 'I'm sorry' or 'I apologize'. Another of L's many oddities, Light supposed. Light shrugged in response to the claim.

"It doesn't matter."

There was a pause.

"Yes, Light-kun, it *does*. "

Light sat up, turning to L quickly, his hair flying around his face with the speed.

"Oh really? *Why* ?" Light snarled, "I don't see why that matters to me - *at all!* That is not of *any* consequence to *me*. "

"Yes, it is," L disagreed stubbornly, "You are one of his victims."

" *Don't fucking say that!*"

"What? That you're his victim? I don't see why, Light-kun -it's the truth."

"Yes, don't say *that!* I survived, didn't I? *Didn't I!?* I'm done, it's over! I'm over it!"

"You are *lying*, Light-kun," L snapped, with as much vehemence as his controlled voice would allow, "You were *raped*. You are a *victim*. You were viciously hurt by a self-centered criminal less than *two months ago*, and you *refuse* to talk about it."

L took a breath and ended forcefully.

"You *cannot be* and *are not* over it."

Light felt himself shaking with suppressed fury.

"Well then - *fuck me*. "

"What?" spilled from L's mouth before he could stop it. His black pupils dilated, not even noticeable against the onyx irises.

"I said ' *fuck me*', Ryuzaki," Light repeated, hard eyes meeting L's thoroughly surprised ones, "If you're attracted to me like you say, then it shouldn't be a problem."

After a moment of his mind racing, scrambling for ideas, L thought he knew Light's logic for such a request. It was not that he was suddenly attracted to L, or that he'd had an abrupt change of heart -it was a method. A way that Light thought could help him get over the rape. Light had been a virgin before Akitoshi had taken it from him, and he thought that, perhaps, if he had a consensual sexual experience, it would override the nonconsensual one. Not to mention, Light was assessing L to see if his attraction was a lie as he thought.

It was a test.

And L was happy to be the test subject.

So, quite slowly, L leaned in; a silent affirmation of Light's request. Light grasped L's chin lightly, tilting it upward slightly for their lips to meet. The time it took for their lips to actually touch was long, L and Light both hesitant. Light of actually *kissing L*, an act he thought he'd never willingly participate in, and L of pushing Light too far too fast. And then, when L finally captured the boy's lips in his own, all inhibitions were lost to him.

He grabbed a hold of Light head to keep it in place and deepened the kiss, slipping his tongue in passed the perfect rows of teeth. L decided that yes, he still quite liked Light's taste and he searched the younger males mouth, looking for more. Light, however, would not be completely dominated; he clashed his tongue against L's boldly, taking hold of the collar of L's shirt tightly.

Their lips moved together in sync and their tongues twirled around each other, tasting, feeling. L pushed Light onto his back on the bed and climbed over him, removing his hands from Light's head to the mattress on either side of Light's shoulders. Light felt his knuckles tingling as his fingers gripped the fabric of L's shirt strongly.

Somewhere in the back of his brain, he knew *something* about with wasn't right. There was fear tickling him, as expected, along with apprehension and anxiety, but also something else. *Enjoyment*. An emotion akin to pleasure was trespassing into his mind -and that was *not* supposed to happen. L nibbled and suckled on Light's lip, and Light forgot to think about what was right.

Light's hands found their way into L's hair, and for some reason he was expecting it to be greasy. He'd never seen the man go to take a shower. But on the contrary, the tresses in between his fingers felt silky and wild -and he pulled L's head in closer subconsciously. The kiss deepened even more, transforming into something more passionate and almost ardently primal.

L took one of his slim hands off the mattress and slid it under Light's shirt, feeling the smooth, taut stomach beneath the burdensome cloth.

It took L a seventh of a second to realize that Light had stiffened; the abdomen he'd been touching tightened, the tongue he'd been battling had fallen limp and the hands that had been so shamelessly fisting his hair had frozen. L pulled his mouth away from Light's and opened his eyes. A thin line of saliva linked their mouths and L wiped it away, looking at Light's rigid form.

Light's eyes were wide open, almost glazed, staring at the ceiling. In his mind, all he could see was the alleyway, and all he could hear was -

"No." Cold. Pain. "Aaaahh!" Hands. Hands. HANDS.

L took his hand off Light and sat up, letting Light's hands fall from his hair to the bed. It felt awkward, to see Light so... vulnerable.

"Light-kun," L called firmly, snapping Light out of his flashback and pulling his back into reality. Light blinked quite a few times, his dark eyes clearing.

"Light-kun," L repeated, watching Light sit up slowly, "You aren't ready for this."

L stood up, rather uncomfortable with the obvious arousal in between his legs, but he'd have to deal. He began walking away and did not stop when Light spoke.

" *Excuse me?* " Light sneered, "Who are you to say *I'm not ready?* "

L did not answer, and instead kept walking toward the door. Light was unrelenting, and quite outraged at the turn of events.

"What the hell?" Light snarled, not believe L was just walking away after all the crap he'd said about 'caring about him', "I thought you said you had ' *feelings* ' for me!?"

L stopped at the door.

"I do," L replied coolly, "That's why I'm leaving."

Later that night, in the office room, watching Light's nightmare-filled slumber, L recalled what had happened. He remembered the taste of Light's mouth, the feel of Light's tongue against his, the smell of the shampoo Light had used in the shower, sound of Light's soft groans into L's mouth... but mostly, he remembered how Light looked.

Scared. Fragile. Delicate.

Vulnerable.

He'd been so caught up in it all, that he'd forgotten just what Light was. For half a second -but even that was too much. L couldn't

believe himself. If he ever hurt Light like that... if he ever took advantage of that vulnerability Light had shown -

He'd hate himself.

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Seventeen

Our ability to selectively engage and disengage our moral standards helps explain how people can be barbarically cruel in one moment and compassionate in the next . -Albert Bandera

Light helped with the cases over the next month, on a computer that at was surprised to have. He even had internet access, which was strange, but L easily informed him the first day he'd got on it that Watari was constantly monitoring what he did, and if it was anything suspicious, the computer would promptly be shut down. Light liked having that bit of freedom, and did not take it for granted.

Surprisingly enough for L, Light did not act distant in reaction to the rejection of intercourse like L had predicted. Instead, he welcomed L with a polite 'Good morning' at the beginning of the day and a courteous 'Good night' at the end. He easily talked with him about the case and did not start a fight, verbal nor physical.

It went on like this for an entire month. Light didn't talk much unless to spit out annoyingly civil greetings or talk about the current case, not that L didn't try. He frequently asked Light questions about things not pertaining to their work, what he thought about what was happening on the news, the weather, and every other inquiry of the like, but Light easily ignored him. He instead brought up something about the case.

Interesting, L had thought, but really, now that it had been happening for four weeks, he decided it was not very interesting. At all. It was annoying and childish -so very Light to do something like that. How irritating. L just didn't get why, instead of acting out, he seemed calm and cool and -and very much like he acted with other people. That

stupid 'I'm so sweet and perfect' façade he had put on for his family, classmates and teachers.

L found himself quite confounded and replayed that night he'd declined Light's fake advance. What could have sparked this... strange reaction? Light hadn't acted like this toward L since they'd went to college together, before Light had lost his memories. It was like Light was trying to pretend he wasn't Kira again, that was where the personality fit, but Light wasn't denying he was Kira and so he couldn't have lost his memories again. Maybe it was just L's plain refusal that had triggered this?

There were several reasons why L hadn't done it, one of which was obviously he didn't want to take advantage, and another was just what he'd told Light; the boy wasn't ready.

The last was that Light didn't want it because he *wanted* it. He wanted it because he thought it was a good way to help himself. Self-centered little bastard. L didn't understand why Light was being so damn childish about it -even *he* would have the nerve to confront someone if he had a problem. And he *had*, many times, inquired as to why Light was obviously ignoring him, and he'd received no answer.

Instead he'd been given another pseudo-smile and a statement about the case.

It was growing tiresome, and although it really *shouldn't* have bothered L -he was never ones to let emotions mix in with his profession -it *did*. Light did have that affect, didn't he? L was hard pressed to disbelieve this only about him not fornicating with him; Light might have thought he'd needed it at the time -but surely he'd come to his senses in a month. Maybe....no -L couldn't see Light so upset over his lost freedom... that couldn't be it. After all, he hadn't had one for quite some time.

And Light had made the choice to become Kira; therefore he deserved this as punishment, if not more. L was playing favorites,

he'd admitted it, hadn't he? He knew he was just discriminating against other criminals, just because he liked one. He knew it wasn't fair. But Light, surely, was different. An... *exception*... again. How that was starting to get repetitive.

When Light had taken others lives away, he'd given away his own. L now sort of owned Light's freedom, and he could give Light as much or as little as he pleased. However, he was much more concerned with Light antics. He suspected that Light would continue to act like this until L gave him his way. L did not give up though.

He would have, if only that wasn't exactly what Light wanted him to do.

The Yagami Light of four months ago didn't hate L.

That was because he couldn't remember being Kira, and therefore had no underlying animosity for the man. He also had no drive to kill the detective, no matter how annoying he was. Light had admired L's intellect and his strong sense of justice, because he'd never met a person with a clear view of it like himself. When he'd forgotten his scheme and had retreated into his pre-Death Note days, his previous fake friendship with L had been pushed aside, making room for real emotions.

That was not to say, of course, that Light had ever *liked* L. In fact, he quite *dis* liked him.

Which was, in itself, quite strange.

Light never disliked people. Quite frankly, it was because they weren't worth it. Everyone else paled in comparison to his intellect and Light was just so much *better*. They just weren't important enough to him to use up emotions on, not even negative ones. But L had *always* sparked up feelings in him that -well -weren't supposed to be there. Because L was equal to him, and as much as Light hated to admit it, L was *worth* his emotion.

Anger, mostly. All his life Light had been incredibly polite, friendly, and even kind to everyone. No one knew him, and no one could see that his chivalrous attitude was fake, a cover to hide his true self, that thought everyone below himself. L was different; he understood everything that was basically Light, probably because he could relate. What was different, was that L didn't try to hide his misanthropic views.

Light was very polite to those he didn't care to know. Therefore, he decided to do so to L for his horrible rejection, because *no one* said no to him. Not even the *greatest* fucking detective in the entire world, damn it. So Light *smiled* at Ryuzaki and sat next to him on the couch and worked on the case. It was annoying the hell out of L, he could tell.

Well, *good*.

It was the middle of July, not that you could tell by looking out the window of the building they were locked inside. The ground was covered in sludge from the snow the day before, and if you walked outside you'd get sunburn. Even in the freezing whether the sun was shining, and the rays reflected off the snow and onto the skin of any and all pedestrians without sunscreen.

Light didn't have to worry about that, however. Since he was not allowed outside at all.

He'd paused on his way from his bedroom to look out of the window. They were bullet proof, practically unbreakable. Light didn't sigh, and his gaze did not linger too long on the outside. He did, however, take a deep breath before walking outside and smiling at L happily and getting himself some coffee. He caught his reflection in the glass centers of one of the kitchen cabinets, but ignored it.

"Good morning, Ryuzaki."

"Good morning, Light-kun," L deadpanned in return. Light, while turned safely away, smirked to himself. "The case we worked on

yesterday has been solved."

"Oh? Send me the file, would you?" Light inquired civilly, pressing the 'on' button on the coffee machine and walking over to L and sitting down elegantly beside him to wait.

"Yes," L nodded in agreement, "And, and I will be leaving soon."

"What?" Light blinked, then nearly smacked himself. How stupid was that reaction? "I mean, where are you going?"

"Confidential."

Of course, Ratio snarled in his mind, but just pulled out his laptop and placed it on his knees to turn it on, before placing it gently on the desk in front of him. Well at least he'd have a while alone...

"Watari will be down here in my place," L stated, crushing Light's hopes for solace, but he did not let it show on his face, "I should be gone for quite a few hours."

Light didn't respond. Instead he waited silently for L to leave, and when the man finally stood up, he bid him farewell with a simple 'Good bye.' It made L pause for a split second, and Light was so happy about that. He loved getting on L's nerves, especially when the bastard *deserved it*. Really, how *dare* he? He was *Light*, and L was supposedly 'attracted' to him (complete lie, if you ask him) and he'd had the gall to tell *him* he wasn't ready!

He hoped L froze to death out there.

Watari was acting strange. That was what Light noticed about him, after the man had offered his food and tea. *Twice*. That, he did not understand. When he'd been in the hospital room, malnourished and with a head injury, the man had been distant and sometimes just plain rude. So, of course, Light's mind was scrambling, trying to think of every reason this could be happening.

They had spent the day working on cases, and Light actually found Watari to be pleasant enough to talk to, when he wasn't spilling tea on him or putting him into anesthesia induced comas. He was smart, which Light hadn't realized. Not like L, of course, and *certainly* not like himself. But he was far from the lackey that he'd always defined him as in his mind. But there was still the fact that his actions were very, very odd.

In the end, he decided that with out addressing the man himself, he would never know for sure. The best he could guess was that the old man was simply having a really good day and wanted to spread his kindness. But that didn't seem likely.

Light cleared his throat, "Uh, Watari...."

"Yes?" Watari answered, lifting his wrinkled face toward Light, "Change your mind about the tea?"

"No, no. Thank you though," Light shook his head and smiled, still putting on his act. If L looked at the camera footage for this and saw him acting differently, then he'd probably get Watari to join them more often. "Actually, I was just wondering what brought about this... rather different behavior?"

"Ah."

That was all Watari said in response. *Ah* . What the hell? Light did wait, but there was no other explanation, and when he looked over and Watari he was not looking at him.

Light decided to take a shower. He stood up, told Watari where he was going and left the room, gathering a new pair of clothes for no reason at all. He'd already changed, but it didn't feel right to take a shower and not change. Especially *his* showers. And so Light got new clothes and then went into the bathroom with them before turning the water completely to hot.

There was no lock on this bathroom door either, but he supposed that was just so that he didn't commit suicide. Like he would ever stoop *that* low. Although, it was looking quite nice compared to a life locked up with that *bastard*. But he wouldn't, he knew. That would he giving *in*. And Light wouldn't, he *refused*. If L would not execute him, and forced him to live, then he would get *rid* of this insane fear!

Light stood in the shower, and didn't even wince at the hotness of the water. The first hit always stung a bit, but he was so used to it that the steaming water barely bothered him at all anymore. Even if it did, he wouldn't cease. After all, there was a point to the hot water. Hot water cleaned better. And cold water sucked, naturally. After scrubbing for fifteen minutes straight, Light stopped and leaned against the wall. His angle pulled his head out of the way of the stream of water, so that he was only being hit from the chest down now. The tile felt cool against his back.

Then, he partook in a ritual he'd started two days after L's... idiocy. Yes. That was what he would call it. Because it *was*. So Light had decided, since L wouldn't cooperate (the *asshole*) that he would just had to take matters into his own hands. Literally. He knew from the experience with L that just someone else *touching* him made him have a flashback. How would he ever get past this if he couldn't *touch* people? How entirely stupid was that anyways?

And so, Light practiced on himself. He put his hand on his stomach, and he didn't tense at all. In fact, he could barely feel it. This was, of course, because it was *his* hand though. He knew the psychological response would be different when it was... was someone else's. Then he slid his hand down slowly, inch by inch over his navel and lower still, still barely registering the touch, until his fingers brushed against himself, and his fingers wrapped around his length.

It was an act that was somewhat appalling to him, one that *should* have been normal for a teenage boy such as himself. Not to say that it wasn't *enjoyable* - because it was, there was no way it couldn't be - but it felt *wrong*. Why, he didn't know. He pumped even through the

flickering glimpses of shame in his mind and held tighter when he felt like he wanted to let go.

Ever since that stupid night he'd done this in quite a few showers. In the last month, he'd tried perhaps fourteen times. He'd found completion only once. The rest of the times he heard himself arguing in his mind, *this is disgusting. How can you do this? It's something Akitoshi would do. Gross.* And then he'd stopped, slide down the wall until he sat on the slick bottom of the tub and turned the water all the way over to cold.

It was so stupid. He *hated* L! He *hated* him! Why could he just fucking *finish*!? Why would he just *walk away* like that? *Hate him. Hate him.* Light cursed L in his mind, and sped his hand up, gritting his teeth. *I fucking hate you, L. You enjoy it, don't you? Playing with me like I'm one of your stupid cases! I hate you, L! I hate L! It's all his fucking fault!*

"No." Cold. Pain. "Aaa-"

"No!" Light hissed out loud ripping his hand away from himself and holding up to the hot water. He poured bath wash on his palm and rubbed them together harshly. After he was through with that he followed his pattern and collapsed on the floor. *I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. It's all your fault... Akitoshi...*

Light reach out turned the knob to cold.

When Light returned from the shower, he was very angry. With himself, with L, with Akitoshi, with Misa and Watari and his dad and his mom and the nonexistent God and *everyone*. He was just so mad, and the emotion radiated from like a bad smell, and as he walked into the room with Watari, he'd forgotten about the unanswered question.

Because he was furious. Why couldn't he do something so goddamn easy? It was effing masturbation, for God's sake. It was -it was -it

wasn't supposed to be like this. Not to him. Not like this. Just *no*. He wanted to pretend like it never happened, but that was now impossible, because L *knew*. L knew, and L... L was just...

"It is because I do not know how to act around you," finally came Light's answer from Watari, and he looked up, but the older man didn't flinch at the cruelty shown in his sharp eyes.

"What are you talking about?" Light found himself snapping, not caring that his façade for over a month was breaking. It didn't *matter*. He was done with annoying L, he wanted to *hurt* him now -physically *hurt* him.

"Your question to my behavior today," Watari replied calmly, and he stood up and walked over to the couch that Light had sat on. Or at least, Light supposed he had sat himself on, because he *was* sitting there, but he did not remember the act. "I've been acting 'rather different' as you put it, and it's because I don't know how to act around you now."

"I see no difference between now and the hospital room," Light said, in that same hard manner he'd used a second before. He was glad this wasn't L he was talking to, because Ryuzaki would recognize the tone in his voice was due to suppressed anger.

"No, you wouldn't," Watari nodded, sitting down beside Light. Strange. Light hadn't ever civilly sat this close to the man. "You see, Yagami-kun, I have a bad habit of breaking into L's computers and camera systems to check up on him. A while ago... about a month in fact... I was watching the camera's against L's request -"

"What?" Light snarled, standing suddenly on reflex, "You... were *spying* on me?"

"On L, actually," Watari corrected.

"About a month -you - *you*, " Light's eyes suddenly shined with a wild light of rage, "You *saw*? You *heard*? You -You *know*?"

"There is no need for -"

"Shut up!" Light barked, and Watari stood, holding his hands out and up innocently as he stepped forward, "Stay the fuck away from me - leave, *now!* "

"I'm afraid I am under strict instruction to -"

Light swung his fist hard, harder than anytime he'd swung at L. He thrust his fist at the old man's face with astounding force, hoping he'd knock the man off his feet -and if he broke a hip in the landing, would that really be so bad? However, Light's wrist was stopped in mid-punch impossibly, halting the flow of Light's arm completely and jerking his shoulder. Light had to blink to realize what happened.

"I would not try to do that, if I were you, Yagami-kun," Watari warned, and his voice was gravelly but his tenor was kind, "I taught L how to fight, and he still is not nearly as good as I."

" *Bastard!* " was Light's response, and it ripped out of his throat in a hoarse scream as he attempted to kick Watari but Watari easily caught Light's ankle as well. Light stopped himself from growling in frustration and just glared icily.

"I will let you go, Yagami-kun," Watari stated evenly, "But I must ask you not to do it again, for you will only end up in the same position."

Something seemed to ignite in Light, setting his body on fire as though his veins were pumping oil instead of blood, and he found strength enough to yank his arm out of Watari's grip and then thereafter his ankle. Light backed up a few steps, until he was standing in the open archway that framed the kitchen. He was breath hard for some reason, and he was still glowering at Watari, his brown eyes glazed with livid passion.

Watari stepped forward, matching every step Light took back, and when Light felt he had come too close, he threw yet another punch. Watari blocked it, knocking Light's hand to the side. His other hand.

Block. Punch. Block. Punch. Block. Light sped up, increasing the strength of every punch he hurled at the man. Light couldn't think about anything -this was how he handled his anger; fighting. But he wasn't landing anything. *Nothing*.

The defeat only fueled him more. His breath came out in huffs and pants, and Watari stepped forward, forcing Light back if he wanted adequate room to try to hit his opponent. He fucking hated *him!* L! Akitoshi! Watari! Especially Watari right now! *Especiall*y him! It was humiliating but Light kept going, the panic had perhaps sparked his adrenaline. And finally, he knew he had to hit *something*. It was impossible. He had too much anger and hate piling inside him and he had to take it out on something, and Watari just wasn't conceding.

That's how Light found himself with his fist shoved through a glass cabinet. Watari's squinted eyes widened and he stared for a second in surprise. Though there were many shards of glass digging into Light's hands and wrist, he felt no pain, and he thanked his body for the dopamine.

"Don't move, Yagami-kun," Watari said slowly, walking to the other side of the kitchen, opening a drawer and taking out a First Aid Kit. Light, to be disobedient, snatched his hand out of the jagged glass and he bit his lip to stifle a yelp of pain. More glass was now stuck in his hand, and more cuts covered his palm and wrist. Watari cursed and rushed over with tweezers, peroxide and bandages. Light yanked himself away.

" *Stay away from me,* " Light hissed cruelly.

"You're hurt, and you need my medical attention," Watari replied, not stopping in his slow advancing steps. L's assistant began to reach out his hand, intent on grabbing Light's arm. Blood dripped from the wounds and onto the ground.

"Don't *touch* me!" Light screamed backing up into the counter. *I hate you. I hate this. I hate you*

"Light-kun?"

No. Not *that* voice. Not *him*. But sure enough, L had returned to the headquarters, heard the ruckus and hurried to the scene. L paused in the archway, taking in the situation quickly. Light's hand; bloody. Glass kitchen cabinet; broken. L easily put two and two together and then began to walk towards Light. What he didn't know, however, was why Light would punch the glass. He wasn't traditionally suicidal, no, so he must have been angry... very angry. L found it hard to believe Watari, who was generally cool tempered, could have provoked such a reaction.

"Light-kun, it would behoove you to allow Watari to take care of your hand," L informed Light, and was then struck with those intensely enraged eyes.

" *No*, " Light sneered, " I *hate you!* I fucking *hate you!* "

"Be that as it may, Light-kun, that had nothing to do with -"

L *just* barely moved out of the way of an incoming punch. Light was furious, almost psychotically so, and he could hurt himself - *had* hurt himself. Even if that was not the intention, Light wanted to hurt someone, and his mind seemed too clogged with rage to be able to care if he himself was hurt in the process. L was forced to take certain measures. He grabbed Light's good hand, swung his leg under Light's feet and tripped the boy so that he felt flat on his stomach.

Light groaned as his hurt hand was disturbed, and L promptly sat on Light's back, and twisted Light's hand behind him, locking it there.

"Watari, please retrieve a sedative," L requested, and Watari nodded, putting the First Aid Kit down and walking briskly from the room to go the medical room. Only after Watari had left the room, did L take the time to notice Light tense under him.

" No, " Light said in a low, harsh voice, the same tone he used in his nightmares, and L realized the suggestion of the position they were in. But he couldn't get up.

"I apologize, Light-kun," L told the boy under him softly.

Blood puddle on the floor from Light's hand, but L could do nothing at the moment. Light lay stiffly under him, and L noted that he was probably experiencing a flashback. L was sorry, but not sorry enough to get up. Watari entered the room with a shot, handed it to L, who slid the needle into Light's shoulder. He handed the empty syringe to Watari.

After a few long seconds, Light went limp.

He finally stood up and then picked Light up carefully, and Watari followed him to the medical room, where he laid Light down gently on the bed. Watari got to work on his hand, pulling the little bits of glass out after cleansing his hand with the peroxide. L watched. A part of his mind didn't like the fact that Light had been hurt, but another part, a much larger part, was extremely happy.

The anger in those eyes, the *passion*. It was something that the fascia Light had put on couldn't fake. Something had happened in the five hours and forty-two minutes he'd been gone that had made Light angry enough to be his usual self. It had been a month since L had seen Light.

He'd missed him.

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Eighteen

The dusky yellow glow shown from the lamp, the only source of light in Light's bedroom as he lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. He'd spent two days in the medical room, with his hand bleeding something awful and he chastened himself for his stupidity. He'd allowed Watari to get to him; he'd ruined a whole *months* worth of work in ten minutes. He'd allowed L's *lackey* to get him riled up, and for what?

Watari knew he'd been raped. L had said it that day he'd been 'spying' among other potentially embarrassing things. Such as that kiss. Or rather, *those kisses*. Because really, they'd kissed for a few minutes straight, and although their mouths had not left each others, Light doubted that it counted as *one* kiss. Watari knew, and it angered him, because it furthered the humiliation that he'd been enduring since the day Akitoshi had hurt him. First from himself, then L.

"Light-kun."

He really couldn't get away from the man. There he was, always, sitting at the end of his bed or next to him on the couch or at the other computer. He was always *there!* Light didn't look up upon L's call and instead merely spoke, his eyes directed still at the ceiling. It had a nice pattern.

"I don't want to talk to you," Light said calmly, although his voice was hard, it did not waver as he glared at the underside of the roof.

"Light-kun, I have delayed this long enough," L replied, sitting down on the bed and Light felt himself tense instinctively, but besides that, made no other movement. "I thought I could ignore this and it would

just go away, no doubt you did as well. However, recent events have shown me otherwise."

"It *will* go away," Light snapped, "The only thing that *won't* go away is *you*. "

"You hurt yourself," L pointed out and Light rolled his eyes, "That is a serious problem."

"I'm not a *cutter*, Ryuzaki," Light spat, still refusing to look at the older man, "I was angry, so I punched something. I didn't do it because... for any other reason."

"You mean, because you were raped?"

" *Shut up*, " Light hissed, his eyes finally darting to L, "It is *not* yours to talk about, you bastard. If you 'like' me so much, then respect me enough to stop *talking* about it."

L paused, and Light looked up at the ceiling again.

"You say that like you don't believe that my feelings for you are real," L stated monotonously, staring at Light as intently as the other man stared away from him.

"I have not doubt that your feelings are real, Ryuzaki," Light replied, "But what those feelings are, I have no clue. It is your word that I distrust, Ryuzaki, not your feelings."

"Ah, I see," L nodded, "You believe I am lying to you, to -what? I do not see what I could gain to tell such a lie. Before, when you were chained to me, perhaps I would have, to get you to let down your guard and tell me you were Kira. But now I know for sure that you are."

"To screw with me," Light said simply, "I hate you, you hate me, you want me to *trust* you, to *love* you -so you can have control of Kira. It's a childish yearning for domination and I refuse to play."

"You may be right about the domination," L conceded, "But that doesn't mean that I do not have feelings for you."

Light scowled deeply, "If this is a choice between a conversation about my apparently 'masochistic tendencies' and your false claims of infatuation, then I would rather we talk about the first. Or perhaps, the third option, consisting of sewing your lips shut."

"That's not polite, Light-kun," L stated.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did you actually think that act I was putting on for the last month was real?" he sniffed, tapping his fingers lazily against his stomach, "Would you rather me go back to sweet 'good mornings' and 'good nights' and only talking about the case?"

"No, I don't think I would," L answered honestly and Light nodded.

"I didn't think so," Light said, "Now, if you don't mind, Ryuzaki, I really don't want to talk to you right now -"

"No, I want to talk about this, Light-kun," L interrupted, "Your hand is cut in twenty different places because you were angry. Think about what else could happen to you if this isn't resolved."

"Please," Light scoffed, "Drop the sensitivity act, will you? I'm better at it than you."

"I agree," L replied, "Your acting skills are better than my actual attempts at conveying emotions, but that is beside the point."

"What is the point, Ryuzaki?"

"I want you to talk to me."

"No, you don't, and neither do I. You *think* you want me to talk, to make me 'heal'. What do you expect me to do, L? Tell you the entire story and cry into your shoulder?"

"No," L answered, "I expect you to refuse to tell me anything, when clearly something is wrong. I expect you to pretend like everything is just fine."

"Because it *is*. "

"No, it isn't."

"How the *hell* do *you* know?"

"Because it *cannot be* okay," L told him firmly, "I thought it could be. But I was obviously wrong. I want you to be okay again, Light-kun."

"I'm *fine*," Light snapped, turning onto his side, facing away from L, "I perfectly fucking fine."

"No, you're not."

Light whipped around and grabbed L's face harshly and pulled him into a rough kiss, shoving his tongue into the detective's mouth. L placed his hands on Light's shoulders and pushed, but Light merely dug his fingernails into L's neck and head and shoved his tongue further down the other man's throat. Finally L managed to shove Light away, and wiped his mouth to get rid of the saliva on his lips and looked at Light, who was glowering.

"See?" Light slid off the bed elegantly and crossed his arms. "I'm fine. I can even *kiss* people without a thought."

"Just like always," L retorted, and Light just smirked.

"Just like always."

He started out of the room, muttering under his breath, "I'm taking another shower."

Light growled under the cold water, waiting for his erection to go down, when once again he failed to climax. It was obvious why he'd

only come the second time he'd tried. The first time he'd been too nervous. The second time he knew what to expect and was strong enough to pull through it. Every time after that, while no longer nervous, his will power had been used up and he couldn't keep going, moving his own hand along himself until a tight ball of pleasure exploded himself until he felt completely and utterly out of control.

Something he couldn't willingly enforce on himself. He felt like he was going insane.

So he left the shower finally, dressed in the normal drab attire and went to the kitchen to grab himself something to eat. Watari had not shown up since he was in the medical room, in that bed, at least this time not strapped down. He was glad for that; the old man was annoying. An older, uglier, less smart version of L. And not to mention the reason his hand was torn up, the old bastard.

Light went to sit down in the living room after he was done eating, and grabbed his laptop and opened it up, turning it on and seeing that he had a case file inside.

It was something to take his mind of his failure.

Hours later, he emailed the case back to L, solved. The detective had not left the room, since he'd kissed him, but he supposed it was his turn to lock himself inside it. Light had been doing it enough, for sure.

And suddenly, a hand clamped down on his shoulder tightly.

" No." ."Aaaah!"

Light yanked away from the hand, falling from his chair and onto the floor, rolling over to look at his attacker.

It was L, standing there with one hand in his pocket, and the other reached out, just where he'd touched Light's shoulder. Light's heart

was beating a mile a minute, yet he wasn't breathing, no longer terrified, but angry that he'd been terrified in the first place. L bent down and said innocently.

"You have a flashback and half a seizure whenever anyone touch you unexpectedly," L cocked his head to the side and held out his hand for Light to take, "Just like always?"

Light took L's hand... and pulled him down and then elbowed L in the back of the neck. L let out a grunt of pain as his chin hit the ground rather painfully, and Light was gone before he could react.

Bastard, they both thought unanimously.

L had found that this was very difficult. Light was perhaps more stubborn than he was, and he was never one to give up, even when everyone doubted him. One example of that was the Kira case and when all evidence pointed to anyone but Light, and L had just known it was him. Perhaps *because* all the evidence pointed to anyone but him, because chances were that most people were a bit suspicious. There were even some facts that had pointed to L *himself* being Kira, and he'd actually briefly considered it before tossing it to the side because it was just ludicrous.

He was actually still a bit miffed that Light had taken away his glory by confessing.

And yet...

He loved kissing him. He'd sat in the bedroom for a while, merely thinking about that kiss Light had given him and how entirely it had overcome him, lighting his nerves on fire and making him want to do simply *wicked* things to Light. That tongue, those hands, those lips... *god*, he wanted to *touch* him. But he couldn't. There was a glass wall between them, created by Akitoshi, that made Light be able to look but not touch. Because Light *didn't want* to, and even if he said he did, he probably didn't, and the last time he'd tried it hadn't turned out well.

Light had actually had a flashback because of the way L had touch him. But a part of L, a horribly selfish part, wanted to forgo all the stupid little flaws and just *jump* Light. To kiss him again, to taste the soft lips that were not sweet like cake but appealing nonetheless, to feel his tongue against his and -for the love of -

L banged his head against the wall and mussed up his hair, closing his eyes and groaned. He rubbed his neck where Light had elbowed him and wiggled his toes without thinking. He was a thinker, but he needed to talk about this, because he was out of ideas. He hopped off the couch and started up the stairs to the second floor of the building, entering in the code to get up there, and then closed the large door behind him and walked across the hall to the electronics room, where they kept the cameras, bugs and many other things. Usually, no one was in there, but sure enough Watari was, already hacked into L's computer, watching the living room.

"You knew I was coming up," L stated, and Watari turned around in the swivel chair to look at him.

"I knew you wanted to talk."

"How?"

"After that... display, you where thinking," Watari told him, "And then you came up here. Why else would you come up here while still thinking about a problem?"

"I was just wondering if that item you had specially made was done yet?" L evaded.

Watari raised his eyebrow, "It should be done in a week or so. But that's not why you came in here."

"No," L replied, pulling up another computer chair, scratching his foot, and then sitting down, "You are correct, I have a crucial dilemma."

"Light-kun," Watari nodded, "I am interested in your relationship with him. You refused to tell me what it was when you were saving his life, and then just weeks ago I see you two in a rather... intimate position. And now, just a few hours ago in fact, he kissed you yet again."

"You are not disgusted," L said. It was not a question; he would have been able to tell if Watari was repulsed. The man was an easy read for him, who'd known him for two decades.

Watari waved his hand in the air dismissively, "No, no. You think because he is a male I would be adverse?"

"I think because he is who he is, you would be adverse," L returned.

"You are correct," Watari answered, sighing, "I have already shared with you my thoughts on that. I believe you decided they were of no consequence then."

"I did."

"So, there is no difference now," Watari shrugged, "You are independent, L, I cannot influence you. I must admit, though, that his... predicament does cause me to be more sympathetic."

"He would hate to hear you say that," L pointed out.

"I'm sure he would," Watari agreed with a small smile, "Light-kun is a very proud person. It's why he keeps to himself, his emotions about the assault"

"His pride is a problem, it's just in the way," L scoffed, "I have no need for it."

"Forgive me, L, but I'm afraid it won't go away just because you have no need for him," Watari told L simply, looking at his charge meaningfully, "You must learn that. Your feelings are not all that matter, L."

"I'm *trying* to listen to his feelings," L pouted, frustrated, "He won't talk to me."

"Would you?" Watari shot back.

L shook his head, perplexed by the question, "What?"

"Think about this, L; you have the most painfully humiliating experience of your life," Watari continued, "Would you share every detail and your deepest feelings on the event with someone who took away your freedom, who you possibly consider your enemy, and may even hold an attraction for?"

He paused.

"You really think he's attracted to me?"

"L," Watari narrowed his eyes, his tone warning.

"Right, my apologies," L nodded, scratching his head, "No. I suppose I would not. But how am I supposed to... without getting him to talk? That's what everything I've read says helps with trauma."

"Human beings, especially humans like Yagami Light, do not follow the usual pattern, as I'm sure you've noticed," Watari pointed out, "It's probably one of the reasons you are so... captivated."

"Yes, it probably is," L admitted, and frowned, "I am not complaining about his uniqueness, but at the same time, I believe it is hindering his recuperation."

"He is Kira, and therefore had to have a very high opinion of himself, thinking he was a God of sorts, to rid the world of bad people," Watari told him, "He probably feels like he'd not good enough to be 'god' anymore."

"He's *not* a god," L rolled his large black eyes.

"I know that, and you know that, but the Light before he was raped didn't," Watari informed L easily, "He was practically a narcissist, L. He thought he was above everyone. And when he was raped it was all ripped away from him, which probably affects him more than a normal person."

"Well, then, what do I do?"

"What do you *want* to do?"

"The answer to that question is inappropriate," L stated, and it made Watari cringe, "The reason I came to you was so that I can stop myself from doing what I *want* to do to him. Because it is not possible without him healing or if he doesn't want it at all."

"L, I don't think that he's in love with you," Watari said, and it made L's lips twist against the thumb he was nibbling on, "I think, though, that he cannot possibly not feel *anything* for you. While it might not be the same attraction you feel towards him, I do believe that you are something to him. Which means there's hope."

"Hm," L bit down on his thumb, "I suppose so. He did kiss me this morning... but I think it was more out of spite than attraction."

"But, he can kiss you, *has* kissed you," Watari said, "And it doesn't disgust him, and if I may say so, he seemed to enjoy it at least a little bit."

"Maybe you're right," L sighed, running his free hand through his hair, ruffling it up more than it usually was, "I will confront him about it."

"That may be a start," Watari nodded, "L, you are always so impatient. Things like this take time."

L didn't look happy about it, but nodded, "I know. Thank you for your time, Watari. And please stop spying or you may see more than you bargained for."

L hopped out of his chair.

"I do believe that I already have," Watari replied, bushy white eyebrows raising high on his wrinkled forehead, "It is fine, you know. I'm here whenever you need to talk."

L started to toward the door, but stopped when he got to it, opening the door but looking back over his shoulder.

"You are wrong about one thing," L stated, looking at Watari over his shoulder, "If I were really so independent, I wouldn't have faked his death to save him. I would have had him killed like I said I would when I took the Kira case."

"L..." Watari started.

"No, it's true," L interrupted, "It was unprofessional and not at all objective. But I think..."

He scratched his left foot with the right and slouched further.

"... I think its okay," he continued, "Or at least, it will be."

He walked out the door, and wondered when he'd become so damn optimistic.

Over a week went by until L really took Watari's advice.

Said week passed on as normal, both of them working on cases together and getting into arguments. Fighting with Light wasn't something that L *enjoyed* per se, but he liked it much better than not fighting, which would lead to another month of 'fake Light' and L would rather shove his own hand through glass before that. Light sneered at him, as always, and glared at him out of the corner of his eye when he thought L wasn't looking. He apparently didn't like getting his words thrown back in his face.

L didn't either, he could relate, but he *had* been making a point at the time. Light hadn't liked being told he wasn't ready. And perhaps Light *was* ready, and L had made a miscalculation on that front. But even if Light was ready, L wasn't ready to take a chance that he was not.

Light, of course, was royally *pissed* at the detective. He hated the way he sat in his chair next to him, so damn apathetic to everything that he'd done to him. It was *irritating!* Light constantly wanted to punch him in the face; who was L to tell him those things? He had no idea what Light felt like. Only L would be so arrogant as to think that he could tell *Light* what he was feeling! It made Light's bones tingle with rage at the thought.

Each shower he attempted to get passed the climbing fear in his gut at any intimate or unplanned touch, every time he touched himself and tried, really, really *tried* to make it work. Every shower he thought ' *This time*' but every shower, he kept coming up short.

Every shower he reached for the cold water again.

His increasing frustration was probably adding to his anger with L, but Light didn't dwell on that. All of the fury directed at L was rightly deserved. He was cold-hearted, lying, vindictive bastard. Did he mention *lying*? Who the hell lied about caring about someone unless there was something to gain? Light could see what L could gain; Light's sanity. Maybe he just wished to annoy him with false claims of love. At the same time, that didn't seem like L at all, and Light knew L. He did things for reasons, good reasons, not *just* to be annoying, even if that was a side benefit.

The cases were rather easy, although there was one they were currently working on about a serial killer in New York, America, who had apparently been saving his cruel murder spree for Kira's departure all that time. But it would be solved in no time, they both knew. All cases, in comparison to the Kira case, would be bland. At least for L; Light of course had known he was Kira, most of the time, anyway.

Late one night at the end of the week, when Light had gone to take another shower, L was going over the case, and noticed something. The killer was a *woman*. There had been a few pictures, of a tall, overweight person with a baseball cap and baggy clothing, but the criminal psychologist had give the usual profile; *Male, Caucasian, thirty to forty years old, maybe has a military background and definitely hates his mom.*

L noticed it in a new picture, just send to him by the NYPD when he zoomed in on the hand. It seemed obvious, now, and he had to tell Light soon.

But an hour passed, and L became antsy, checking the time on the bottom right hand of the computer screen every few minutes. Then another hour passed, and L finally stood up and decided to go knock on the door to the bathroom to tell Light to hurry up. He would call that cool sensation wrapping around his midsection *worry*; more like apprehension.

He knocked, and got no answer, and didn't bother knocking again for some reason, before opening the door and going in, to make sure Light hadn't drowned himself, or something equally morbid.

Light was sitting in the shower, the water going down over him in thousands of tiny little beads, soaking his hair and running down his shoulders and back like a waterfall. L pulled back the curtains, and felt the water; it was freezing. He winced slightly and turned it off, leaving Light shivering on the bottom of the tub. He still hadn't moved except for the quivering from the cold, not even to yell at L for barging in on him.

"Light-kun?" L started, hunching over further to look at Light's face. Light looked at the opposite wall intensely.

"Go away," Light ordered, shifting slightly, and L watched the muscles in his back ripple with the motion.

"Light-kun," L said again, "I made a breakthrough on the case. Please return to the living room with me."

"Not yet," Light said, hugging his knees to his chest firmly, arms wrapped around his legs tightly, as though afraid L would rip them away from him. "I'm not done."

"The water's cold," L pointed out.

"That's the point," Light snapped.

L shook his head and grabbed Light's wrist, pulling upward, "I won't stand for such foolish things, Light-kun, we're in Greenland; you could get Hypothermia. It's a stupid thing to do."

"I'm not going outside," Light snarled, pulling back his arm. L held firmly onto his wrist and continued to try and get Light to stand up.

"I will not look, if that is the problem." L turned his head toward the ceiling as if to say 'see?' and then added, "Although, of course, it is nothing I haven't seen before."

"I think *not*," Light hissed, trying to yank his arm away to no avail, "L, I'm not going to stand up! Just leave, I'll be out in ten minutes."

"I don't believe you," L replied, giving one last hard tug to Light's wrist and pulling him up into a standing position.

"Ryuzaki!" Light growled, and he was forcefully pulled from the bathtub. L kept his hold on Light's wrist vice like, and his eyes on the ceiling, as promised.

"There, you see, Light-kun, was that so hard?"

"Interesting that you should phrase it like that," Light sneered, grabbing a towel and throwing it around his waist, pulling his hand out of L's grip. L looked at Light now, and felt a slight burning in his cheeks, but luckily was able to keep down his blush, when he saw a

tent in the fuzzy white material. "Yeah. Thanks so much for pulling me out of there, Ryuzaki."

"This is why..." L began, brow furrowing, "Why the shower was on cold?"

"Obviously," Light ground out, "Now, can you -"

"Why not just... take care of it?" L inquired, raising an eyebrow under an onyx wall of bangs. He was delighted and amused to see Light flush. Although in embarrassment or anger, L wasn't entirely sure.

"None of your business!" Light said, perhaps a bit too loudly.

"Is it another...?" L started, and Light attempted to push passed him, forgetting his folded clothing on the counter and trying for the bedroom. He could always get another outfit in there, "Light-kun."

L followed him down the hall.

"Light-kun, is it another setback?" L asked, following Light into their room, and heard the frustration in a low noise from Light's mouth that was something between a grunt and a growl. "If so, you can tell -"

"God, *shut up!* "

"Well, *is* it?" L asked, stopping the door as Light almost shut it in his face, "Are you unable to even touch yourself without thinking of him?"

" *Shut up!* " Light spun around on L, "It is *any* of you *business*, Ryuzaki. Maybe I just don't *want* to do it, ever think of that?"

"Briefly," L dismissed, "Light-kun, have you even tried? If not, perhaps you should -"

" *Of course I've bloody well tried!* " Light spat venomously, "Of *course!* Do you think I seriously would just give up on my plan, just because you didn't agree?"

"I -"

"I'm not dependent on you," Light told L, eyes narrow, wet hair plastered again his forehead. His entire body that was not covered by the towel glistened with the water that glazed it. "I took a different road."

"That's fine," L answered, "But if that's true, and you turned to masturbation, then why didn't you do it this time if it is the way you are trying to heal?"

L stepped forward and touched Light arm.

"Because you can't..." L trailed off, looking Light in the eyes, and the young man's silence was enough to confirm it. His eyes were near slits. "Would you... like me to try, Light-kun?"

Surprise briefly flitted across Light's face before he smirked mockingly.

"I thought you said 'I wasn't ready'," Light jeered, running a hand through his damp hair.

"I'm not going to have intercourse with you," L told him, "I'm just going to assist you. Friends help friends, correct?"

Light snorted, "I'd *hardly* call *us* -"

He was cut off when L's hand grabbed a fistful of his towel, his still standing erection included. His breath hitched and his former words were lost as the hand tightened around him through the towel.

"Hm," L cocked his head to the side, intrigued by the reaction he'd caused. He felt Light's hands falling to L's shoulders. "Does Light-kun wish for my help? He asked for it before, and I could not do it with a clean conscience, but this..."

"This is different?" Light breathed, his voice deeper as Ryuzaki's hand squeezed. His backside was pressed against the bed now, and

L was standing very close. Well, all that time ago, he *had* told him to 'fuck him', hadn't he? And L *hadn't*. So, technically, L owed him.

L, of course, wasn't sure what had possessed him to step forward and touch Light like that. Of course, he supposed at some point Light had hypnotized him or something of the like. He never lost himself so much as when he was in Light's presence, and he thought that the fact that Light was practically *naked* might have contributed to the daze.

L let go and stepped back, "I apolo -"

Light grabbed the scruff of L's shirt and pulled him in, kissing him roughly on the mouth and tugging his body against his. L groaned involuntarily as Light plastered his body against his own, their hips aligning in the loveliest way. L could feel Light hard against him, and instinctively leaned into Light's long, lean body more, sliding a thigh in between Light's legs and settling one hand on the small of Light's back and the other on the bed to support his heavy inclination.

L pulled back, breathing hard. "Light-kun -"

"Shut up, L," Light exhaled slowly, evening out his breath, "And finish what you started this time."

L hesitated and Light frowned, digging his fingers into the white, cotton fabric of L's shirt.

"Or, let me back in the shower."

L detested the idea of those showers Light took. They suggested that Light was *dirty*; it implied that Akitoshi had soiled him. As if Light could possibly be *impure*.

Anger, that was what L felt rushing through his body, a waterfall of fury in his stomach. He would not allow such a thing to happen; it was just so *wrong*. It was almost depraved, and L hated it. Light

wasn't *dirty*, and L had to show him that. He had to *educate* Light, because obviously the damned boy just wasn't *getting* it.

So again, L kissed him, holding onto only Light's face this time, not too hard, and kissed him just forceful enough to be demanding but not enough to scare the younger man off. He gently pushed Light down until he was lying down the bed, and L was hovering over him. He pulled his lips away after a minute or so, and Light opened his creamy brown eyes, raising an eyebrow to say 'well?'.

"I think it would be best, Light-kun," L stated softly, licking his lips and peering deeply into Light's still slightly damp face, "If you kept your eyes open during this."

" *What?*" Light's brow creased slightly with perplexity, "Why?"

"That way," L answered, slipping his hand past the fluffy white obstacle of the towel and underneath to smooth, slick skin, "You'll know it's *me* ."

Light's eyes widened almost indiscernibly, although L couldn't tell if it was from surprise or his fingers wrapping firmly around his shaft.

L had never done this before, not to another man. His previous sexual encounters had been bland, consisting of only the needed action of intercourse, with little to no foreplay involved. There was very little kissing. Light and L's interactions seem to be quite the opposite, and L found that he wasn't altogether displeased with the kisses. As he began moving his fingers, he kept what Watari had told him in mind. *These things take time*. L had to remind himself of that.

Although, L was fairly certain Watari hadn't meant this when he'd said 'confront him'.

Light was lying under L, his legs from the knees down hanging over the edge of the bed. L was bent over him, knees on the bed just below Light's hips, on either side of his thighs, one hand supporting him near Light's head, and the other firmly stroking him.

Sparks of pleasure started building up in Light's abdomen, and gradually his fingers began tightening on L's shoulders. L's fingers sped up, rubbing from the base and up, and over and over again, until the muscles in Light's legs began tightening, and he bent his leg to accommodate the constricting muscles, which in turn granted L better access to the area in between his legs.

It felt good - *well damn it*, of course it felt good. Light chastised himself briefly, when he could think about something other than the hand moving against him, it always felt *good* . It had absolutely nothing to do with it being L doing this to him.

He kept his eyes open, and gazed up at L, who was impossible not to look at. And L looked back, peering down at Light and watching him. Light couldn't help but think L had only told him to keep his eyes open, not to help him, but because he was just a perverted voyeur.

And L couldn't help but watch.

It was fairly enchanting, every parting of the lips that was triggered by a rather hard caress, every tilt of the hips to get closer to his hand, every droplet of sweat that formed on that brow, replacing the water. L enjoyed observing each movement that Light made when he touched him just right.

There was lightning in Light's eyes when he ran his thumb over the tip solidly.

L felt a slightly jerking of Light's hips toward him and gave a small, tiny smirk at the action. He was determined to make it happen again, and so repeated the action, harder this time, pressed firmly on the slit. Against Light's hips lifted in response and his fingernails dug into L's arm through his shirt, a little cry forming behind his teeth.

The pleasure soon morphed into more than just sparks, and into full blown waves that made Light bruise L with his grip. L actually figured out rather quickly that it was more fun to hold down Light's hips and watch the frustration in Light's orbs as he attempted to arch into the

touch without reaching his goal. He held Light to the bed with one knee, which would probably leave a bruise, but the boy below him didn't seem to mind and therefore neither did L.

He was merely happy that Light hadn't suffered a flashback; keeping his eyes opened *did* help apparently. Not only was it a plus for Light, not going into a catatonic state and remembering the horrid event, and for L, who got to see each movement and each little brow furrow. And eventually, when he increased the speed of his strokes significantly, Light's eyes shut, and L immediately stopped.

" *The fuck -?*" Light's eyes snapped back open, his breath labored and his voice husky with arousal.

"Keep your eyes open," L stated steadfastly, large black eyes peering into Light's half hooded eyes that glared up at him with hate and lust, mixed together in a rather enticing combination.

What if I cant, Light wanted to retort, but of course, didn't. That would be an admission of loss of control, something he just wouldn't ever do, especially to L. Especially when it was because of L.

"Fine," Light gritted his teeth, and the ministrations began again, faster than before even, and his breath was forcibly taken away from his lungs.

L quickened his motions and felt Light spasm involuntarily under the rapid pumping, and Light once again felt -along with an abundant bout of pleasure -the increasing dread of that loss of control. Already his bodily functions were switching from his power to L's, unable to stop from rolling his hips up into that hand or throwing his head to the side and gasping for breath when the bliss began to suffocate him.

Light's world narrowed down to two identical obsidian eyes burning into his, and a hand bringing him closer and closer to the brink of something. A something that he'd been to before, but not really, something that made his digits tighten around L's shoulders even

more. He felt like he was drowning in the sensation, the ambiance around him thick with sweat, heavy breaths and desire.

The feelings -the touches -they were so intoxicating. Too much so; Light could feel himself being defeated, as his body twitched and stiffened and jerked under the attention to his manhood, and he felt like he was losing himself again, but his eyes were open and it was definitely L doing this to him, and that comforted him for some reason. He still couldn't do this -it wasn't possible. It was the same thing that had stopped him all those other times, only this time he had no flashback to hide behind.

" *Wait*," Light gasped, clawing at L's shirt, arms, shoulders, anything he could reach. His legs kicked nearly against his will, when L merely looked at him questioningly instead of halting, "I'm ah-I'm going to - to -"

L leaned down, brushing his lips against Light's cheek on the way to his ear. His hot breath tickled Light's lobe.

"That's the point," L whispered, and then pulled back, once against picking up the pace, still holding down Light's hips with his knee. He was entranced as Light scratch at him, attempting desperately to hold onto something that was real and solid while the rest of himself, mind included, threatened to slip into a white-hot imaginary heaven.

"You don't -under -" Light ground his teeth and arched his back almost entirely off the couch. His eyes threatened to close again, but his mind wasn't working well enough to realize that by closing them, he would get result he was asking for, "I'm going to -I'm going to go *insane* -"

Light bent his knees and kicked at L's thighs, twisting all the while, although he wasn't sure if he was attempting to get away from the touch like his words suggested, or closer to it.

L just fisted the blanket just next to Light's head and went faster still, moving his hand, pinching and stroking and rubbing and spreading

the pre-come over the tip until -

-the hands on his shoulders tensed painfully, nails breaking the skin through his shirt, moist hair clung to his face, his mouth parted, his eyes widened, neck stretched out and the most arousing sound escaped Light's throat as his body seized with his climax.

The world around him exploded into scorching nothingness, light bursting in front of his eyes as a brutally strong wave of ecstasy shuddered through him. L felt the same sensation, currents of rapture clutched at the most sensitive parts of his body, as he came with only the sight of Light's pleasure.

Soon, they were both left there, sweaty bodies lying together, breath ragged, one clothed and one not. Light swept a hand across his forehead and then looked up at L with hard eyes.

"Get up," Light commanded, face flushed as he propped himself up on one elbow and pushed on L so that the older man rolled over to lie next to him instead of on top of him.

"Ah, so Light-kun is still sane enough to not want me on top of him," L frowned and tilted head, "How unfortunate."

Light rolled his eyes and sat up, using the towel to wipe himself off. He peered at L's soiled pants and his nose wrinkled in disgust. He got up and went to the closet, hiding himself in there until he was fully clothed, before walking back out and picking up the grubby towel and throwing it in the trash bin.

"Light-kun ruins the mood with his cleaning," L stated innocently, leaning back on the bed and watching Light upside down as his head hung over the edge.

"If I didn't do it I'd have to sit in my own bodily fluids all day, no doubt," Light sniffed, crossing his arms and looking at L, "And there was no 'mood', L. It was just a hand job."

"I believe there was a mood," L disagreed simply. "And I also believe that Light-kun ruined it."

"Well, I apologize for ruining the mood that wasn't there to begin with," Light said sarcastically, "Now, I appreciate your - assistance, but I hope you don't think this will ever happen again... that I enjoyed it..."

L sat up and turned to face Light, "Uh oh." He said sadly, "Light-kun is going through the denial stage, I think."

"What am I supposed to say to that?" Light asked, eyes narrow, "'No I'm not!'"? Therein denying that I'm in denial and proving that I am?"

"That would be much too agreeable for Light-kun."

"Look, L, as I said, I appreciate your help. Thank you," Light ground out, his face still slightly pink, L noticed, and decided to look at his cheeks instead of his eyes, which were still rather cruel at the moment, "I think you've helped me a great deal, now. But it meant nothing to me."

"It meant something to me," L admitted bluntly, meeting Light's eyes now, when he said those words, "Light-kun means something to me."

"Well, I'm sorry," Light said, shifting, "But you mean nothing to me."

L nodded, sighed, and stood up.

"I am going to take a shower and get a change of clothes, Light-kun," L told Light easily, "Hopefully, by the time I am out, Light-kun will have stopped lying to himself."

Light opened his mouth to respond angrily, but L was already out the door.

He tightened his crossed arms, irritated, and sat down on the bed. God, that was just like that bastard. To say he was in denial, to say they he cared about him when he obviously didn't. He'd merely

enjoyed that... activity because of what it was. He would have felt the same were it Misa or -okay, Light grimaced and reconsidered. Not Misa; Kiyomi perhaps -? No, not her either. The point was, it wasn't L causing that pleasure, it was the hormones that were raging in his body during his teenage years.

It had to be.

At the same time... he could think of no one else that he would allow to do that to him. To see him like -in that -with his -no, no, no. No one could see that side of him. And yet L had, even more than once, and he'd kissed him, and Light had kissed back. He couldn't say he liked Ryuzaki, not one bit. He was a freak, and L, and he was vehemently against his way of justice. However, he wasn't Kira anymore, and therefore had no obligation to hate L so, which was why he'd started loathing him in the first place...

As much as he wanted to say it wasn't true, L was right. L didn't mean nothing to him, and it was more than slightly infuriating. He meant something to him, even if it was just to be the object of his fixated odium. He still meant something.

Which was more than he could say for anyone else.

L hated having his hair wet.

It was long and when recently cleaned, silky, and hung down to his shoulders in the creepiest way. In short, it made him look like a bloody girl, so he always waited until it was almost completely dry, and back to its normal position standing up in clumps of messiness, to actually leave the bathroom. Thankfully he was blessed with quick drying hair, and so it only took about fifteen minutes for it to return to its usual disarray.

He stepped out the bathroom, refreshed, and walked into the living room. He wasn't avoiding Light, but giving him the space he obviously needed. He sat down at his desk, bringing his knees up to

his chest and his thumb up to his mouth, before remembering that the thing he'd meant to go do, namely tell Light the murderer was a woman, had been completely forgone in the face of their sexual exploit.

For some reason, L wasn't all that disappointed.

For the next hour or so, he worked on the case, nibbling on chocolate cake and sipping on tea, until finally Light came in to the living room and settled in the seat beside him to help work on the case.

"Find out anything new?" Light inquired, and L almost smiled in amusement at Light's attempts to be nonchalant, as if the entire escapade had never happened. L decided to humor him a bit, for the sake of the case.

"Yes, I recently discovered that the killer is a woman," L replied, and Light blinked.

"A woman is killing women?" Light frowned, "That screws all the profiles. Now she could be killing those woman not because she was seeing them, and instead because she thinks their bad role models for girls, or maybe she knew them and -"

"Or, perhaps she was dating them," L pointed out, and Light glanced at him.

"It is... possible."

"Lesbianism isn't that uncommon," L told Light, who shrugged.

"Fine, we won't cross that off the list," Light replied blandly, "But I'm just say there are a few more options that we have to think about because of this, and a few we have to discard as well."

"Hm," L nodded, and then snatched out his hand quite quickly and grasped Light's injured hand, Light giving an involuntary yelp of

discomfort, "How is your hand? Does it hurt?"

"It didn't before you grabbed it!" Light snapped, jerking his hand back to him, and cradling it to his chest protectively, "What's your problem?"

"I am merely concerned."

"Sure," Light snorted, "You weren't so concerned about my hand when you were pinning me to the -"

"L! Yagami-kun!" Watari said loudly as he entered the room, not wanting to walk in on any crude conversations, as he strolled in with a box.

"Ah -is that it?" L inquired, spinning his chair around enthusiastically toward the old man.

Watari nodded, "It is, a white gold watch, from our very own jewelry maker. She really did a number on this piece, it's a beauty, L. I can barely even see the... special requirements."

"Oh?" L held out his hands, and Watari, nodded to Light briefly before walking from the room, leaving them alone together again, and L opened the box and gave a small smile.

The watch was perfect. A white gold silvery color, a men's watch, and Light's perfect size. There were jewels surrounding the face, and the band was elegant and stylish. It was Light's style too.

"That doesn't look like something you would wear," Light said suspiciously, and L shook his head, taking the watch out and throwing the box on the floor absently.

"No, but it does look like something you would wear."

"Wow, L, you're easy to win," Light snorted, "Go a smidge farther than second base with you and you buy a ridiculously expensive gift hours later."

"I ordered this almost two weeks ago," L replied, reaching out for Light's wrist. Light crossed his arms, refusing the gesture for his hand.

"What if I don't want it?"

"I apologize, Light-kun," L commented easily, "If I let you think that I was giving you a choice in the matter."

Light's eyes narrowed, "I see. The 'special requirements'... what is it, a tracking device?"

"No," L answered, "While it will alert me if you take it off, that is not it's purpose. You see, Light-kun, I remember a rule from the Death Note, that says you will loose ownership, and therefore loose your memories if you do not touch it within 490 days. Ingrained in this watch are tiny slivers of the Death Note paper -much too small to write on, so don't dream of trying -and according to Watari, you can't really tell where they are anyways."

"You put pieces of the Death Note in a watch, so that I wouldn't loose my memories," Light summarized, and L nodded in turn. Light was thankful, not wanting to loose consciousness of being Kira, but he would not say 'thank you' twice and one day to the detective, " It's probably on the inside of the band so that it will constantly touch my skin."

"Probably," L agreed.

"Fine, hand it over," Light held out his uninjured hand but L merely stared at it. Light glared, "What, you want to put it on me?"

L nodded.

Light continued to glower scathingly at Ryuzaki, "Does it matter?"

"I would like to put it on you," L replied, blinking slowly at Light, until Light turned his hand over so that his palm faced the floor and

allowed his hand to go limp. L smirked slightly, and grabbed Light's hand, setting the watch onto it and clasping it shut.

"Happy?" Light asked, frowning and taking his hand back.

"Very much so," L replied, "What would make me happier would be Light-kun being out of denial. I think that would be a very good present for me."

"Why should I give you a present?"

"I just gave you one."

"You forced one onto me, you mean," Light rolled his eyes, "I'm not giving you a present, and I'm not lying to myself about liking you."

Light turned in his seat to face the computer.

"However, I did think about what you said," Light looked up at the ceiling, "And you're right. You do not mean nothing to me, Ryuzaki. However that does not -"

Lips pressed onto Light's cheek, stopping his sentence.

"L! I'm trying to tell you something!" Light chastised, glancing at the annoying man sharply.

"So I may kiss Light-kun when he is not telling me something?" L asked, and his tone was innocent but his eyes were mischievous.

"How about you kiss me, and I punch you?" Light snarled.

L cocked his head to the side and considered it.

"It's worth it," he stated and then leaned forward to attempt to kiss Light, on the mouth this time.

Light caught L's face in his hand, exasperated.

"As I was saying, you are not nothing, however," Light's eyes pierced L as he looked at the young man's face through Light's fingers. "That doesn't mean I like you."

"But you like when I kiss you," L's voice was muffled through Light's palm, "You like it when I touch you."

"That was just hormones!" Light scowled, speaking too loudly and letting go of L's face, and looking away. He folded his arms across his chest yet again, and L spoke.

"I feel bad for hormones," L sighed sadly, "They are blamed for so many things that are not their fault."

Light's head whisked back toward L angrily.

"Ryuzaki -!"

"I understand, Light-kun, that you have been effected by a traumatic event that had let you damaged. You do not want to engage in a serious relationship, especially with a man," L said, eyebrows furrowed as he bit down on his thumb hard, "That is fine with me. I know that... these things take time. However, that does not mean that you can lie about the reason. If Watari were to come in here, hypothetically, and do what I did to you, would you react positively?"

Light cringed.

"What about with Misa Amane?"

Grimace.

"Takada Kiyomi?"

Frown.

"Matsuda-san?"

Light just stared straight ahead and asked, "What does this have to do with anything, Ryuzaki? It doesn't mean that I'm in love with you because I don't want to have sex with Matsuda."

"No, Light-kun, not love," L agreed, "But you are attracted to me. My point is, Light-kun, that if you do not wish to be with me in a romantic sense because you are afraid, tell me that. Do not lie to me about your attraction."

"You don't -" Light started to spit furiously.

"-understand?" L inquired, "I do. You don't admit fear, because fear is a weakness to you. Fear is a weakness, I agree, but overcoming fear makes you stronger than not having any fear at all."

"God," Light growled, "You are so corny."

L frowned, "Light-kun, do I have to repeat -?"

"Shut up," Light spat, grabbing the collar of L's shirt for the second time that day and pulling back his arm as though to punch him, "How many times do I have to tell you to just -just shut up!?"

Before L could even process that it was a kiss, Light's tongue was in his mouth and he was holding his head in the most uncomfortable way, just to spite him. L kissed back forcefully, twisting his tongue in with Light until their mouths overlapped and intertwined. L put both hands on Light's back and fell from his chair, kneeling on the floor in front of Light and stretched upward to kiss the boy that was still contentedly in his chair.

It didn't take long for L to give Light out of his chair as well, and they were both on the floor. L was on top of Light at first, but then Light flipped them over and pinned L to the carpet. L slipped a leg between Light's legs, twisted it in a strange way that only he could, making Light help in pain and letting L overpower him until he was once again pushed onto his back. They both kept their eyes open

through the grueling kisses, which was also a sort of vicious wrestling match simultaneously.

In the electronic room, Watari closed his computer and sighed deeply, massaging the bridge of his nose.

He should have listened to L when he said not to spy anymore.

L sat in a chair next to the couch, where Light was sleeping. He had papers covering him, and his laptop was still perched on his lap, open, and its glow reverberated off Light's smooth, currently peaceful face. He thought about Light, and the present, and everything that had happened to bring Light here, to this safe home they shared. Light could heal, with time; time he really shouldn't of had anyway, had the justice system gotten it's way.

L had broken the law. He'd known it was wrong, but did it anyway, for his friend, for the boy who, more than anyone, was entirely equal to him. He'd been Kira, he'd been *killing* people, and still L had saved him. It reminded him of words he'd written a long time ago, and now it was just a novel of his life. But it *wasn't* a story, it was reality to him, and Light. To both of them, it was not just a book.

Light had been wrong to be Kira. But L had been wrong to help him. But L had only been trying to save his friend -or, more than friend -so it was okay, right? But then one could argue that Light was only trying to save the world.

Even if his motives were right, were his actions enough to validate it? L thought, quoting his own words from quite a while ago. He knew, as John had known, that it would do to ponder that question too long, for there was no answer.

For now, he thought he'd just sleep.